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Ed Corderoy

LECTURES

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YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

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PREFACE.

The readers of this Volume of Lectures will notice some departure from the form of previous Volumes. These have consisted entirely of Miscellaneous Lectures, on subjects selected for the most part by the Authors, save when called forth by special circumstances which demanded the illustration and enforcement of some principle of our Holy Religion.

The present Volume contains two distinct series of Lectures; the first bringing under review the outline of the religious history of England to the time of the Reformation, the second affirming some truths concerning Holy Scripture—the doctrines it teaches and the duties it enjoins, which have lately been impugned. These Lectures have been intermingled with others of a more popular character, and it is hoped that as this new arrangement added much to the interest of the Lectures in their delivery, it may add to their permanent value.

In the Lectures of the ensuing season a similar and consequent arrangement of subjects will if possible be adopted.

The Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association thankfully acknowledge the favour extended to the previous Volumes they have been permitted to issue; they ask larger help, and a yet wider circulation, for their present publication: and with much gratitude to the generous kindness of the Lecturers by whom the Volume has been prepared, they humbly commit it to the care of Him whose glory, in the well-being of His creatures and the advancement of His kingdom, it is designed to promote.

W. E. SHIPTON,

SECRETARY.

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CONTENTS.

PAGE

France and England Eighty Years ago . . 1
By Isaac Taylor, Esq.

Anglo-Saxon Christianity and Augustine of Canterbury 45
By the Rev. Samuel Martin.

Anglo-Norman Christianity and Anselm . . 85
By the Rev. John Stoughton.

Lollardie and Wickliffe 125
By the Rev. William B. Mackenzie, M.A.

The English Reformation and Archbishop Cranmer 173
By Edward Corderoy, Esq.

Church Song, with Illustrations of the People's Worship in Ancient and Modern Times 233
By the Rev. Henry Allon.

PAGE

COUNTERFEITS 337
By the Rev. CHARLES H. SPURGEON.

THE CRITERIA OF TRUTH 381
By the Rev. ARCHIBALD BOYD, M.A.

THE USES OF PROPHECY 403
By the Rev. WILLIAM C. MAGEE, D.D.

MIRACLES 451
By the Rev. WALTER SMITH, M.A.

THE NEW TESTAMENT NARRATIVES REAL NOT IDEAL 483
By the Rev. JOHN C. MILLER, D.D.

MACAULAY 528
By the Rev. W. MORLEY PUNSHON, M.A.

France & England Eighty Years Ago.

A LECTURE

BY

ISAAC TAYLOR, ESQ.

FRANCE AND ENGLAND

EIGHTY YEARS AGO.

Early in the year 1781—Eighty Years ago, two events occurred that are noticeable on the page of history, and each meriting to be named as a proper starting point in any review that should be taken of this—the most eventful eighty years, of European affairs.

The first of these events was the death of Turgot—the most enlightened, and one of the most upright and able and far-seeing of statesmen—not of France only, but of the Europe of modern times. It is true that he had been driven from office by the blind selfishness of the Court party five years before his death; but, so long as he survived, he continued to exert a hopeful influence upon public opinion; nor perhaps should his return to power at any time during those years, have been regarded as an impossible occurrence.

The second of the two events, above alluded to, was the dismissal of Neckar from his post at the head of the finances of France—he also upright and able, although not the comparable statesman, whose first overthrow, by the same profligate and infatuated party, may be named as the event which closed the door of hope for the Monarchy—for the

Christianity, and for the substantial liberties of his country; and in fact this was the event which broke the dyke through the rent of which rushed in the deluge of civil confusion, bloodshed, and devastation for the continental nations.

While that same year—1781, is in our view, we might name, as not unsuited to the purpose of this lecture, an event occurring on this side the Channel, which, in whatever light it may, years ago, have been regarded among ourselves, must be thought of as of the highest significance in relation to the course of affairs through the then ensuing twenty years. This was the entrance of William Pitt upon his parliamentary career; for it was in the session of that year that—he was then in his twenty-first year—his deep voice first woke up every ear in the House, which he so long commanded, and which his genius so effectively controlled; and with it, the after-destinies of his country.

In thus opening the subject of this lecture with the names of individual men—such as Turgot—Neckar—Pitt, it might seem as if, when events of the greatest magnitude are in prospect, and when the issues of the First Principles of social order are to be contemplated, the names of men, however notable, and deserving of regard, should not be thrust forward, as if the destinies of nations, and the fortunes of the world, could be determinable by the acts, or the wisdom, or by the errors, of Statesmen.—The worship of illustrious minds we do not commend; but we have a purpose in view; for a principle is to be affirmed in contradiction of a recent doctrine — offspring as it is of the philosophy of materialism—which, in affirming the supremacy of physical causation in the moral, as well as in the material world, affects to speak of the great men of history as if they were only the destined products of the mechanism of the universe. Rich indeed is the past eighty years in instances that contradict any such debasing doctrine as

this, and which illustrate the truth that, upon the theatre of human affairs—leading events (all indeed subject to a Divine control) spring from the purposes of individual men, whose single purposes turn the current of affairs, or stem the tide, or confront the storm; or whose intelligence sheds the light of knowledge upon the field of action. It is on the ground of this belief in the forces of Individual Minds that we shall name some of those who appear as masters of events, or as the originators of this or that course of action—whether for the better or the worse.

This premised, we make inquiry concerning the working, and the opposite issues of principles which took effect visibly, and more signally than ever before, during those years in which the two foremost nations of Europe stood opposed in deadly conflict—the one for universal mastery—the other for its existence, and for its liberties, and for the liberties of Europe.

When we here speak of first principles in the social economy, these must of necessity embrace—incidentally, what is political; yet it is incidentally only; for politics are not our province—not our chosen field of thought, at any time, and assuredly not so now, in occupying this place, this evening.

The principles we are thinking of are those primary elements of national welfare which are of deeper import, and which are of loftier aim, and which are more permanent, and less variable than are the axioms of political philosophy, and which moreover carry with them the weight of an inexorable infallibility, as to the consequences which they involve. For it may be affirmed of these higher principles that, although they work their way intermingled with causes of an inferior order, they do not fail, as time runs on, to extricate themselves, and to give evidence of their alliance with whatever brings man into his

place as an inheritor of immortality, and as he is related to the rule of God on earth, and to the same Sovereign Rule in the world unseen. It must be then in a religious sense, *mainly*, that we aim to put in your view the spectacle of two Peoples—such as are the People of France, and the People of these Islands—each working out, in its own way, the laws of social existence, and each passing through a crisis hitherto unexampled, and each arriving at an issue which must be regarded as the proper result of the doctrine to which each has, to this day, adhered.

Whatever there may be of inference derivable from an hour's review of the facts in question, these inferences are such as will speak themselves aloud in your minds, while the facts that suggest them are brought into prospect.

When the front place is claimed, as now we claim it, for France and for England in the European commonwealth, no disparagement can be intended to other nations.—Each has its merit; but undoubtedly France and England are leaders of the van in the march of the world;—and let it be understood, that the words England, and the English, signify always the British Islands, and the several races of the one British People. France and England—when they are at variance, convulse the world;—and while they are at heart agreed—the peace of the world we might say—is secured. A *perfect* understanding between the two—an understanding that should not be precariously dependent upon the ambition, or upon the hidden policy—wise or unwise, of sovereigns or of statesmen—a *good* understanding between France and England, firmly resting upon the reason of the two people, and upon the commercial good sense of each, and—if at last, that might be—upon the realization in France as well as in England of Political, Civil, and Religious Liberty—what would it be—as long as it might last—but a pledge of peace and of wealth to all nations—in the East,

and in the West—in the North, and in the South? What we here affirm it would not be possible to affirm of any other two nations, in all the world; nor could it be reasonably asserted as to either of these two, and of any other people, excluding the other. If France and England be at variance, or if they be otherwise consorted than the two together, the world—the five continents—we may now say six—must continue to reel and to rock, to and fro, until these two master nations shall again come to agree.

It is then in behalf of France and of England that we claim the two foremost places in the world, and it is the place of command in the commonwealth of nations. And if it be so at this moment, so was it—although much less conspicuously, and not so unquestionably, as now it is, Eighty Years Ago. The two people were then uppermost in the world; but they were in deadly conflict—they were so in the East, and in the Far West—as well as upon the old battle-fields of Europe; and they were so upon all seas; and they were contending on such a footing of doubtful advantage that the overthrow and the hopeless ruin of either of the two, or indeed of the two together—both prostrate and slain upon the Armageddon of the world, was a probable event; and it might have seemed likely that the spoils of the two would have been left to be divided among the amazed spectators of the fray. Two years later than the time above named—that is, at the moment of the peace which followed from the recognition of American Independence, each of these rival nations had fallen into a condition of exhaustion so extreme, that its ruin seemed almost inevitable. Nor could it well have been predicted, at that moment, which of the two, if either, might perhaps outlive its maladies, and might survive to regain its forfeited position.

England had lately—in '80—barely saved herself from

the imminent peril of a wide-spread popular fanaticism, breaking forth into violence, which, if it had not been so speedily mastered, would no doubt have issued in a reign of terror, not less terrible, and perhaps not less deep-stained with atrocities and horrors, than was that of revolutionary France at a later time. But the peace of 1783—disgraceful as it was to England in the eye of statesmen, did in fact open before her the highway toward that world-wide empire which at this moment is hers. The same peace—advantageous as it seemed for France and for her allies, became to France an opening of the abyss into which she was so quickly to plunge; and as to her European allies, it was to them the sealing of their fate as doomed to continuous diminution in distant lands, and to a place of secondary importance in Europe.

England, in the very fact of losing the pomps and the semblances of empire in the Western World, gained, in her after commerce with her revolted sons, the ample substance of that commercial eminence, and of that consequent maritime supremacy which so soon enabled her to stand anew upon her feet, and to prepare herself for the coming struggle in defence of national existence, with the odds of all the world against her.

But at this point we stop.—This strain has the sound of a flourish, introductory to a style of national boasting which is obsolete; and it sounds as if we were purposing to make good a claim of intrinsic superiority for ourselves; or as if France was to be exhibited in a position of disparagement, while England is to be boasted of as always the better of the two. This is not our purpose, and a style like this would savour of a political, rather than of that moral and religious intention, which we profess. If, in fact, through these past eventful eighty years England has held her own, at home and abroad—if she has undergone no change of

dynasty—if she has escaped the profitless miseries of revolutions, and if, within this period, the population, the wealth, the colonial empire of England have vastly increased, and if also—LIBERTY—POLITICAL, CIVIL, and RELIGIOUS, has been consolidated and better interpreted, and more amply secured, and if these inestimable benefits have accrued to us, more and more from year to year, and if moreover it be so now—at the end of this eighty years of European commotion, and of the overthrow of other thrones, and the extinction of dynasties—if now it is the delight of the British people to greet, with a bursting loyalty and a true affection—whenever, and wheresoever she may present herself to their view—the Granddaughter of the monarch, who—eighty years ago, held the same sceptre; if these things be so, do we therefore boast? Where is boasting—it is excluded! By what law? Boasting!—it is forbidden us, alike by our consciousness of national demerits, and by our recognition of that Sovereign Providence whence come, as the welfare of a house, so the safety, the wealth, the expanding prosperity of a nation. To HIM be glory whose due it is!

While thus we disclaim all pretension of national merit, and while we reject, and scorn to put forward, a plea of superior wisdom, or valour, or virtue—in comparing ourselves with France, nevertheless we may not—we dare not, profess ourselves unconscious of the operation of certain principles, the infallible operation of which has visibly ruled the destinies of the two nations; as it must ever rule the destinies of communities, whether they be more or less civilized, and which must do so, whatever may be the political structure under which a people exists. Free or enslaved—all must submit to a higher law than that of which statesmen take account.

France, with her richer soil, and her more genial climate,

and her many material endowments; and with her high merits—the valour of her people, and their energy—and the chivalrous sentiment which is their characteristic, and their generosity, and their ingenuity, and their taste, and their eminence in science, and withal, an incomparable language—incomparable, if the perfect conveyance of thought from mind to mind be the best praise of any language, and with a various and sparkling literature, France—the France of eighty years ago, was suffering a temporary bewilderment. She had yielded herself to a fatal estrangement of heart; she had listened to pernicious sophistications, as to the principles of social wellbeing; and it was, while subject to so deadly a disadvantage, that she entered upon a season of the most extraordinary trial:—she heedlessly went forward—she set foot within the Valley of the Shadow of Death—death national—her light extinguished—her clue lost, her better guidance forsaken. The issue did not falsify those inexorable laws of the moral world which she had then rejected or forgotten.

Let a needful caution here be listened to. We are professing to concern ourselves with those principles that are of a moral and religious, rather than of a political quality. But now it may be imagined that, when France and its revolutionary calamities are in view, and when, by necessity, we must speak of that outburst of impiety which so much aggravated these calamities, we shall be carried away by our religious prepossessions, and shall be tempted to give an undue prominence to that atheistic frenzy which then possessed itself of the popular mind. Or it may be imagined that we, being full of Protestant zeal, and warm with anti-Romanistic fervours, shall seize upon so tempting an occasion for inveighing against the corruptions of Roman Catholicism, and for making a display—with a trumpet flourish—of our English Bible-loving superiorities; and that

perhaps we shall be intending to utter something like that ancient vaunt—"God, we thank Thee, that WE—we—the people of England—are not as other nations—are not priest-ridden—are not worshippers of idols—are not slaves of the Papacy—are not even as this infidel France!" In no such tones as these are we intending to speak of the contrasted religious conditions of France and of England eighty years ago. The actual operation of *religious* principles will best appear after we have set off from the account those causes, of a more secular kind, which, in fact, were the immediate causes of the revolutionary catastrophe of 1787, and of the following years.

That catastrophe dates itself back, as a terrible doom—a destined necessity in the life of the French people, as far as to the mid-ages of the feudal system—not of France only—but of universal Europe. Written in the book of fate were those convulsions, and that overthrow of the social edifice, five centuries before the time of its actual occurrence. But why—this question may well be asked—why was France, rather than some other European state, made the field of these disasters?—This may be asked, seeing that the same barbaric structure—the feudal system, not only existed elsewhere, and had elsewhere enacted its enormities of wrong, as also in France; but it had actually wrought these oppressions, and it had perpetrated its cruelties with a more shameless selfishness among the Germanic nations, and even in the British Islands, in remoter times, than it had done in France. How, then, was it that France, rather than any of the neighbouring countries, came to be the doomed scene of that violence which was to bring the feudal system to its end, seeing that in France, during at least a previous century, many mitigations had been effected, and the system itself had been brought under the counter-operation of what might, in a sense, be called constitutional and ad-

ministrative restrictions? Moreover, if in France the lowest classes had fallen, through the ambition of one monarch, and the boundless profligacy of his successor, into a condition of wretchedness the most extreme, yet had that misery and that destitution drawn toward itself so much attention—it had so fixed the thoughts, and it had so animated the style of enlightened statesmen, and of popular writers, that in France, rather than among any other continental nation, and far more so than among ourselves at that time, a door of hope for the oppressed millions of the people had been set wide open; and it was there and then that—standing by the side-posts of that door, the highest authorities of the state had taken their position—this was ten years before '87—and they had made proclamation aloud to this effect—"We have listened to your cries:—we are afflicted in your afflictions:—we have looked upon your miseries:—we have put your tears into our bottle:—all shall be set right.—It is the fixed purpose of our royal heart to redress your wrongs." Thus it was that the young, the good, the honest, the kindly-souled grandson of Louis XV., the simple mannered and pure successor of the most dissolute of men—thus it was that the royal victim of '93, with enlightened and humane, but indiscreet ministers at his side, prompting his words, had uttered his generous and sincere desires for the welfare of his afflicted people!

Why then did not these happy auspices find their natural issues? Why was France, the atmosphere of which had echoed—during a ten full years, with the silvery sounds of good-will—justice, truth, love—why was France made the slaughter-plat of ancient oppressions, rather than those neighbouring countries throughout which worse oppressions, more heartlessly enacted, had found no contradiction, and were submitted to by the people in stolid sullenness, matched by the stolid selfishness of their rulers?

In thus naming the grounds of what might, at a glance, appear as reasons which should have exempted France from the mortal anguish of a revolution, destined to demolish the feudal system of Europe, we name—in the same breath, the very causes which brought down upon her, rather than upon other lands—more culpable in this behalf than itself—the retribution that had been demanded by centuries of wrong.

The tyrant's axiom is this—if you do wrong at all, do wrong enough to make resistance impossible. Be not wicked by halves;—do not attempt to keep terms with conscience while you grind the faces of the poor. It is then that the oppressed writhe the most, and it is then that they feel the anguish the most, when you are loosening the cord, and are giving another link of play to the chain. France, by its returning life—by its rekindling intelligence, by its recent waking up to political consciousness, drew toward itself that thunder-cloud of vengeance which had long hung over the entire continent of Europe. France was the destined victim, because at her wrist there was then a strong pulsation, and in her veins and arteries there was blood enough—generous blood—to shed!

It was in France, and not in Germany, that this dire revolution must make its commencement, and must take its course, for it was there that had sprung up a new energy throughout the middle, and the lower classes; and also in France, more than a few of the privileged orders had come to abhor those fiscal injustices on which they and their ancestors had fattened: it was there that some of the clergy had already learned to listen with favour to discussions on the principles of social order, and had begun to reason concerning righteousness, and temperance, and a secular judgment to come. And further—to make sure of this Nemesis for France, to France there had then been given

honest statesmen—such as Turgot, and Malesherbes, and Neckar, and, moreover, a young monarch as true-hearted, and as royally-minded toward his people, as a monarch should be.

Appalling is the thought that, in accordance with occult laws of the moral system, the ill issues of ancient evils so often come down upon the heads of those who already have acknowledged their fault, and who are actually employed in applying a remedy, and in making reparation! May it be imagined that, if there had been another Louis XV., and another infatuated Maupeou, and another tyrannous Abbé Terray, and another Madame de Pompadour, and a succession of ladies of the sort of Madame du Barri—France—made buoyant by the reckless profligacy of its upper classes, might have tided over the troubles of '89, and that so the reign of terror should have been dated a forty years further on? As to the men, and the women, of the time preceding, were they not too wicked, and too debauched, and too heavily laden with personal sins, to be called to their account *in this world?* But, as to the men of the times in which the Revolution actually occurred, they were virtuous enough, they were honest enough—they were benevolent and they were wise enough, to be led forward on the stage of the world, as Heaven's own instances, in awful attestation of the truth that political wrongs must be answered for in the course of the life that now is; and that such wrongs are oftener punished in the persons of the best men, than in the persons of the utterly wicked!

Those causes of the French Revolution which were wholly of a political and ostensible kind, have often been named, and particularly described. In this place, and on this occasion, it would be a superfluous invasion of our hour to do more than simply to mention them;—and we do so only just so far as may be needful for giving support to our proper argument. Briefly then, these secular causes of the over-

throw of the political, the ecclesiastical, and the social edifice in France were—*first* to be named—not merely the continued existence there—as elsewhere, of the Feudal system, with its injustices, its cruelties, its shameless abuses; but more directly it was the open discussion of these many grievances in the hearing of the suffering classes, and the consequent concentration of the public mind upon its own maladies:—it was as if, while a consultation of physicians is being held in the hearing of the sick man—he, sick of a complication of chronic maladies, starts up from his couch in ungovernable frenzy, and escapes from their hands! *Secondly:* there rested upon the social mass the dead weight of the two aristocratic classes—both of them stifled with privileges and exemptions; and one of them—the nobility, stripped almost entirely of administrative powers and functions, and many of them utterly impoverished. The monarchy had, long before, misunderstood its own welfare; and, by its slow encroachments, and by its use of the most corrupt means, it had, in an equal degree, enfeebled and debauched that class upon the succours of which it should have rested in the day of its own peril. From this error, and as a part of it, had sprung *thirdly*, the fatal administrative ambition of doing everything, and of managing everything, and of looking into the smallest matters, far and near, and of leaving to the people none of those functions which train them in practical ability, and which bring them daily within hearing of reason and good sense. Ominous always of some political catastrophe is this passion for Centralization;—it is the malady of theoretic statesmen, and shall we call it—The Lust of Meddling!

A *fourth* ostensible cause of that catastrophe, and it was the inevitable consequence of long wars of ambition, and of that reckless profligacy which had in every sense corrupted the nobility of France, was the hopeless condition of the

Government in matters of finance: a condition which had become too desperate, perhaps, in '81 to have admitted of recovery, even if the wise financial reforms of Turgot, and the ingenious expedients of Neckar, had been allowed a fair experiment.

But beyond these ostensible causes, or these *occasions* of the Revolution of '87, there was a one negative cause which should never be lost sight of, although we can only name it:—it is that upon which turns, as its pivot, the contrasted *political* fortunes of France and of England. England—and so may it be for centuries to come!—England has, with the energy of an irradicable passion, loved, and demanded, and relished for its own sake—not for the sake of her dower—LIBERTY—POLITICAL, CIVIL, and RELIGIOUS. This realized, or these three phases of the one precious Reality granted to it—then the British people has looked contentedly—nay it has looked complacently and approvingly, upon those inequalities of rank, which, if they be well defined, and if they are sanctioned by ancient usage, and are illumined by history, are at once the demands of human nature, and the cements, and the bands, of the social structure—those inequalities of station, as well as of wealth, which are the stimulants of healthful energy, and are the nurse of generous sentiments, and which are also the guarantee of permanent order.

On this ground France—a very few only of her best writers excepted, has pertinaciously misunderstood her own welfare. The phantom—which the nature of things forbids to be ever realized—the illusion—EQUALITY—she has eagerly pursued, and in the fantastic chase of a useless unreality, she—even to the present moment, has failed to win for herself, after eighty years of turmoil, a genuine, a worked-out, and a practised Liberty—political, civil, and religious: in the stead of which solid good she has accepted

three gew-gaws—namely, a sort of political liberty which learns its lesson at the dictation of an autocratic Will—Civil liberty, granted, from day to day, by the master of bayonets; and religious liberty, which indeed allows dissidents to think as they please, in silence; and to pray—if prayer be their taste; but not to walk at large along the highways and the byways of the land, unlooked after, unlicensed, exempt from fear, and out-speaking their belief—be it what it may.

There were impulses which, although they were not the *causes* of the Revolution of '87, were its prognostics, and its aggravations, during all its course. The destiny of man, and his relationship to God, are declared as surely when that destiny is forgotten, and when that relationship is disowned, as when both are devoutly recognised: and indeed in this case they give this testimony with a terrible and a tenfold emphasis.

Although the atheism of the French people was not the cause of the Revolution, it did its office in a characteristic manner, as incentive to the atrocities which, during a five years or more, amazed the world. How this atheism had come to be what at that moment it was, and in what manner it had taken effect upon the popular mind, should be understood. There are, however, it may be, religiously-minded persons who—thinking themselves qualified to interpret the ways of Heaven, would stop inquiry by telling us that the horrors we have referred to were nothing else than Heaven's vengeance—a visible retribution rendered upon the men, and women, and children of '93, for the martyrdoms of men, and women, and children in 1572. It may be so:—God knows. And this, as we think, is, on this mysterious ground, our most becoming conclusion in such a case.

But now abstaining from matters too high for us, and

turning to those things which fall entirely within the province of human reason—then we have before us a succession of causes concerning which there can scarcely be a mistake in tracing them back to their rise, and thence onward to their fatal issue, at the time when they had ripened into their proper fruit.

Bright are the names—we are now thinking only of France—bright are the names which shed their lustre upon that era of intellectual life which immediately followed the Reformation movement. The shock of this movement, in its religious meaning, had parted the French people nearly in two; and it had quickened the pulse of the national life: it had indeed fevered many brains, but it had truly warmed many generous hearts. Within a little, and France, even if it had not at that time become Protestant, and if it had not, as England had done, shaken itself off from the Papacy, was nevertheless near to be so evenly balanced between the two forms of Christian life as that a compromise might have had place; in which case active persecution would have been precluded;—liberty, not only of worship, and of thought, but of the press also, might have been stipulated for, on even ground; and thus in France, as in England, a space—well fenced around—stockaded—might have been secured, within which the minds of the best men, on both sides, might have grown to a full size, and many souls might have been trained in that firmness, and in that heroism of personal religious conviction—in that life of the individual Christian man which derives its power of endurance, and its patience, and its courage, and its pertinacity, from an assured belief in the nearness of God, and in the reality of the awful awards of a future life.

But such things as these were not to be in France: her rulers, in the 17th century, had not known their own welfare —they did not divine the events of the coming time. Dis-

sidents, in thousands, were slaughtered, were abused, were trodden upon, or banished; and the trembling residue—the Protestants of France—were left to discharge a duty and a function for which they had no materials—for which they had no space allowed them—had no social position. The retribution for wrongs so grievous (if we ought thus to speak) was dated a century and a half further on; but the immediate consequences of this persecution took effect, in a most fatal manner, upon the minds of those distinguished men who, in maintaining their allegiance to the Church, and in submitting to the arrogant dictation of the Court, allowed a chain to be riveted around their own necks, the weight and the galling of which they show their consciousness of in almost every page of their writings: look into the works of Pascal, of Bossuet, of Fénélon, and of later writers—such as Lammenais and Chateaubriand.

The chain we are here speaking of was a wreathed chain—a part of it was of iron; and a part of it was manufactured of a subtle metal, unknown in our metallurgy, but which, while it is as tenacious as iron, and as galling too, has the property of becoming invisible to those whose necks and whose limbs it encircles. Often enough in popular English books, the story has been told of what the Government of France, with a suicidal infatuation, did to drive from her cities and provinces the sources and means of her commercial wealth, by sending into banishment thousands of the most intelligent and the most industrious of her people. So it was that the choicest manufacturers—expelled from France, in the 17th century, established themselves among us—as at Norwich, and in Spitalfields, and elsewhere. In these instances a blind bigotry and folly—walking hand in hand—while the malicious Jesuit applied the goad in the rear, led the Government onward toward that abyss into which, after the lapse of a few years, the

monarchy, the Church, the privileged orders—all in a promiscuous crowd, plunged headlong. But these things are familiar to your knowledge; and no doubt they must be present to your recollection.

It may not be the same as to those less ostensible facts which show how the fanatical—we might say—the frenzied atheism of the Revolutionary period, had sprung out of the intolerance of the Church and of the Government in the preceding century. It is on this very ground that the contrast between the France of eighty years ago, and the England of the same time, presents itself in the strongest colours; your attention therefore is asked at this critical point, and the more so because the brevity which must be our rule this evening forbids a due expansion of so important and instructive a subject in its details.

The animated controversies of the Reformation era—we are thinking now of France—had spread themselves over every part of the field of metaphysical, as well as of theological, and Christian Thought; as they did also over the field of ecclesiastical debate. The agitation which had convulsed the nation for a time, and which had been quashed by the folly of the government, was succeeded by a dull, or rather an absolute stagnation, which shows itself remarkably in the literature of France during the years that followed the final overthrow of Port Royal, and the death, or the silencing of the distinguished men of the Jansenist party.—At the moment when these pious and able men had drawn upon themselves the ample vengeance of their remorseless adversaries—the Jesuits—then was a further inroad made upon the field of Religious Thought; and so it was that the open space upon which men might be permitted to think, and to speak, and to write, and to publish, was narrowed on every side:—once and again the stakes were pulled up, and were put down anew—enclosing a field of lawful thought, which had become exceedingly small.

And yet these visible restrictions, which prohibited the excursions of the noblest minds, at the peril of life, and of all things dear to men, were not the only, nor were they the most injurious of the consequences that resulted from the intolerance of the French authorities at that time. We have just now spoken of a Chain of IRON;—but now we have to speak of that chain—alluded to above, the material of which, while it has the property of making itself invisible to the wearer, inflicts a torture often of the severest kind.

The fear of bodily martyrdom—the dread of the stake, and of imprisonment, and of fines, and of banishment, is a fear which faithful souls will surmount—and have often surmounted;—thousands of such spirits, strong in faith and hope, have dared the tormentor to do his worst. But there is a fear which is of another sort, and it is a fear under the influence of which some of the loftiest and the noblest minds have trembled, and so they have failed to make proof of their ministry in this world of intermingled good and evil—of truth and error. Shall we give this fear a designation and call it the dread of being suspected of harbouring too large a Christian heart—the dread of being challenged by the bigot to answer to the grievous indictment of professing a bigotry which may be a shade less narrow than his own?—It is the fear of being supposed to think that heaven has a suburb which has not been laid down in the authentic topography of the Church.

Time would fail us to mention the names of the great and good men, in all ages, from Jerome and Augustine downward, who have in turn stumbled at this stumbling stone: we must forbear. An instance, in itself signal, and lamentable too, stands foremost in the religious history of France:—it is that of Pascal. This great man's deep, heartfelt, honest Christian piety, and his evangelic principles too, should have compelled him boldly to recognise, as Christian men, his slaughtered and banished Protestant countrymen.

It is with a pungent anguish—nay it is with a grief for our frail and inconsistent human nature—even taken in its best samples, that one finds, so often repeated, on the pages of this profound writer, the opprobrious terms—"heretics" and "schismatics"—where, instead of these hateful epithets, one should read such phrases as these—"nos frères chrétiens—nos chers frères en Jésu Christ!" Alas! it is not so.—Pascal would have endured burning alive in the service of his Church; but he had no such courage as would have sustained him while he should confess CHRIST in the persons of the Protestant ministers and people—his persecuted countrymen—Huguenots and Calvinists.

In what way then did these restraints and these prohibitions and these bigotries take effect upon the leading minds of France?—they took effect in several modes, according to the structure and the tendency of such minds. With some, the apprehension of the material penalties threatened by the Government would operate to drive them off entirely, and in terror, from the fields of religious speculation. Others, under the dread of incurring the opprobrium, either of heresy, or of half-hearted Churchism, would fall into the habit of thinking a half way only, on any subject touching religion; and then they would come to write with hesitation, where otherwise they would have spoken out and written like men. But there is another class, and it is the properly philosophic class, which, quite impatient of any sort of control, would move far off from that field upon which the police of intolerance was seen to be walking its rounds. Writers of this order, instead of professing any belief on any religious subject, would addict themselves to the most remote abstractions—among which they occupied the only field whereupon intellectual liberty might, at such a time, be enjoyed. It is therefore the field of the most abstruse metaphysical speculation to which strong minds

are driven by restrictions on the Press. Let it here be said, on behalf of robust minds, that they require, and demand, plenty of elbow-room; but in France, at the time now spoken of, elbow-room in thought could be enjoyed nowhere but on the snow-capped mountain summit—above the level of perpetual ice; and it was in a region of the lowest temperature, and of the rarest atmosphere, and of utter remoteness from human sympathies, that the Philosophy of France then took its position. It was thus that Descartes, who himself was no atheist—was no enemy to Christianity, or to the Church, went off to his closet to solve the question concerning the fact of his own existence! and it was thus that he contented himself with the wise and sufficient conclusion—"Cogito, ergo sum!" It was thus that Malebranche, perplexed with the interminable problem concerning the mode or means of the interaction of mind and matter, essayed to solve it by the hypothesis of a universal intervening Divine consciousness—an hypothesis which, while it is ultra-theistic in its terms, is inevitably atheistic in its consequences. The same irresistible tendency of the loftiest speculation to run off into pantheism, and thence away—not far to go—into atheism, is shown in the instance of a very noted thinker of that age—Spinoza—who still stands possessed of the renown of being the apostle of modern impiety, and who, nevertheless, reaches his conclusions on an easy slope, in the downward direction, from the loftiest theism, to the levels of the lowest pantheistic rejection of the belief in God, as Creator, and as Moral Ruler of the universe.

Although this last-named philosopher was by birth a Portuguese Jew, and a Dutchman by his residence in Holland, his system was, if not an offshoot of the systems of the two eminent French writers above named, yet a development of the same tendency. In truth, Spinoza might have cited passages from the honest Montaigne, and even from the

profoundly theistic Pascal, which would give countenance to the doctrine he promulgated.

And so it will ever be; and so has it been, these hundred years, in Germany, as it was in France. Metaphysical speculation of the highest order, unless it find, near at hand, a check in the better sense of minds of another quality, never fails to run out beyond the proper limits of human thought: nor has it ever failed to carry those who follow it, far away upon the arid wilderness, where there is no path— where there is no place of rest—where there is no oasis—where there is no sustenance for souls—where there is no life toward God, no belief in Him; or even in humanity.

Thus has it been in every age, and such must be the issue of metaphysic speculation in any country where, as then it was in France, minds of this order take their course—unquestioned and unrebuked, by minds of equal power, but of a different structure. How then was it that this wilfulness of atheistic abstraction, had been held in no check, and had not been called to account in France? Let us look to the facts: they are indeed instructive. The blind intolerance of the Church and Government had, as we have just now reminded you, trodden out all freedom of thought, and had interdicted freedom of writing throughout the entire fields of theological and Christian argument;—the two powers—the ecclesiastical and the monarchical, banded together to extinguish Protestantism, in the first instance; and then, to crush the Jansenist party, had twice devastated the provinces of Mind, in a manner which might be likened to the barbarities that had twice devastated the Palatinate in the same age. In the hundred years which preceded the appearance of the far-famed Encyclopædia—which might well be called the Bible of the French Atheistic Philosophy, there did not appear, in the entire circle of French literature, so much as one writer, who, by his ability of any sort, has secured for

himself a permanent reputation, or who might deserve to be now named as one who was capable of withstanding the advances of the atheistic phalanx of the Encyclopædists. At that fatal moment, when these men of unmatched power, both as popular writers, and as the leaders of science, devised their scheme—a scheme, the intention of which was to overthrow—not so much the Roman Catholic Church, as every form of faith in God—and to explode the doctrine of immortality, and of a future judgment—at that time these mighty ministers of evil might look around them, far and wide, nor did they, in any quarter, see even a single opponent whom they could respect, or who possessed the ability effectively to call them to account on any matters of religion.

The Church, in its madness—mark it! had quite quashed the mind of France *on its own side*, and—such is the folly of intolerance—it had allowed the intelligence of the country to expand itself to a gigantic stature *on the side of its inexorable foes!* Note the issue! Quickly did that issue come on:—the monarchy, the nobility, the Church, the clergy of all ranks, were driven helter-skelter, to the edge of the gulf of national perdition—by the unrebuked ribaldry, and by the unresisted atheism of that time!—all were plunged into that bottomless pit, and within the compass of a few years, those very *routes*—northward and eastward, which had been crowded with the exiled Protestant ministers, and by the side of which their families had perished in cold and hunger, came to be again crowded—how, and by whom? By the princes of France, by the nobles of France, by the deprived ministers of its Church—by bishops, by abbés, by priests, stripped of their office, stripped of their possessions, stripped of all things—wanderers, mendicants, seeking any land where they might find a place in which to pine away and die!

It is on this ground—let the attention it deserves be given to the facts—that a contrast between the France of the 18th century, and the England of the same era—or let us rather say—the France of 1688, and the England of that same bright moment, and of the following hundred years, brings before us a spectacle the most impressive, and a lesson the most instructive. Gladly should we give to this contrast all the force it might derive from an expanded view of the instances of which it is constituted; but as this may not be, the mere mention of a few well-known names must suffice.

It is with reason that France, and Germany too, trace their own forms of unbelief to English writers. In truth, England has long been the country, as well of the freest thought, as of the freest expression of free thought. So may it ever be! Nothing do we fear—nothing but the attempted prohibition of Thought; or the fatal advice to stop the ear when free Thought is spoken. This only must be our condition—with Thought on the one side, and Thought on the other—there shall be fair play; there shall be an open antagonism on the field of Mind;—and this other condition we also demand, and it is a condition indispensable, namely this, that there shall be in a country, not merely a sort of unauthentic usage of talking, and of speaking, and of writing, on matters of religion, and that there shall be, not merely a statute-book, from the pages of which the intolerance of past ages has been clean erased:—these things are good; but they are not enough. In a free country, and in a country in which Christianity shall indeed be safe, there must be religious liberty acted out, and embodied: there must be—religious liberty made use of by religious communities:—in such a land, and it is the only effective guarantee of all liberties—political, civil, and religious—there must be religious communions, tranquilly rejoicing in, and *using* this liberty, which

the statute-book secures to them. We need these things—surrounding an Established Church, in a free country, and in a country that shall continue to be free. These things must be, not only because no party is wise and moderate enough to be allowed to have its own way, and to enact its own will in everything—and not only because there must be counteraction and equipoise in all thiugs earthly, and not merely because we none of us actually knew what our own standing is, until it has been questioned and criticised by others; but, as the only effective safeguards of Religion itself, of our faith in God, of our hope of immortality, and of our trust in Christ.

If now there are those who would call in question these affirmations, we should make a confident appeal, in support of them, to the comparative histories of France and of England, taking our starting-point in the middle of the 17th century, and fixing our term in the middle of the 18th. Grant it that, from out of the seething caldron of the Reformation, and from out of the conflict of parties during the Civil War, and again at the Revolution of 1688, there did arise various phases of unbelief—deistic, and atheistic; and grant it also that this English infidelity crossed the Channel—toward Germany, and toward France; but then, at home, and among ourselves, what was it that happened? Let us ask this question, and get an answer to it. Unbelief, theistic and atheistic, whenever it has appeared in England, has found itself evenly matched—man against man. Never have the promulgators of infidelity, under any of its guises, or its disguises, been able to look around them over a silent wilderness, upon which they might take their course at random, fearing no adversary. Never, in England, has the atheist, Scythian-like, scoured the steppes of thought, bold, because he knew that none dare meet him.

Look now—and let us earnestly ask you to do so—look to the facts, and think of the names that are starting up

fresh to your own recollection at the moment while we speak. On the side of unbelief are to be named—Hobbes, and Lord Herbert of Cherbury, and Collins, and Mandeville, and Lord Shaftesbury, and Chubb, and Toland, and Tindal, and Bolingbroke, and Hume, and Gibbon, and Thomas Paine, and a dozen of less note;—but as to each of these writers—each in his day met his antagonist—or perhaps his host of assailants: not one of them was allowed to ride over the course, boastfully, as if none on the side of belief could stand in his way. Grant it, if you will, that, in some of these instances, the answers that were put forth on the side of religion were inconclusive, or insufficient;—nevertheless the assailant was in fact fairly met on the field; and he was well dealt with, or he was poorly dealt with; but any way he was manfully encountered: the ground was measured off at leisure—the spectators were summoned to the listed field—the champions looked each other full in the face—each delved the rowel into his horse's sides, and spears were shattered, and riders were thrown. Whether for the better or the worse, as to the great controversy, battle was waged, and the truth was fought for.

Nothing at all resembling this had taken place in France, during the same lapse of time. The history of French literature throughout the age which is now in view, offers scarcely a name—barely one, that could be matched against the array of bright names that illuminate our English literature of the same era. Now note our purpose here. Whether or not each of the great writers next to be named came forward in a direct manner as respondents to some deistical writer, his contemporary, it is true of each of them that he boldly declared himself on the side of piety and of Christianity:—he took his ground, in line, where the banner of the Cross floated in the day. Need we actually bring the catalogue of these Christian writers into your view?

—yet suffer it now—give us your patience. Such men were—Samuel Clarke, and Isaac Barrow, and Tillotson, and Atterbury, and Jeremy Taylor, and Stillingfleet, and Cudworth, and Ussher, and Law, and Norris, and Sherlock, and Dodwell, and Butler, and Berkeley, and Lightfoot, and Wollaston, and Bentley, and Pococke; and such men also were Owen, and Howe, and Baxter, and Henry, and Watts, and Doddridge, and Lardner.

And yet now if this five-and-twenty were not enough, it would be easy to double the list;—but instead of appending names of less distinction—who all of them were the professed ministers of religion, and who, as in duty bound, stood forward in its defence, it may be well to append a list of names—and they are the very brightest that stand on the muster-roll of the literature and of the philosophy, not of England only, but of Modern Europe; they are the names of Christian Laymen. The illustrious men whose names you anticipate, before we can utter them, were Christians, by deep and sincere conviction:—they were men well accomplished and learned; they were men who, in their various writings, whether formally or incidentally, made a good profession of their belief in God, and of their faith in Christ, and especially of their reverence for Holy Scripture: they are these—Lord Bacon, John Milton, John Locke, Sir Thomas Browne, Sir Matthew Hale, Robert Boyle, Andrew Marvel, Joseph Addison, Daniel De Foe, Sir Isaac Newton. These are our Christian laymen of that shining age: match them now—find their equals where you can, in any country, or in any age!

We are not making a boast of these names—boasting is not our purpose; what we intend, and what we earnestly labour to do, is this, to put before you, in a strong and a true light, this fact—full of meaning as it is, that, albeit this free-minded and out-speaking England has, throughout these two

hundred years, been the source of unbelief—the fount of a negative philosophy which has infected the neighbour countries, the same free-minded and out-speaking England has also, from era to era, from year to year, produced—and it is ten to one in number, the antagonistic force, on the side of whatever is right, true, positive, life-giving, and salutary, on the field of Religious Thought. Take these facts, and give them that emphasis which belongs to them in their actual peculiarity. The religious antagonism of England, in the strength of which our Christianity, or call it—the Religion of the Bible, has stood its ground through these troublous eighty years, has been constituted in a three-fold manner; for it has had the mind, the learning, the profound convictions of the leading men of the Episcopal and Established Church of England—and it has had also the mind, and the learning, and the profound convictions of the leading men of the non-episcopal Christianity of England; and, moreover, it has had the mind, the learning, and the freely rendered cordial services of those Christian laymen, concerning whose ecclesiastical position any question would be an impertinence, inasmuch as minds of the order of Bacon, Milton, Locke, Newton, are the property at large of the human family; and as to the men themselves they were the Churchmen of that Church which knows no name but the name of Christ.

Such, we say, have been the actual fruits of our English doctrine of Freedom, and of our practice of freedom—political, civil, and religious—the latter has indeed been hardly fought for, yet it has been won at last. This Christianity is still ours, and the Bible—the Book of God—is *our* Book, for we have allowed the argument for and against it to have free scope. France has been otherwise minded; and it has taken another course: her Rulers—Ecclesiastical and Civil, have believed that the Faith, as they held it, could be safe

nowhere but under their careful patronage; on this ground they trampled on every opponent, and they prospered to their hearts' content; none dared speak, or preach, without their licence; so it had been for the hundred years preceding the terrible year '87. But what was it that had actually taken place during those years? Under the very eaves of that Church there had been hatched—unnoticed—a Blasphemy which, when it had thrust forth its limbs, and had out-curled its length, and had sunned its flanks, and had made essay of its wings, darted forward—rose aloft into the stormy air in the view of all men, and then came down among the people, driving before it all modes of belief, and all powers of restraint; and this was at the very moment when the passions of the multitude, inflamed by the sense of many wrongs, needed every curb. But of what sort is that restraint of which we are intending to speak? Not the restraint of edicts, and of royal ordinaries; but the restraints of a genuine religious belief.—It is such a curb upon sensual and malignant passions as springs from the belief that there is a God—a Judge, and that there is a future life, and a future retribution. It was to no such restraints as these that the Government in France had recourse at that moment; but it was of this sort—and here we cite a royal ordinance which bears date 1757:—this ordinance denounces the punishment of death against any "who should compose or print any writings contrary to Religion, or to the established order of things. The bookseller who vends, or the colporteur who distributes such publications, is liable to the same capital punishment."

Now note the date of this Royal Declaration, and mark the consequence that immediately ensued! At that very moment the noted work—the Encyclopædia, which embodied the atheistic philosophy that had been concocted by the most distinguished writers and scientific men of France, was

actually in course of publication! This great work had first appeared in 1751, and the volumes had continued to come out—in open defiance of the royal ordinance, until it was completed, in '72. Neither the civil nor the ecclesiastical authorities had dared to oppose this issue, fatal as it was to the religious belief of all classes—and it included in its converts some of the most intelligent of the clergy. Meantime there were indeed upright and religiously minded writers, who, more timid, and more scrupulous than others, could never feel themselves relieved from the apprehension of incurring the displeasure of the Court, or of awakening the malignant jealousy of the Jesuits, who were still in power: thus it was that they were discouraged and disheartened, and in fact they remained silent. On the side of Christianity therefore, nothing—or nothing that could be of any sort of avail in opposing the philosophy of the day, was published during those nearly forty years, namely, from 1750 to 1789. At the time when the Press of England was putting forth, in abundance, works, some of which still hold their place in our literature, not a book had come out in France of the same counteractive tendency. The ill-judging intolerance of its Government had not only silenced the champions of Religion, but in doing so, it had given the greater impulse to the impieties, the sophistries, and the ribaldries of Voltaire, and Rousseau, and of D'Holbach, and of Diderot, and of D'Alembert, and of Condillac, and of Helvetius, and their coadjutors.

The French people—high and low, clergy and laity—the nobles and the bourgeoisie, eagerly seized the brilliant writings of these accomplished men:—they snatched them from the hands of the printer—devoured them, whether put forth in bulky folios, or issued daily as pamphlets.

In those ominous years—the twenty years—preceding 1787—the mind of France, throughout all classes, had daily

been coming into a state of convulsed, and yet repressed agony: the sinews and ties of the body social were at the utmost strain. All ancient usages of deference and submission to authority, and of reverential regard to the past, were rapidly giving way. An upheaving of the force of the lower classes was near at hand in all quarters—in the provinces and in the capital:—a sense of intolerable wrongs—a wild impatience of control, racked the millions of the people who had long been suffering severe miseries. At that moment, some of the Economists proclaimed a doctrine which has been revived of late, and they had said—"All Property is a robbery," and this doctrine had been thus illustrated—"Whoever says to another man—'this place in the sunshine is *my* place'—he is the first thief; and this arrogance is the parent of all thefts." The lowest class—and the lower class in France are gentle and courteous beyond any others while not excited, and yet furious and cruel beyond any others when frenzied—were told that a belief in a world unseen, and all natural sentiment, is a superstition. What might not be looked for when a people of this temperament is dealt with as in fact the French people were then dealt with, on the eve of an inevitable national convulsion!

Give us leave to put these facts in figure, as thus:—
The People—then in a mood of ominous impatience, encounters its favoured teachers on the broad ways of common life; and at that time, among the teachers it most regarded there were not only philosophers and wits, but ministers of religion—there were men wearing the costume of the Church, who, vain of the new honour of being reckoned the enlightened men of the age, and ambitious of the society of atheistic philosophers, took position—as we may say—on the steps of the Church door:—there stood in a group, philosophers, and wits, and bishops, and abbés

also, who were ready to issue oracles in the name of Reason, and who professed themselves able to solve all problems. To these accomplished teachers the agitated people thus puts its questions, in series:—

First Question.—"Is there a God?"

Answer.—"We know of none!"

Second Question.—"Is there an after life, or a judgment to come?"

Answer.—"Death is an eternal sleep."

Third Question.—"Are there reasons of any sort why we should restrain our appetites, or put a check upon our passions—in a word, do we run any risk in obeying the impulses of sensuality or of ferocity?"

Answer.—"The words—Good and Evil—Virtue and Vice—are empty names, which the obsolete superstition has imposed upon actions that are all equally good in their way. Go then, friends, take it on our authority, that there is neither God nor devil; nor is there, above or below, any power that should cause you uneasiness. Your only danger is, from giving way to those fears which superstition has engendered, and on which its ministers fatten."

"It was in France"—we here cite the words of a competent authority—indeed of the ablest of modern French writers—"It was in France," says Alexis de Tocqueville, "that irreligion had become a passion—a passion generally diffused, ardent, intolerant, and oppressive. It was in France that a course of things had occurred which, up to that time, was unexampled. In other times (and countries) established religions had been attacked with violence; yet in all such instances the zeal which animated the assault had its rise in the earnestness which some new profession had inspired. . . . In France it was otherwise. The Christian religion itself (not some established form of it) was assailed with a sort of fury, and this was done apart

from any attempt to put another religion in the place of it. With ardour and with perseverance this labour was pursued, the object of which was to remove from the mind of the people the faith which heretofore had possessed them, and so to leave this mind empty of faith. A host of men were inflamed with the desire to carry out this graceless enterprise. An absolute unbelief in regard to religion—an unbelief contrary as it is to the natural instincts of human nature, and which brings the soul into a position so sorrowful, appeared actually attractive to the multitude. That which hitherto had produced only a sort of sickly lassitude now gave birth to fanaticism, and to a spirit of proselytism."

"In accounting," says this distinguished writer, "for so remarkable a course of things, it does not seem enough to state the fact that just then many great writers disposed to deny the truths of Christianity, had come forward in company—for we must ask how it was that all these writers —*all*, had been led to go over to that side, rather than to the other. How was it that among them *not one* came forward otherwise minded, and choosing to take the contrary opinion as his ground? And then, again, why did these writers, more than any of their predecessors on the same line of argument, find the ear of the multitude open to listen to them, and the mind of the masses of the people inclined to give them a favourable hearing?"

The cause of that fanatical impiety which took possession of the mass of the French people at the outburst of the Revolution, M. de Tocqueville believes to have been mainly this—"That the people, incited by the government itself to feel and resent the oppressions under which it had so long suffered, had formed the purpose to change everything, to overturn everything, and to reconstruct the social and political edifice entirely on a new model. The people, thus

resolved, felt that it was the Church, more than any other power, that stood in the way of these reforms:—the Church was the buttress of the State, and its defence. Then to remove this obstacle it was seen and felt that it would not suffice to assail the central doctrines, or the usages of the Church; for the very foundations must be taken from beneath it. Belief in Christianity—a respect for the past—a belief in God and the life hereafter, all must be denied and rejected;—the ground of religious faith must be wholly cleared, even to the last wreck of it—and then the Church, falling into the pit beneath, would leave room for the new edifice of a political constitution, exclusive of all privilege and of any power to oppress."

It does not concern us here to inquire how far this writer's explication of the atheistic fanaticism of France at that time may be satisfactory. What we have to do with are the bare facts. The quarrel of the writers who were the instigators of the Revolution was with the Church—only because those restrictions which galled them were attributed to the ecclesiastical authorities, and it was in revenge of these measures that they attacked Religion itself, as the most effective means of bringing their adversary to the dust. "These writers," says our author, "had been persecuted in modes which, while they would draw forth loud complaints, would not inspire fear. The atheistic writers were galled in a manner that only stimulated their opposition; but which did not repress it. The prosecutions of which they were the objects, were slow in taking effect; they were noisy and fruitless, and seemed as if intended not so much to deter them from writing in the same strain, as to provoke them to do so the more."

Diderot, writing to Hume twenty years before the time now in view, had said—"You think our intolerance (that of the Government) more favourable to the progress of opinion

than is the boundless liberty which you (in England) enjoy. Our friends D'Holbach, Helvetius, Morellet, and Suard think otherwise." "Nevertheless this Scotchman," says M. de Tocqueville, "was undoubtedly in the right; Hume had found perfect impunity to bring with it perfect indifference; whereas inefficient restraints only gave wings to whatever the French writers might put forth. On the contrary, in England, theories hostile to Christianity, after having been freely discussed and refuted, were rejected by the good sense of society itself, without any interference of the Government."

"But in France," says the same distinguished writer, "the few who held to their ancient faith were in terror lest they should be left alone in maintaining it: they dreaded *insulation* more than they dreaded *error*, and under the influence of this fear they consorted themselves with the multitude, although they did not think with them. So it was in fact, that an opinion which belonged indeed only to a portion of the people appeared as if it were the opinion of all, and from that moment this opinion took the aspect of an irresistible impulse, even in the eyes of the very persons who themselves had given it this false appearance."

"The almost universal impiety of France, at the moment preceding the Revolution"—says this writer—"gave a character to it. It was this atheism which, more than anything else, imparted to the Revolution a physiognomy so terrific. This impiety," he says, "operated more in disordering the minds of the people, than in degrading their heart; or even in corrupting their morals: it led the men of that time to carry out, to the utmost limits, every extravagance. Yet was this Revolution carried forward at the first, with an enthusiasm, in itself generous and even heroic:—men forgot their selfishness while fulfilling what they believed to be their vocation—to re-form and re-model the world. Never

theless, whatever there might be admirable in this national enthusiasm, the irreligion whence it sprung produced effects the most deplorable. In other revolutions, whatever may have been the immediate object of assault, the first principles of social order were respected:—there was always a solid foundation preserved. Not so in the French Revolution:—in this, the human mind lost entirely its ground or point of support:—it knew not what to hold by, nor where to stop. Men started up who were of a sort never before seen, whose audacity, near to madness, was such that no novelty could alarm them—no scruple hold them back; and who never hesitated in the accomplishment of a purpose, be it what it might. We must not"—says our author, and his words do indeed deserve attention—"we must not imagine that these beings of a new order were the ephemera of the moment, destined to disappear with the day that gave them birth: they have perpetuated their species, and have spread themselves over every region of the earth where civilisation exists, and the race shows everywhere the same physiognomy: it exhibits the same passions—it has the same character: it was in being long ago—it is still under our eyes."

The evidence of recent French writers, whose evidence is deserving of entire confidence, would show what, up to this present time, has been the permanent effect of that plunge into the abyss of atheism which France made in those fatal years—from 1750 to 1787. In listening to that evidence we should become convinced that, for a people to take a leap into the bottomless pit of impiety, is not the error of an hour, or of a day, or of a year, which may presently be rectified—no harm ensuing. A man may indeed swallow poison, and may expel it from his constitution, and he may soon regain his wonted health; or he may go down with a fever, and may be despaired of by his physicians; nevertheless he may recover, and be stronger than before. It is not

so with the moral and spiritual life of a people. National atheism, deliberately professed, is an error the fatal consequences of which—shall they have disappeared in five years? —or in ten years? or at all in the lifetime of a generation? Not so; nor shall this delusion have wrought out the whole of its mischief in eighty years.

But we must stop at our prescribed limit—namely—France eighty years ago; and in reverting to that time, we recross the Channel, and look around us for a moment at home.

The contrast which strikes the eye at the instant, in crossing the Channel, is not that of intrinsic national merits; for on that ground the decision of an impartial court might be doubtful. Nor is the contrast which at this time we are intending to insist upon that which turns upon the comparative expediency of the two principles of political organization—namely, that of the theoretic construction of Constitutions, or that of slow development and of historic continuity—France always attempting to enact the former, and always failing—England adhering to the latter; and hitherto, with the happiest results. Nor is the contrast that which would bear upon the question of centralisation on the one side, and of a broadly diffused self-administrative system of government on the other side; on which ground also we should affirm a decisive preference on behalf of the English system.

The contrast we intend carries a weightier inference than could belong to either of these; for it involves the very deepest principles of human existence in society. And when we name these, let it not be imagined that we shall bring into comparison the respective merits of Romanism —the religion of France, and of Protestantism—the religion of England: not so. As well the Romanism of France as the Protestantism of England must stand aside while, in the slow procedures of the Divine government of nations, the

weightiest of all problems is in course of receiving a visible solution on the stage of the world.

Putting away mystifications, for which we have no taste, and circumlocutions, for which we have no time, then the contrast that presents itself when the respective conditions of France and of England eighty years ago is considered, turns upon ONE QUESTION:—the hinge of the comparison is this:—the one People, at that critical moment, openly, and deliberately, and with eager emphasis, rejected, and put contempt upon, HOLY SCRIPTURE. Those first truths of which the Bible is the source were, at that time, thrown forth from the hearts—from the homes—from the temples of France. The BIBLE—and this is a short word, inclusive of the entire doctrine concerning God, and immortality, and a moral and retributive economy—the belief in whatever may come to stand between human nature, and its sensualities and its ferocities—the Bible—eighty years ago, was publicly denied, was scorned, and ridiculed, and put out of view, by the bewildered and misguided nation.

England, deeply culpable, in the sight of God, on many charges—England—blameworthy on various accounts—as to her behaviour at home and abroad—England, nevertheless—through all turns of its fortunes in the lapse of the 16th, the 17th, and the 18th centuries, and amidst the convulsions of a civil war, and of a change of dynasty, and of a revolution, had never faltered in the profession of its reverential regard to the Bible—acknowledged as the word of God, and therefore bowed to as the sovereign rule of faith and duty.

Throughout seasons of religious fervour—sincere and insincere—and at moments of intense ecclesiastical discord—and on both sides of passionate controversies, and on both sides with equal earnestness—and through seasons of prevalent indifference and formality—and at all times, fine weather or foul weather, in the political heavens—at all times, England had maintained its devout regard to Holy

Scripture. On every occasion during the preceding hundred years, whenever the authority of the Scriptures was impugned, then, the very brightest minds—clerical and lay—Episcopalian and Puritanic, came out in its defence.

But more than this.—Eighty years ago England was waking up to begin a course of action which has maintained itself in its first energy to the present moment, and which has no parallel in the history of nations—ancient or modern. England—and while this is said, let her plead guilty to the charge—so far as it may be substantiated—of ambition, and of commercial selfishness, and of pride, and of arrogance, or whatever else it may be that is blameworthy in her behaviour—England—eighty years ago, nevertheless, was beginning to recognise her duty as a Christian people. She was then reading her commission, which called her to do those things in all the world—which she found to be commanded—IN THE BOOK.

In those great movements—that have given its character to the nineteenth century, among ourselves, some are of a kind which declare themselves to be the direct product of that religious feeling of which the Scriptures are the spring and source:—others are such as have sprung indirectly, and yet really, from biblical influence. But whether they be of the one kind or of the other, it may confidently be affirmed that, if there had been no Bible in our homes and in our churches, those things would not have come about at all.

It was during those ominous years, from the middle of the last century to its close, and while the writings of Voltaire and of Rousseau were fascinating the people of France—high and low—and precisely while the atheistic Encyclopædia was in course of publication, that METHODISM, in its two forms—Wesleyan and Calvinistic—rose into view, awakening from the sleep of death thousands upon thousands of the people of England. At the moment when the

belief of a future life was denounced as an idle superstition in the one country, men of all ranks in England were listening to the voices of those who preached repentance, and who gave the warning to flee from the wrath to come. Methodism—and a contemporaneous revival of religious earnestness in the Established Church, and in the several Nonconformist communions, were, as you well know, quickly followed by the formation of those great Evangelic Institutions which find their warrant, and their rule, and their impulse—their spring, and their power—in—THE BIBLE.

The very years that are signalised in the history of the one people by outrage and atrocity, are consecrated in the recollections of the other people as the happy Birth-years of the enterprises of Christian zeal. The same sounds wake up unlike memories on this side, and on that side of the Channel:—so it is with the years 1792, and 1793, and 1795, and 1804, and 1817. One recollection in France—another recollection in England!

Will any be bold enough to affirm that the great men who fought the battle, in and out of Parliament, which ended in denouncing the Slave trade as piracy, did not draw their motive and their strength from the Scriptures? Nor was it any calculating policy, nor any motives of a lower order, that brought England up to her twenty millions redemption-price paid down for the bondsmen and the bondswomen of every land where her flag is unfurled. This triumph, in which we are seeing reason to exult more and more, every year, was the fruit of Bible-feeling—a feeling, an impulse—which had long been at work throughout all classes, from the highest to the lowest. It was the silent omnipotence of Bible-feeling, much more than the artillery of single texts, that then brought us off clear of accursed slavery:—and does it not *now* show itself to be a curse and a woe to any people that maintains it?

It need not be affirmed, that a national profession of the first truths in religion—those truths, we mean, of which Holy Scripture is the source, and the only warrant, is *the direct cause* of its Liberties; but this may be affirmed, that —for the *maintenance* of these liberties, and for their safe and unimpaired transmission from fathers to sons, a reverential regard to the Scriptures, and a popular recognition of their authority, and a devout submission to the same, is our only reasonable ground of confidence.

It is so—if the experience of modern nations, and if the unsettled aspect of European affairs at this moment, are allowed to yield their proper evidence. Do we speak of the *Liberties* of a people?—That word is an all-comprehensive term;—for it includes whatever belongs to the true life of a people—it includes whatever upholds the sanctities of the domestic relationships, and whatever touches the progress of a nation in genuine civilisation—a Civilisation that shall not stop in its course until it has humanized, and has blessed all the miserable, the ignorant, and the abjects, in its bosom. A Devout Regard to the Bible has been, in all past times, and it is now, in every sense—the Salvation of the British People.

Anglo-Saxon Christianity,

AND

Augustin of Canterbury.

A LECTURE

BY

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ANGLO-SAXON CHRISTIANITY,

AND

AUGUSTIN OF CANTERBURY.

THE man who is well read in General History and in Biography, lives amid a large circle of acquaintances. He is introduced to multitudes, who, apart from the intervention of the Historian and the Biographer, would be to him as if they had never existed. Led by these guides into the Walhalla of the mighty Dead, he there lives with them their ancient life, and, ennobled by their fellowship, or warned by their failures, comes forth again into the actual world laden with the results of such communion.

We are about to spend this hour in reviewing deeds done many centuries ago, and shall particularly call up before us the figure of a man who has been sleeping in his grave more than a thousand years. We will try and approach our subject in that candid and impartial spirit, without which we can expect to derive but little benefit. We will come to it with a heart loyal to truth, and strive to deal honestly with Augustin and with his Times, remembering that flattery on the one hand and detraction on the other are as culpable towards the Dead as towards the Living, and that we are equally bound to paint with the pencil of truth the portraits of those whom we call *Departed*, as to delineate with fairness the features of those who still dwell amongst us, and who

are able to protest against caricature either in praise or in blame.

I should not have selected the subject of Anglo-Saxon Christianity, and Augustin of Canterbury, for the present occasion, had I been left to myself. I have taken it at the request of our valued friend your Secretary. As a competent General he places his men where he thinks they can render useful service, and a desire to be a good Soldier in his Army has led me to attempt to do his bidding. Still, to a firm and avowed Nonconformist there are difficulties in so treating this subject as not to compromise his own position or offend those whose ecclesiastical status is entirely different. A difficult task, however, is often a duty; and I surrender myself to my work, adopting as my pole-star the words—"Sincere, and without offence." The old members of this Association who have known my spirit and manner of speech since the formation of the Association, will not, I think, distrust me; and those young men who were boys, or babies, when I lectured in the first or second course, in a more modest building, will, I hope, see as we proceed in this lecture, that we are inclined to sacrifice neither Truth nor Love.

Anglo-Saxon Christianity was not perfect Christianity; nor was Augustin of Canterbury a perfect Christian. Good and evil mingle in the man and in his times. We will try and look at both. The country Parson in his recreations, speaks to us thus:—"Let us picture to ourselves a man living in a pleasant home, in the midst of a beautiful country. Pleasing scenes are all around him wherever he can look. There are evergreens and grass—fields and hedgerows, hills and streams; in the distance the Sea, and somewhat nearer the smoke of a little country town. Now what would you think of this man, if he utterly refused to look at the cheerful and beautiful prospects which every-

where invite his eye; and spent the whole day gazing intently at the dunghill, and hanging over the pigsty? And all this though his taste were not so peculiar as to lead him to take any pleasure in the contemplation of the pigsty or dunghill—all this though he had a more than ordinary dislike to contemplate pigsties and dunghills. No doubt you would say the man is a monomaniac." Reverse this picture. Think of a man living in a wretched home in the midst of a most desolate country. Repulsive scenes are all around him wherever he can look. There is stagnant water—dungheaps—remains of brickfields and the *débris* of mining operations far as the eye can reach. But the man has a small garden plot filled with flowers. Now what would you think him, if he persisted in describing the entire landscape by what the eye could see in his own tiny garden? Would you not call this man, too, a monomaniac? Alas! we must call multitudes monomaniacs, and ourselves monomaniacs too; for we all sometimes are caught "hanging over the pigsty," or talking only of our own little garden. Let us now try to see what there is to be seen—whether it be pigsty or parterre—dunghill or the flower-bedecked hedgerow.

We will first briefly sketch the Anglo-Saxon Times—then generally describe Christianity during this period, and finally exhibit the life of Augustin and his influence upon the Christianity of his Age.

Britain, probably peopled at a very early period by immigrants from Belgic Gaul, was first visited by the Phœnicians, and by them brought into commercial intercourse with other countries. The Greeks, in their most ancient literature, make mention of our Island and of her people, but to Latin authors we are chiefly indebted for information concerning Britain in her earliest days.

The early British period of our national history is termi-

nated by the second Roman Invasion, and by the commencement of a season of subjection to Rome. Roman domination continued more than four hundred years; and in 412, when the army of Rome was entirely withdrawn, we begin to approach the Anglo-Saxon period—which extends from about the middle of the fifth century to the year 1066—if we include the brief Danish period.

The historical light shed upon the days during which our island was subject to the Romans, is far superior to that which shines so feebly upon the times of the Anglo-Saxons; still there is a sufficient historical basis for the formation of a fair and intelligent judgment. The light which shines most brightly, is that furnished by the Ecclesiastical History of the venerable Bede, and next to this work is the Saxon Chronicle, in which some think they see signs of the helping hand of Alfred the Great.

When the Roman army was withdrawn from Britain the country was left in the hands of the Roman settlers, and of the Britons who had survived the Roman invasion and immigration. The mixture of the races, although not uncommon, was by no means universal. Roman and Briton remained subject to each other's influence in various forms, but preserved their individual nationality intact.

Relieved from their conquerors, however, the country is by no means free from the foot and from the arm of the invader. During at least 200 years, the people north of the Tyne, commonly known as the Picts and Scots, had given the Romans no little trouble; and so soon as they heard of the departure of the legions, they again came southward, and so harassed and alarmed the victims of their incursions, as to cause them to cry to Rome for succour. Once and again did the Roman soldier help the Britons to drive back the Scots, but these victories afforded no permanent protection; and as the Roman legions could neither remain in

the island, nor come over at every call to help, the assistance of the Saxons was sought and found.

Some historians think that the Saxons established themselves in Britain by a succession of predatory invasions. But Bede gives the following account of their coming:—"In the year of our Lord 449, Martian being made Emperor with Valentinian, and the forty-sixth from Augustus, ruled the empire seven years. Then the nation of the Angles, or Saxons, being invited by the aforesaid king, arrived in Britain, with three long ships, and had a place assigned them to reside in by the same king, that they might thus appear to be fighting for their country, while their real intentions were to enslave it. Accordingly, they engaged with the enemy, who were come from the north to give battle, and obtained the victory; which, being known at home, in their own country, as also the fertility of the country, and the cowardice of the Britons, a more considerable fleet was quickly sent over, bringing a still greater number of men, which, being added to the former, made up an invincible army. The new comers received of the Britons a place to inhabit, upon condition that they should wage war against their enemies for the peace and security of the country, whilst the Britons agreed to furnish them with pay. Those who came over were of the three most powerful nations of Germany—Saxons, Angles, and Jutes. From the Jutes are descended the people of Kent, and of the Isle of Wight, and those also who are to this day [about the year 721] called Jutes, in the province of the West Saxons, opposite to the Isle of Wight. From the Saxons, that is, the country which is now called Old Saxony, came the East Saxons, the South Saxons, and the West Saxons. From the Angles, that is, the country which is called Anglia, and which is said from that time to remain desert until this day, between the provinces

of the Jutes and the Saxons, are descended the East Angles, the Midland Angles, Mercians, all the race of the Northumbrians, that is, of those nations that dwell on the north side of the river Humber, and the other nations of the English. The two first commanders are said to have been Hengist and Horsa, of whom Horsa, being afterwards slain in battle by the Britons, was buried in the eastern parts of Kent, where a monument bearing his name is still in existence. They were the sons of Victgilsus, whose father was Vecta, son of Woden, from whose stock the royal race of many provinces deduce their original. In a short time, swarms of the aforesaid nations came over into the island, and they began to increase so much, that they became terrible to the natives themselves who had invited them. Then, having on a sudden entered into a league with the Picts, whom they had by this time repelled by the force of their arms, they began to turn their weapons against their confederates. At first, they obliged them to furnish a greater quantity of provisions; and, seeking an occasion to quarrel, protested that, unless more plentiful supplies were brought them, they would break the confederacy and ravage all the island; nor were they backward in putting their threats in execution. In short, the fire kindled by the hands of these pagans, proved God's just revenge for the crimes of the people; not unlike that which, being once lighted by the Chaldeans, consumed the walls and city of Jerusalem. For the barbarous conquerors acting here in the same manner, or rather the just Judge ordaining that they should so act, they plundered all the neighbouring cities and country, spread the conflagration from the eastern to the western sea, without any opposition, and covered almost every part of the devoted island. Public as well as private structures were overturned; the priests were everywhere slain before the altars; the prelates and the people, without any respect of persons,

were destroyed with fire and sword; nor was there any to bury those who had been so cruelly slaughtered. Some of the miserable remainder, being taken in the mountains, were slaughtered in heaps; others, spent with hunger, came forth and submitted themselves to the enemy for food, being destined to undergo perpetual servitude, if they were not killed even upon the spot. Some, with sorrowing hearts, fled beyond the seas; others, continuing in their own country, led a miserable life among the woods, rocks, and mountains, with scarcely enough to support life, and expecting every moment to be their last."

During a period of one hundred and fifty years the Britons struggled with the Saxons, until the Heptarchy, or rather, as it may during a part of the time be more properly called, the Octarchy, was firmly established. The kingdom of Kent was founded in 473; the South Saxon kingdom, consisting of Sussex, in 496; the West Saxon kingdom, embracing Devon, Dorset, Berks, Surrey, Somerset, with portions of Hampshire and Cornwall, in 519; East Anglia, including Norfolk, Suffolk, Cambridge, the Isle of Ely, and part of Bedfordshire, in 540; the East Saxon kingdom, including Essex, part of Hertfordshire, and Middlesex, in 542; Bernicia, including Northumberland, parts of Westmoreland, and Cumberland, with part of Scotland, in 548; and then Deira, embracing Lancashire and Yorkshire, with parts of Westmoreland and Cumberland; and, finally, Mercia, in 586, comprising the Midland Counties. No sooner, however, were these several states established, than a tendency set in to unite them into one kingdom. The institution of the office of Bretwalda was a movement in this direction. At length common mischiefs, common action, and the tendency of various circumstances being to unite the kingdoms, monarchy was established; we accordingly find Egbert, Alfred, and Edward

virtually kings of all England, and Athelstan at length truly and in all respects sole sovereign.

Before the events occurred of which we have last spoken, a new foe invades Britain. The Danes, or Northmen, keep the country in ceaseless conflict from A.D. 832 onward—their object being to subdue and supplant the Saxons, and to possess the island. Alfred the Great completely subdued the Danes, yet allowed them to remain in the country. But although cast down they were not destroyed. They multiplied and grew, and when they formed a third part of the people of England, they placed a Dane upon the throne. Canute, Harold, and Hardicanute wear the crown of England:—it is again worn by a Saxon, in the person of Edward the Confessor, and at the end of the period we are now reviewing is found on the brow of the victorious Norman.

This rapid review of the Anglo-Saxon period will show that the Times from the beginning to the end were a season of disquiet, disturbance, conflict, misery, and jeopardy. The condition of the United States of America in this time of internal conflict may serve to illustrate the circumstances of the Anglo-Saxons during the greater part of the period we are now considering. The dark pictures of the prophet Joel were realized. "The field is wasted—the land mourneth, for the corn is wasted. The new wine is dried up, the oil languisheth" . . . . . "the harvest of the field is perished, the vine is dried up, and the fig tree languisheth. The pomegranate tree, the palm tree also, and the apple tree, even all the trees of the field are withered, because joy is withered away from the sons of men."—"The seed is rotten under their clods—the garners are laid desolate, the barns are broken down, for the corn is withered." "How do the beasts groan! The herds of cattle are perplexed because they have no pasture, yea, the

flocks of sheep are made desolate." . . . . "A day of darkness and of gloominess, a day of clouds and of thick darkness, as the morning spread upon the mountains."

Having thus cast a brief glance over Anglo-Saxon history, let us now look at Anglo-Saxon Christianity.

Druidism, as every schoolboy knows, was the religion of the Ancient Britons, and Britain was a stronghold of Druidism, although it was also the religion of Gaul. It had its own system of doctrines, both secret and popular—a code of morals in some respects pure—and a ritual in harmony with its creed and with its laws. It was especially obnoxious to the Romans—partly, perhaps, because the Druid was lawgiver as well as priest; and when the Romans conquered Britain—instead of tolerating the religion of the conquered country, as was their custom—they attempted to extirpate it by the sword. A new faith, however, already planted in Rome, presented herself to the aborigines of our island as a claimant for their homage and belief.

Who first brought Christianity to Britain? Upon this question there has been much conjecture, and some assertion, but an entirely satisfactory reply we have not yet seen. The honour of introducing Christianity to Britain has been claimed for St. James, for Simon Zelotes, for Joseph of Arimathea, and for Aristobulus, and for St. Paul. It is supposed by some that the religion of Jesus was confessed in our island as early as from A.D. 43 to A.D. 47, by Pomponia Græcina, the wife of the Roman Governor of Britain; and by Claudia, a British lady, of whom mention is made by Paul in the year of our Lord 67.

The account which the historian Bede gives of the introduction of Christianity to Britain is as follows:—"In the year of our Lord's incarnation 156, Marcus Antoninus Verus, the fourteenth from Augustus, was made emperor,

together with his brother, Aurelius Commodus. In their time, whilst Eleutherus, a holy man, presided over the Roman Church, Lucius, King of the Britons, sent a letter to him, entreating that by his command he might be made a Christian. He soon obtained his pious request, and the Britons preserved the faith which they had received, uncorrupted and entire, in peace and tranquillity, until the time of the Emperor Diocletian."

In this passage Bede shows himself to be but imperfectly acquainted with Roman history, and his erroneous statements concerning the Emperor and Bishop of Rome, cast doubt upon his entire testimony as to the application of King Lucius to Rome.

Conjecture appears to have singled out Apostles, Nobles, and Kings as the propagators of Christianity in England! But conjecture may as fairly fall upon some Christian layman, whether soldier, merchant, artisan, or slave. Dr. Vaughan, in his magnificent work, "Revolutions in English History," states the case with his usual acumen and candour. "But the question may still be asked—are we, then, left without any knowledge as to when or how Christianity first became known in this island? Our answer to this question is, that we may imagine the probable, where we cannot attain to the certain. The known may be sufficient to warrant highly reasonable conjectures as to the unknown. We know that communication between Britain and the continent became regular and settled in the apostolic age. We know also that before that age had closed, Suetonius had destroyed the power of the Druids. Through more than two centuries from that time Britain was in a state of comparative tranquillity. The legions and auxiliaries transported to this country often consisted of men who had been long resident in Gaul, and in other parts of the empire, where, before the end of the first century, Christianity had

been widely propagated. Trade intercourse with this country increased rapidly, and brought with it the usual interchanges of thought. Christians in those days, moreover, were zealous in an extraordinary degree—as Pliny's letters to Trajan abundantly show—in endeavours to diffuse their doctrine. The Christian soldier made it a matter of daily talk with his comrades. The Christian merchant found occasion for discourse upon it amidst his buying and selling. The rich Christian taught it to his slave, and the Christian slave dared to speak of it to his master. Every Christian had his mission. His sacramental pledge had been, not only to hold the truth unto the death, but to endeavour by all available means to make it known to others. It is probable that the public teaching of Christianity was little known until these more obscure, but earnest efforts had sufficed to bring very many to profess themselves Christians. Having resolved to annihilate Druidism, the concern of the Roman would naturally be that his own religion should come into its place. Hence any conspicuous mode of attempting to make proselytes to a new and unrecognized faith would be looked upon with suspicion and discouraged. The first converts would probably be made in the colonies and towns, but the more open exercise of worship would take place in districts less subject to the eye of authority. It is to the jealousy of this authority that we are indebted for our earliest authentic information concerning the Christian religion in Britain."

All this is reasonable conjecture. But what do we know, and of what may we be assured? We know, upon the authority of Tertullian, that in the second century, the regions of Britain inaccessible to the Romans were subdued to Christ. We know that during the reign of Diocletian (on the authority of three witnesses) that the Christians in Britain were numerous and influential. We know that at

the Council of Arles, convened by Constantine in 314, three bishops, a priest, and deacon are reported to have represented the British Churches—which were likewise represented in the Council of Nice. We also know that before the middle of the 5th century Britain had ceased to be known as a Pagan country.

The Saxons found Christianity generally diffused throughout Britain—but they did not bring a pure and undefiled religion with them; on the contrary, they brought in their hearts and in their habits a most miserable heathenism. They worshipped the false god Odin or Woden, his spouse Friga, and some of Woden's Sons. In their own land they had temples and idols, priests and sacrifices, festive seasons and sacred days. According to their morals, Bravery was the highest virtue, and Cowardice the lowest vice—Revenge, a most sacred duty, and Necessity, the chief lawgiver. "Like the Britons, they were a brave and fearless race, delighting in plunder and slaughter, ever choosing the most dangerous and perilous paths, loving the roll of the wave and the roar of the storm, and generally landing under a gloomy and tempestuous sky to surprise and attack the enemy." As they gradually became domesticated in the land, they re-established heathenism—not converting, it is true, the Britons to their religious belief and practice, but suppressing a Christian confession. It had been well if the Britons had devoted themselves to the conversion of their invaders, but with the sullenness of a vanquished people they left their heathen conquerors too much to themselves, and abandoned them to perish with their idols.

This inactivity in the work of Christian Evangelization was, however, disturbed by the labours of illustrious individuals, among whom we name Columba, a monk, who also was a Priest and Abbot, and who came to Britain preaching

the Word of God in the year 565. He had laboured long in Ireland, and came to perform among the northern Picts a work similar to that effected among the southern Picts by Ninias, a British bishop of North Wales, some years before. Settling with a band of twelve disciples in Iona, he made that small island the centre of missionary operations, and, with his companions, laboured in Scotland, Ireland, and South Britain. "It will be seen," writes Dr. Vaughan, "that the northern half of Anglo-Saxon Britain was brought to the profession of Christianity by the direct or indirect influence of the disciples of Columba. Through Bernicia and Deira the influence of the Scottish Missionaries extended to East Anglia, to Mercia, and even to Wessex. Gratititude is due to Pope Gregory and to the ecclesiastics sent forth by him to this country. Their intentions were generous, and their labours in a great degree successful. But had no thought of Britain ever entered the mind of the pious Gregory, or of the monk Augustin, it is clear that Britain would have been evangelized. Had the work been left to the brotherhood of Iona it would have been done. In the absence, however, of papal interference the field would not have been left to the Scots. The proximity of our southern coast to Gaul, would have invited missionaries from that quarter. Success by such agency would, of course, have brought with it relations to Rome, and nothing could have prevented the Anglo-Saxon Church from becoming a part of the great ecclesiastical system of Europe in the Middle Age. It is a fact, however, and a fact not sufficiently remembered by Englishmen, that the conversion of our Saxon ancestors to Christianity, is not so much due to Roman missionaries as to missionaries from another quarter. It was largely realized by other labourers, and it would have been completed by those labourers had the work been allowed to remain in their hands."

Dr. Hook, in his most interesting "Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury," makes a statement which confirms the opinion of Dr. Vaughan:—"The northern half of Anglo-Saxon Britain was indebted for its conversion to Christianity, not to Augustin and the Italian mission, but to the Celtic missionaries who passed through Bernicia and Deira into East Anglia, Mercia, and even Wessex."

We may not, however, tarry now to speak of the various agencies by which the Gospel was spread for the second time through Britain. The topic before us requires us to speak chiefly of Augustin. We shall, therefore, simply mark by the mention of dates the spread of Christianity, and then name the leading features of its development during this period.

Christianity was re-established in Kent in 597; in Essex partially in 604, and permanently in 635; in Northumbria, temporarily in 627, and finally in 635; in Lincolnshire in 628; in East Anglia in 631; in Wessex 635; in Mercia 653; and in Sussex 681.

Neander remarks:—"The form in which these rude tribes first came to the knowledge of Christianity was not that of the pure Gospel. It was the form of Church Tradition handed down from the earlier centuries in which, as we have seen in tracing the earlier course of development, the Divine Word had become mixed up with many foreign elements." "This intermixture of Christianity with foreign elements may be properly traced to such causes as the following—that the idea of the Kingdom of God had been degraded from man's spirit and inward being, and made sensuous and outward; that in place of the progressive inward and spitual union of the soul with the Kingdom of God through faith, had been substituted a progressive outward mediation with it by means of certain forms and ceremonies; and that, in place of the universal spiritual priesthood of Christians,

had been substituted a special outward priesthood as the only medium of union between man and God's Kingdom—so that the idea of this kingdom was gradually reduced to the form of the Old Testament theocracy. The Church of Christ having thus taken the shape of an outward, visible theocracy, it followed, as a general consequence, that in a multitude of ways, the different Jewish and Christian points of view were confounded together. But this Old Testament form, adopted by the Church, proved to the rude tribes, who were not yet prepared to take the Gospel into their life in its pure spirituality, an intermediate stage, for training them to the maturity of Christian manhood, which they were destined to attain as soon as they were ready for it, by means of that reaction, the elements of which already existed in the Christian consciousness."

These observations from the pen of one of the ablest of Church historians exactly represent our view of Anglo-Saxon Christianity. From the landing of Augustin onward five things are observable.—1. An attempt on the part of the Italian missionaries and their successors to make the British Churches subject to Rome.—2. Strenuous efforts to secure unity of doctrine and uniformity of Church life.—3. An avowed determination to raise the Clergy to the position of a new power in the State.—4. The gradual establishment of Christianity as the national religion, and 5. The germs, at least, of all those errors which have called forth the protests of Protestantism and the dissidence of non-conformity.

It is utterly impossible in this lecture to elucidate fully these five points, but we may, within the space assigned us, offer a small contribution in the form of illustration. Let us first take the Ecclesiastical Councils of this period and inquire what subjects were discussed and settled in those assemblies.

There were 25 Councils held between 601 and 1021—those years being the dates of the first and of the last. The first was called ostensibly to consider the conversion of the Anglo-Saxons, but really to promote uniformity of religious usage, and especially the adoption of the Roman time of keeping Easter. The second and third were occasioned by the refusal of the British Bishops to conform to Rome and to adopt the views of Augustin. The fourth was assembled for the production of a body of Canon laws—including regulations affecting Bishops, Priests, Monks, Synods, and the marriage of the Clergy. The fifth was to adopt the decisions of certain General Councils. The sixth imposed fines on parents for neglecting the timely Baptism of their children, also fines for working on Sundays; and it made Churches places of Sanctuary. The eighth gave sanctity to altars by making them lawful places for manumitting slaves, for taking oaths, for imposing fines on account of Sunday profanation, idolatrous offerings, and eating flesh on fast days. The tenth established a code for the correction of irregularities in morals and in discipline, and issued an order to priests to construe the Creed, Lord's Prayer, Office of Baptism, and the Mass. The eleventh had respect to tithes and almsgiving, and made Penances a compensatory medium for obtaining the forgiveness of Sins. The twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth, had respect to the consecration of Churches, the celebration of the eucharist, the payment of tithes and of other Church offerings, the celibacy of Priests, and the importance of protecting the rights of religion, by civil penalties. In the 18th Council, by Dunstan's determination, married Canons are ejected and degraded. In the 20th Council an effort is made to reverse the decision of the 18th, so far as it respects the celibacy of the Clergy. The 22nd Council deals with a general armament, naval and military—with soul-shot to be

paid on the opening of a grave—with marketing, and popular assemblies on Sunday—with the festivals of the Virgin Mary and of the Apostles, and with the Anniversary of King Edward's assassination. The 23rd and 24th dealt with Church offerings, and the 25th imposing a penalty for the withdrawing of ecclesiastical dues—gave to the unmarried Clergyman the privileges of a Thane.

Some of these Councils were convened and presided over by the Bishops and Archbishops; and others by the Anglo-Saxon Kings—the political power taking position, and becoming prominent as the Church became identified with the State. The mere mention of the topics discussed at these Councils and the recital of their decrees, will afford much information upon the history of the period, to every thoughtful man.

But let us notice, as we pass on, how all things from the coming of Augustin tend in one direction. The Bishop of Rome is first regarded with superior respect—then his claim to be consulted, and to give advice, is yielded—then arises the attempt, as by Wilfred, to give to Rome an appellate jurisdiction—then Rome is recognised as the fountain of all ecclesiastical honour—and the way is prepared for the recognition by the British Churches of the Roman Bishop as the occupant of St. Peter's Chair—as invested with Peter's authority, and as the universal spiritual Father. The eucharist is first regarded as a Christian symbol, intended as a means of grace to the penitent and believing—then a magical effect is attributed to this Sacrament, and the doctrine of transubstantiation is mooted, while civil privileges are granted to the man who regularly receives the communion. The married Priest is at first equally respected with the unmarried—then he is but tolerated, then disliked—then ridiculed and despised—then assaulted—then his ministrations are rejected, and he is cast out ultimately

as a loose-liver and as an evil-doer. Images and relics are first used as memorials—but the tendency to their worship if slow is sure—and reverence for the relics leads to the worship of the Saint. The confession of sins was at first a free and confidential act on the part of the private Christian; but it was at length reduced to a perfect system, affording the priest tremendous power. The penitent was instructed in his confessions instead of being left to himself, and was required to say—"I confess to thee all the sins of my body, of skin, of flesh, and of bones, and of sinews, and of veins, and of gristle, and of tongue, and of lips, and of gums, and of teeth, and of hair, and of marrow, and of everything—soft or hard, wet or dry." Benevolent and religious contributions were first voluntary offerings, and then enactions. The bishop was originally the overseer of one or more churches; then his authority extended over a diocese—subject at length to an archbishop, who was at length a prelate. The monastery was first a retreat, then an important and influential ecclesiastical institution. In one word, the Italian missionaries brought a system of Christianity which had been the growth of the last two centuries, while the British Christians retained a form common throughout Christendom during the third century; and during the Anglo-Saxon period, we find this new form supplanting alike British Christianity and Anglo-Saxon heathenism—its own gradual development being regulated by the progress in every direction of the Church of Rome, or as we must say, if we use the parlance of a later time, of the Papal See.

But we must leave the period under review, to speak of the men of these days, and of Augustin in particular—just mentioning others before leading into view the first Archbishop of Canterbury.

Laurentius, the immediate successor of Augustin and

Paulinus, one of the second band of missionaries sent over by Gregory, we need only name. They were lights in the Church's dark days, but let us remember it had never been left without witnesses; for at the moment when the torch of Christianity was well-nigh extinguished in the southern part of Britain, it was burning elsewhere with a steady radiance. St. Patrick had long ago brought almost the entire Irish nation to the faith, and had filled the island with schools and monasteries, making it emphatically a missionary centre. Embarking from Ireland in a rude boat, with twelve faithful associates, St. Columba established himself in Icolmkill or Iona, in 654, as we have already mentioned. He preserved the learning of the age by the guardianship and multiplication of the books within his reach, and settled fraternities in various parts of Scotland and Ireland. On the application of Oswald, King of Northumbria, Aidan, "a man of singular meekness, piety, and moderation," was sent into that apostatised portion of the kingdom, and, aided by other brethren from Iona, brought the northern half of Anglo-Saxon Britain to the profession of Christianity. As if to mark his independence of the Bishop of Rome, Aidan fixed his episcopal residence not at York, but at the beautiful and "holy island" of Lindisfarne, on the coast of Northumberland. The gratitude of a subsequent age afforded to him, and to king Oswald, places in the Roman Calendar. The first of the Anglo-Saxon clergy who distinguished himself as a partisan of everything Roman, was Wilfrid, who is described as an enthusiastic and eloquent, but wrong-headed man, full of genius, but defective in judgment. He it was who obtained for Rome the victory on the question of the time of celebrating Easter and the tonsure. Time fails us to do more than make honourable mention of Theodore, a Greek, of Tarsus, the first Archbishop of Canterbury, whom all the English Church obeyed,

called by some "the parent of Anglo-Saxon literature;" also of Alfrid, King of the Northumbrians, a man most learned in the Scriptures; of Aldhelm, the first Anglo-Saxon who wrote in Latin; of Tatwine, the accomplished scholar and divine; and of the venerable Bede, the laborious and distinguished historian; of Egbert, the learned Archbishop of York and the illustrious friend of Bede; and Alcuin, the chosen adviser of Charlemagne, under whom the literary fame of early England culminated, must not be forgotten; nor must we omit St. Swithin, though his name may be more associated in our minds with rainy summer weather, than remembered for the religious fervour and high discretion for which his contemporaries praise him. He brings us on, chronologically, to the time of King Alfred the Great, the soldier, statesman, and man of letters; and soon after we find in the Archiepiscopal chair of Canterbury, Odo, the eloquent and zealous, but fierce and fiery Dane. Contemporaneously with him, Dunstan, Abbot of Glastonbury, distracts the age by his turbulence, and is best known perhaps of all the Saxon ecclesiastics by his cruelty and his ambition, his austerities, the fame of his acute intellect, and above all by the grotesque relations of his personal conflicts with the enemy of souls. He held at the same time, the sees of Worcester and London, and died primate of the mother Church of England in 988. When to his name we add that of Elfric, to whose pen we owe a very large portion of extant Anglo-Saxon literature, we have completed our group of the principal stars of the early English period.

In the year 590 Gregory was elected Bishop of Rome—the senate, the clergy, and the people uniting in the election, and the Emperor Maurice cordially confirming their choice. The Count de Montalembert, in "The Monks of the West," observes:—"Gregory, who alone among men, has received

by universal consent the double surname of Saint and Great, will be an everlasting honour to the Benedictine order as to the Papacy. By his genius, but especially by the charm and ascendency of his virtue, he was destined to organise the temporal power of the Popes, to develop and regulate their spiritual sovereignty, to found their paternal supremacy over the newborn crowns and races which were to become the great nations of the future, and to be called France, Spain, and England. It was he, indeed, who inaugurated the Middle Ages Modern Society and Christian Civilisation." Montalembert speaks of Gregory with the heart of a Catholic, but he speaks of a man in whom every intelligent and candid Protestant sees much to admire and honour. Of illustrious race and of noble family—possessed of great wealth. and filling the highest office in the state—the idol, moreover, of the Roman people—he retired from public life—sold all that he had—founded and endowed seven monasteries, and became himself "a model of monks." Ultimately he was chosen Abbot of his Monastery of St. Andrew, in Rome, and while filling this office he saw some poor Pagan youths exhibited in the market for sale. The venerable Bede shall recite to us this event, and its issue: —"It is reported that some merchants having just arrived at Rome, on a certain day, exposed many things for sale in the market-place, and abundance of people resorted thither to buy: Gregory himself went with the rest, and, among other things, some boys were set to sale, their bodies white, their countenances beautiful, and their hair very fine. Having viewed them, he asked, as is said, from what country or nation they were brought? and was told from the Island of Britain, whose inhabitants were of such personal appearance. He again inquired whether these islanders were Christians, or still involved in the errors of Paganism; and was informed that they were Pagans. Then, fetching a deep

sigh from the bottom of his heart, 'Alas! what a pity,' said he, 'that the author of darkness is possessed of such fair countenances; and that being remarkable for such graceful aspects, their minds should be void of inward grace!' He therefore again asked, what was the name of that nation; and was answered that they were called Angles. 'Right,' said he, 'for they have an angelic face, and it becomes such to be co-heirs with the angels in heaven. What is the name,' continued he, 'of the province from whence they are brought?' It was replied, that the natives of that province were called Deiri. 'Truly they are Deira,' said he, withdrawn from wrath, and called to the mercy of Christ. How is the king of that province called?' They told him that his name was Ella; and he, alluding to the name, said—'Hallelujah, the praise of God the Creator must be sung in those parts.' Then repairing to the Bishop of Rome (for he was not then himself made pope), he entreated him to send some ministers of the word into Britain, to the nation of the English, by whom it might be converted to Christ; declaring himself ready to undertake that work, by the assistance of God, if the Apostolic Pope should see fit to have it so done. Which not being then able to perform, because, though the Pope was willing to grant his request, yet the citizens of Rome could not be brought to consent that so noble, so renowned, and so learned a man should depart the city; as soon as he himself was made Pope, he perfected the long-desired work, sending other preachers, but himself, by his prayers and exhortations, assisting the preaching, that it might be successful. This account," observes Bede, "as we have received it from the ancients, we have thought fit to insert in our Ecclesiastical History."

Himself restrained from coming to Britain as a missionary, and hindered in his project of buying British slaves, and educating them for missionaries, the eye and the heart

of the Abbot of St. Andrew were still turned towards our island, and so soon as he was called to the Bishopric of Rome, he commissioned one Augustin, with a band of monks and priests, to proceed to the land of the Anglo-Saxons, and to preach Christ unto the people. This is our first introduction to Augustin of Canterbury.

We cannot learn anything of his early life. To say that nothing is known would be to speak presumptuously What we now aver is, that we cannot give any information concerning his parentage, or birthplace, or youthful history. While we can follow St. Augustine of Hippo through all the vicissitudes of his career, from his cradle to his grave, Augustin of Canterbury makes his sudden appearance before us in the zenith of his activity; and though in point of time he approaches us nearer, by almost three centuries, than his illustrious namesake, and is besides so intimately associated with the Christianity of our island, he has never taken the household place among us which is occupied by the son of Monica.

Furnished with letters of commendation to certain French Bishops and Princes, Augustin and his company leave Rome in the month of July, 596. They reach Aix, and here their hearts utterly fail them because of the difficulties of their enterprise. They resolve to return, but as a middle course send Augustin back to Gregory, asking his sanction to their relinquishment of the mission. The Bishop of Rome was not a man to quail before difficulties, much less to yield to sudden and groundless fears. He requires Augustin to rejoin his companions, and by his hand sends the following letter addressed to the timid band :—

"Gregory, the servant of the servants of God, to the servants of our Lord.—Forasmuch as it would have been better not to begin a good work, than to think of desisting

from that which has been begun, it behoves you, my beloved sons, to fulfil the good work which, by the help of the Lord, you have undertaken. Let not, therefore, the toil of the journey, nor the tongues of evil-speaking men, deter you; but with all possible earnestness and zeal perform that which, by God's direction, you have undertaken; being assured, that much labour is followed by an eternal reward. When Augustin, your chief, returns, whom we also constitute your abbot, humbly obey him in all things; knowing that whatsoever you shall do by his direction, will in all respects be available for your souls. Almighty God protect you by His grace, and grant that I may in the heavenly country see the fruits of your labour. Inasmuch as though I cannot labour with you, I shall partake of the joy of the reward, because I am willing to labour. God keep you in safety, my most beloved sons. Dated the 23rd day of July, in the fourteenth year of the reign of our pious and most august lord, Mauritius Tiberius, the thirteenth year after the consulship of our said lord. The fourteenth indiction."

Another letter was addressed to the Bishop of Arles. Gregory writes thus:—"To his most reverend brother and fellow bishop Etherius, Gregory, the servant of the servants of God. Although religious men stand in need of no recommendation with priests who have the charity that is pleasing to God; yet as a proper opportunity is offered to write, we have thought fit to send you this our letter, to inform you, that we have directed thither for the good of our souls, the bearer of these presents, Augustin, the servant of God, of whose industry we are assured, with the other servants of God, whom it is requisite that your holiness assist with priestly affection, and afford him all the comfort in your power. And to the end that you may be the more ready in your assistance, we have enjoined him particularly

to inform you of the reason of his coming; knowing that when you are acquainted with it, you will, as the matter requires, for the sake of God, zealously afford him relief. . . . . God keep you in safety, beloved brother."

Cheered by Gregory's letter, and helped forward by Christian brethren in France, the Italian missionaries proceed on their way.

Canon Stanley, in his charming "Historical Memorials of Canterbury, remarks:—"There are five great landings in English History, each of vast importance—the landing of Julius Cæsar, which first revealed to us the civilised world and the civilised world to us; the landing of Hengist and Horsa, which gave us our English forefathers and our English characters; the landing of Augustin, which gave us our English Christianity; the landing of William the Conqueror, which gave us our Norman aristocracy; the landing of William III., which gave us our free constitution." We cannot speak of Augustin's landing in the terms employed by Canon Stanley—but yet we feel that this passage in our national history is worthy of devout and of admiring contemplation.

One autumn evening, in the year 596, a many-oared galley came alongside the rude landing-place at Ebb's-fleet, in the Isle of Thanet, bearing Augustin and his band to Britain's shores. No steam mail packet was this galley, but a flat-bottomed craft, with perhaps two masts and five banks of oars, worked by slaves, chained to the benches on which they sat. The image of the patron saint adorned the prow —long streamers fluttered from the masthead, and two large eyes made the ship appear like some ocean monster. The first to land was no doubt the leader—a man "of almost gigantic stature, head and shoulders taller than any one else." He is dressed in the garb of a pilgrim monk—with horse-hair shirt and long robe of coarse woollen fabric.

His head, shaven according to the tonsure then most orthodox, is covered with the hat in common use among Italian pilgrims. His loins are girt with a leathern girdle, from which is suspended a scrip containing all his treasure on this earth. His form, wasted by the discipline of his order, appears taller for its extraordinary attenuation. His hair is silvered, not so much by the bleaching power of years, as by the life of religious discipline to which he had long submitted. His pale and hollow cheek and penetrating eye reveal a spirit full of fervour and rich in life. He appears like a man born for a leader in any great and sacred enterprise, and is followed ashore by about forty other monks—seculars and priests—who when their feet touch the British soil turn their faces and their heads towards the east, and seek the blessing of their Lord and Saviour.

They have landed on the coast of Kent, in that day the most powerful of the Saxon kingdoms. The King of Kent is Ethelbert, or Adelbert, and the Queen is Bertha, or Adelberga, a daughter of Charibert, King of France. She had been educated as a Christian, and had on the occasion of her marriage secured freedom to retain her own religion. As her spiritual director, she had brought with her Luidhard, a bishop of France, who administered the ordinances of the Christian religion, in an old church dedicated to St. Martin, and left by the Romans when they deserted Britain.

By means of interpreters brought by Augustin from France an interview with the king was sought for and arranged. Of this, Bede gives the following account:—"Sending to Ethelbert, Augustin signified that they were come from Rome, and brought a joyful message, which most undoubtedly assured to all that took advantage of it, everlasting joys in heaven, and a kingdom that would never end, with the living and true God. The king having heard this,

ordered them to stay in that island where they had landed, and that they should be furnished with all necessaries, till he should consider what to do with them. For he had before heard of the Christian religion, having a Christian wife of the royal family of the Franks, called Bertha (daughter of Charibert, King of Paris); whom he had received from her parents, upon condition that she should be allowed to practise her religion with the Bishop Luidhard, who was sent with her to preserve her faith. Some days after, the king came into the island, and sitting in the open air, ordered Augustin and his companions to be brought into his presence. For he had taken precaution that they should not come to him in any house, lest, according to an ancient superstition, if they practised any magical arts, they might impose upon him, and so get the better of him. But they came furnished with Divine, not with magic virtue, bearing a silver cross for their banner, and the image of our Lord and Saviour painted on a board; and singing the litany, they offered up their prayers to the Lord for the eternal salvation both of themselves and of those to whom they were come. When he had sat down, pursuant to the king's commands, and preached to him and his attendants there present, the word of life, the king answered thus:—"Your words and promises are very fair, but as they are new to us, and of uncertain import, I cannot approve of them so far as to forsake that which I have so long followed with the whole English nation. But because you are come from far into my kingdom, and, as I conceive, are desirous to impart to us those things which you believe to be true, and most beneficial, we will not molest you, but give you favourable entertainment, and take care to supply you with your necessary sustenance; nor do we forbid you to preach and gain as many as you can to your religion.' Accordingly, he permitted them to reside in the city of Canter-

bury, which was the metropolis of all his dominions, and, pursuant to his promise, besides allowing them sustenance, did not refuse them liberty to preach. It is reported that, as they drew near to the city, after their manner, with the holy cross, and the image of our sovereign Lord and King, Jesus Christ, they in concert sung this: 'We beseech thee, O Lord, in all thy mercy, that thy anger and wrath be turned away from this city, and from thy holy house, because we have sinned. Hallelujah.'"

Thus sanctioned by the King of Kent, the band of missionaries devoted themselves to religious exercises and to the preaching of the Word of Life. Their simple and self-denying habits, their good example, and the preaching of Christ crucified, were blessed to the immediate conversion of a few. Much encouraged, they became more abundant in labour; large numbers flock to hear the Word of the Lord, and at length many believe and are baptized. Among the multitude of converts is King Ethelbert, who, after his baptism, lends his influence for the advancement of Christianity. Upon this subject Bede remarks:—"He compelled none to embrace Christianity, but only showed more affection to the believers as to his fellow-citizens in the Heavenly Kingdom. For he had learned from his instructors and leaders to salvation that the Service of Christ ought to be voluntary, not by compulsion. Nor was it long before he gave his teachers a settled residence in his metropolis of Canterbury with such possessions of different kinds as were necessary for their subsistence."

Augustin is now ordained Bishop of the English, receiving consecration from the Archbishop of Arles. Having returned to Britain, he sends two of his band to Rome, that they may acquaint Gregory of his success, and submit to him certain questions, which the Bishop of Rome answers most fully. About this time ten thousand converts are added to

the Church, and are baptized in the river Swale on Christmas day, 597. Gregory, hearing of this notable success, sends additional labourers from Rome with a supply of vessels, vestments, altars, relics, and books—and the pall for Augustin. He also made his messengers the bearers of the following letter:—

"To his most reverend and holy brother and fellow-bishop, Augustin Gregory, the servant of the servants of God. Though it be certain that the unspeakable rewards of the Eternal Kingdom are reserved for those who labour for Almighty God, yet it is requisite that we bestow on them the advantage of honours, to the end that they may by this recompense be enabled the more vigorously to apply themselves to the care of their spiritual work. And, in regard that the new church of the English is, through the goodness of the Lord, and your labours, brought to the Grace of God, we grant you the use of the pall in the same, only for the performing of the solemn service of the mass; so that you in several places ordain twelve bishops, who shall be subject to your jurisdiction, so that the Bishop of London shall, for the future, be always consecrated by his own synod, and that he receive the honour of the pall from this holy and apostolic see, which I, by the grace of God, now serve. But we will have you send to the city of York such a bishop as you shall think fit to ordain; yet so, that if that city, with the places adjoining, shall receive the Word of God, that bishop shall also ordain twelve bishops, and enjoy the honour of a metropolitan; for we design, if we live, by the help of God to bestow on him also the pall, and yet we will have him to be subservient to your authority; but after your decease he shall so preside over the bishops he shall ordain, as to be in no way subject to the jurisdiction of the Bishop of London. But for the future let this distinction be between the bishops of the cities of London and York, that

he may have the precedence who shall be first ordained. But let them unanimously dispose, by common advice and uniform conduct, whatsoever is to be done for the zeal of Christ; let them judge rightly, and perform what they judge convenient in a uniform manner.

"But to you, my brother, shall, by the authority of our God and Lord Jesus Christ, be subject not only those bishops you shall ordain, and those that shall be ordained by the Bishop of York, but also all the priests in Britain; to the end that from the mouth and life of your holiness they may learn the rule of believing rightly and living well, and fulfilling their office in faith and good manners, they may, when it shall please the Lord, attain the Heavenly Kingdom. God preserve you in safety, most reverend brother."

Thus invested with the pallium—the badge of metropolitan rank—Augustin proceeded to perform the duties of the Archiepiscopal office, and ordained Bishops as opportunity was afforded in every city. Inclined perhaps to self-glory, Gregory exhorts Augustin in another letter—which no pastor can read without spiritual profit—to crucify pride and vanity, and work humbly in our Saviour's service. Bede affords us the opportunity of reading this interesting document. He gives us the letter.

"I know, most loving brother, that Almighty God, by means of your affection, shows great miracles in the nation which he has chosen. Wherefore it is necessary that you rejoice with fear, and tremble whilst you rejoice, on account of the same heavenly gift; viz.:—that you may rejoice because the souls of the English are by outward miracles drawn to inward grace; but that you fear, lest, amidst the wonders that are wrought, the weak mind may be puffed up in its own presumption, and as it is externally raised to honour, it may thence inwardly fall by vain-glory. For

we must call to mind, that when the disciples returned with joy after preaching, and said to their heavenly Master, 'Lord, in thy name, even the devils are subject to us;" they were presently told, 'Do not rejoice on this account, but rather rejoice for that your names are written in heaven.' For they placed their thoughts on private and temporal joys, when they rejoiced in miracles; but they are recalled from the private to the public, and from the temporal to the eternal joy, when it is said to them, 'Rejoice for this, because your names are written in heaven!' For all the elect do not work miracles, and yet the names of all are written in heaven. For those who are disciples of the truth ought not to rejoice, save for that good thing which all men enjoy as well as they, and of which their enjoyment shall be without end.

"It remains, therefore, most dear brother, that amidst those things which, through the working of our Lord, you outwardly perform, you always inwardly strictly judge yourself, and clearly understand both what you are yourself, and how much grace is in that same nation, for the conversion of which you have also received the gift of working miracles—and if you remember that you have at any time offended our Creator, either by word or deed, that you always call it to mind, to the end that the remembrance of your guilt may crush the vanity which rises in your heart. And whatsoever you shall receive, or have received, in relation to working miracles, that you consider the same, not as conferred on you, but on those for whose salvation it has been given you."

The Archbishop now builds a church at Canterbury, and consecrates it; also a monastery, and he calls a council, to which he invites all the British Bishops. At this conference, held at a place called "Augustin's Oak," he exhorted the Bishops to aid him in the work of preaching the

Gospel, and that the Catholic unity might be preserved, entreated them to abandon their own traditions, and in the time of observing Easter, and other matters, to conform to the usages of the Roman Church. Finding the British Bishops still intractable, he proposed that the power of working a miracle should be considered as the test of truth, and a blind man was introduced who received no benefit from the ministry of the British priests, but, according to report, recovered his sight at the prayer of Augustin. The opposing party unwillingly confessed their defeat, but explained that they could agree to no change in their customs without the consent of their people, and desired that a second synod should be appointed. It was accordingly convened; but before repairing to it, the British deputies took the advice of a holy man as to the abandonment of their traditions. "If he is a man of God, follow him," was the advice. "How shall we know that?" rejoined the priests. The sage recommended them to repair to the place of meeting after the arrival of Augustin and his party, and if he should rise up at their entrance, they might be assured by this proof of his humility, that he was a servant of Christ. On their arrival, they found Augustin sitting on a chair; but as he failed to rise, their indignation was excited, and after some angry recrimination, they refused to accept him as their Archbishop. He vented his indignation by a prophecy of Divine vengeance, "all which," says Bede, "fell out exactly as he predicted." The last Archiepiscopal acts of Augustin were to consecrate Mellitus, Bishop of London, and Justus, Bishop of Rochester.

The time of Augustin's departure from this world is now at hand. He came with a goodly band of brothers, but now leaving by the Valley of the Shadow of Death, he must depart alone. His friends may attend him to the beginning of that Valley, but he must walk through it alone.

Thus "one by one" we sinful men pass out of Time into Immortality. Surrounded by the king and the clergy, he peacefully passed away in the year 604, or as some say, 606, and was buried near the gate of the church of SS. Peter and Paul. Subsequently his remains were deposited within the porch—being removed into the church in 1091. Upon his tomb was inscribed this epitaph—"Here rests the Lord Augustin, first Archbishop of Canterbury, who being formerly sent hither by the blessed Gregory, bishop of the city of Rome, and by God's assistance supported with miracles, reduced King Ethelbert and his nation from the worship of idols to the faith of Christ, and having ended the days of his office in peace, died the 26th day of May, in the reign of the same king."

The estimate formed of the work of Augustin will vary with the view taken of the state of Britain when he entered upon his mission, and with the opinion we form of his church policy; while our judgment of his character will be greatly influenced by the discernment we have, or think we have, of his motives. Dean Hook says—"His characteristics were piety, zeal, enthusiasm, and discretion." He adds—"Whatever may have been his weaknesses or his failures, Augustin was permitted to accomplish a great work, which will appear the greater when we remember that what he accomplished was all accomplished within the short space of ten years. The energetic mind and sanguine temperament of Gregory had contemplated the conversion of all England, and the establishment of two metropolitans, with twenty-four suffragans. The success of Augustin was confined to the kingdoms of Kent and Essex, and the Archbishop of Canterbury had only two suffragans, the bishops of London and Rochester. But we generally perceive that those only accomplish great things who aim at more than they have the ability or time to effect. To have converted more than

ten thousand persons to the acceptance of Christianity, and to have been instrumental in bringing vital Christianity home to the hearts of Ethelbert and others such as he, is praise sufficient for an ordinary man, even when placed under extraordinary circumstances." Canon Stanley says—"I must confess that what little is told of him, leaves an unfavourable impression behind. We cannot doubt that he was an active self-denying man—his coming here through so many dangers of sea and land proves it—and it would be ungrateful and ungenerous not to acknowledge how much we owe to him. But still almost every personal trait which is recorded of him shows us that he was not a man of any great elevation of character—that he was often thinking of himself or of his order, when we should have wished him to be thinking of the great cause he had in hand."

The Chancellor of St. Paul's Cathedral, Henry Soames, in his Anglo-Saxon Church, makes mention of Augustin's "pusillanimity," "unbecoming pride," and "unwarrantable claims to jurisdiction;" but, so far as we remember, chronicles no other fault, and closes his brief sketch of Augustin by the remark:—"Augustin justly claims the veneration of Englishmen. An opening, through which their ancestors received the greatest of imaginable services, was rendered available by his address and self-devotion. A grateful posterity may well excuse in such a man something of human vanity and indiscretion." The ecclesiastical historian, Collier, testifies:—"If he fell into any irregularities of temper, if he was too warm in his expostulations, or strained his privilege too far upon the Britons, it ought to be charged upon the score of human infirmities, and covered with his greater merit. This is certain—he engaged in a glorious undertaking, broke through danger and discouragement, and was blessed with wonderful success. . . . Let his memory, therefore, be mentioned with honour, and let us praise God

Almighty for making him so powerful an instrument in the happiness of this island."

But the audience will ask the lecturer—"What think *you* of Augustin?" I must confess that, looking at Augustin's life and labours as a whole, there are some important and essential points, about which I stand in doubt. I feel to know Gregory, and Ethelbert, and Columba, and Dunstan, and others, of these times better than I know Augustin. I am informed as to whence he came, and why, and what he did, and what are the reported and well-known results of his labours, but I do not feel to know Augustin. There is an absence of self-renunciation and self-forgetfulness about Augustin, and a presence of self-consciousness and of self-seeking, which, taken with his labours, perplex me. And we all know that in the Reformation some of Augustin's work had to be undone. The missionary monk of St. Andrew is before mine eyes as the sun in a mist, when the disk is visible, but the solar glory is absent—he is like a tree laden with fruit which seems rather an appendage than its own production; and thus I—not

> "As when a painter, poring on a face,
> Divinely through all hindrance finds the man
> Behind it, and so paints him that his face,
> The shape and colour of a mind and life,
> Lives for his children, ever at its best
> And fullest,"—

but as when a sculptor—measuring the head and every feature of the face, transfers hair, skull, forehead, eyes, nose, mouth—every feature to his clay or marble, each an exact copy, yet misses that play of spirit's life upon the face and features, which after all is likeness,—so having studied Augustin and told the story of his life, we must confess we do not know Augustin.

I know the Master whom Augustin professed to serve better than I know Augustin; I had heard His name before I had heard of Augustin; I could lisp His name before I could say "Augustin"; I had read the sweet story of His life before I had perused a line in the histories which tell of Augustin; a mother's lips spake of Him, but they never told me of Augustin; I understood much about His history before I could have comprehended many circumstances in the errand of Augustin; I can say of Augustin's Master that I love Him and trust Him—all which I cannot say of Augustin; and Augustin's Master has been to me, what Augustin could not be, my Sin-offering, my Priest in the heavens, my shepherd, my Light, my Salvation, my Redeemer.

The Christianity I rejoice to hold and to confess I feel to have received through my New Testament, and by the ministration of the Holy Ghost from Jesus Christ, and not from Augustin: and the Holy Catholic Church, of which I trust, by God's grace, I am a member, is to my heart the Church of my Saviour, and not the Church of Augustin. I may repeat that I know the Master whom Augustin professed to serve, better than I know Augustin.

Troubled with doubts as to the claims of the illustrious dead, and some of these Thy professed and notable disciples, I turn to Thee, my Saviour, and, in the words of Thine ancient Church, I reverently sing:—

"Thou art the King of Glory, O Christ!

"Thou art the everlasting Son of the Father.

"When thou tookest upon thee to deliver man, thou didst not abhor the Virgin's womb.

"When thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death, thou didst open the kingdom of heaven to all believers.

"Thou sittest at the right hand of God, in the glory of the Father.

"We believe that thou shalt come to be our judge.

"We therefore pray thee, help thy servants, whom thou hast redeemed with thy precious blood.

"Make them to be numbered with thy saints in glory everlasting.
"O Lord, save thy people, and bless thine heritage.
"Govern them, and lift them up for ever.
"DAY BY DAY WE MAGNIFY THEE.
"AND WE WORSHIP THY NAME EVER, WORLD WITHOUT END!"

The Lecturer, as it will be seen, has based his Lecture upon the well-known sources of Anglo-Saxon History, but he is under obligation to the writings of Dean Hook, Canon Stanley, Dr. Vaughan, Rev. T. Henry Soames, Thomas Miller, John Brown, Edward Muscatt, Augustus Neander, J. C. J. Giesler, the Count de Montalembert, the author of Justorum Semita, and others. Where he has used their words, the Lecturer has adopted the usual sign of quotation, but, he wishes in this note to acknowledge fully and cordially every kind and degree of obligation under which he has been placed.

Anglo-Norman Christianity,

AND

Anselm.

A LECTURE

BY

THE REV. JOHN STOUGHTON.

ANGLO-NORMAN CHRISTIANITY,

AND ANSELM.

My subject has been chosen for me, and therefore I may make a remark upon its selection, which would have been scarcely modest had that selection been my own. It shows a great improvement in the knowledge and appreciation of men's characters. Scarcely any one, a century ago, would have thought of choosing Anselm as a subject for popular discourse. Little or nothing was known of him, save by a few learned men who rubbed the dust off old folios, and for their pains were quizzed as being fond of the monks' wretched dog Latin. Even learned and elegant historians, in touching on his more private life, had nothing better to say, than that his biographer "celebrates highly the effect of his zeal and piety in decrying long hair and curled locks." Had such historians opened the portly volume which contains his works, they would have been almost sure to pitch upon a dialogue concerning *the Grammarian*, as a specimen of Anselm's style of thought. He there inquires whether a grammarian be a *substance* or a *quality*. A disciple suggests that he is a man. But the master replies, a grammarian without grammar is inconceivable, though a man without grammar is not inconceivable. How, then, can a grammarian be a man?

He may, after all; for man as man is rational, and yet man is an animal, though an animal as such is not rational: and so a grammarian, as a grammarian requires grammar, and yet he may be a man, though a man as such does not require grammar to make him so. That is a comfort. As a man then he is not a mere quality, but a substance; yet that which makes him a grammarian is not a substance, but a quality. What most distinguished the historical Anselm a hundred years ago, was his struggle with two English kings, William Rufus and Henry I.; in which he took the side of the Church and the Pope, and has consequently been branded as an insolent, and overbearing priest. That such a man as this, once known chiefly for his dislike to long hair, and for his ugly quarrel with certain English sovereigns, and who could indulge in such logical puzzles, should be chosen as the topic of a popular Lecture to the young men of London, shows that some fresh light must have been thrown on the character of this same Anselm—that there must be something remarkably good and great in him, after all, to cause his being so selected. The Lecturer and the audience are very well aware of it.

But don't be too much elated by this, for I hope to make you feel, before I have done, that there is much more respecting Anselm worthy of being known than you have yet learned. I am quite sure it would do me good to know more about him myself; and even what we do see respecting him beyond what was commonly perceived in former days, is because God teaches us by other men's labours, and our range of vision is widened by our standing on the shoulders of our fathers.

Anselm was born in the year 1033, in the city of Aosta, which gives its name to a beautiful valley on the Italian side of the Alps. He was therefore a Piedmontese, one of a nation which is nationalizing all Italy from north to

south:—and we pray that its victories may be followed by stability and peace. He had a pious mother, Ermemberga, wise and loving, who early instructed him in the knowledge of God. From infancy his eyes would rest on the glorious scenery of his native place; and having heard it said that God was on high, he imagined that His abode was on the summit of the mountains, and that by climbing up to their snowy tops, he would find himself in the very palace of Creation's King. There was a poetical truth in the child's thought, as I forcibly felt the last time I was looking at Monte Rosa, on the Zermatt side of the Alps, with these words in my mind: "I saw a great white throne, and Him that sat thereon." The boy dressed the idea in childish guise, and in a dream imaged to himself a court of kingly state, round about those domes and pinnacles of rock, and ice, and snow. The household of the king, he thought, were away in the fields, and he entered the royal presence alone, and went and sat at the Divine footstool. Being asked who he was, and whence he came, he answered as a child would answer such a question. Then the chief servant of the court was commissioned by his Divine Master to give the little one some bread, of exceeding whiteness, which he did; and the day after, Anselm told everybody he met with, that he had been fed in heaven, with the bread of God. His father was not like his mother, but was worldly, extravagant, and morose. The youth wished to be a monk, but the Abbot to whom he applied thought he had no vocation. He was taken ill, which increased his religious desires, but on his recovery he became careless, and indulged in pleasure. When his mother died, and his father was more unkind than ever, the stripling determined to leave his home. Accompanied by a servant, he started on foot, and in crossing Mont Cenis he was overpowered with fatigue, and to refresh himself put some snow in his

mouth. The servant found him what was better,—a piece of white bread, which Anselm connected with his dream and regarded as typical of that still whiter bread which he had seen, and eaten as a child, on the mountain top in heaven.

After three years' sojourn and wanderings in France and Burgundy, he came, at length, to Bec, in Normandy, where was, at that time, one of the most celebrated monasteries of the West, presided over by the famous Lanfranc. Desires for study, and for a monkish life, revived. But he had now, through the decease of his father, obtained a fortune; and the question was, whether he should return home, to enjoy and administer his patrimony, or live in seclusion as a monk or hermit. Obedience to a superior was then esteemed the highest virtue. Lanfranc had eminently manifested it himself by pronouncing *e* in *docēre* short, because some illiterate abbot had told him to do so. The submission of Anselm is extolled by his biographer, who says, that if Lanfranc had bid him go and live in the woods, and never come out of them again, he would have done it. A story is told of one who refused to obey his superior. He was ordered to be placed in a grave that had been dug, and his brethren were to cast earth in till his obstinacy was overcome. They shovelled in the mould, and the self-willed brother stood erect, looking defiance, till at last his strength gave way, and he yielded himself in pliant acquiescence to the administrators of discipline. We have sympathy with that audacious monk in his resistance. The surrender of one man's will to another man's will, such as is involved in monkish obedience, is a folly, and sometimes even a sin. It is a species of idolatry; it is rendering to a creature homage due only to the Creator. To be willing to go into any wood where God may send us is quite another matter, from such willingness towards a monkish superior. However, in the

case of Anselm, it would be much more folly than sin, for he would really regard the voice of the Abbot as the voice of God. He became a monk in the Abbey of Bec, —an act of obedience in harmony with his predilections. There the seeds sown by his mother sprang up. He delighted in his religious duties, communed with Him whose throne was on the mountains, and ate of angels' food. He worked hard in reading and copying, mingling with such pursuits active duties of another kind. He was a teacher of boys. One named Osbern behaved with obstinacy and rudeness; Anselm, by loving-kindness, melted down his hard heart—he sat by his bedside and nursed him till he expired. An old man, completely paralysed, was another object of the young monk's care; he pressed grapes in a cup, and gave him to drink. Though bound by rigid monastic rules, our hero could talk in the following manner to an abbot who complained of the failure of his method of education: —"A beautiful result of your training, to convert men into brutes! Tell me, if you were to plant a tree in a garden, and shut it up on all sides, so that the branches had no room to spread, what sort of a tree would it be? Why, good for nothing. And would not the whole fault be your own? So mere coercion and severity will do no good with boys. The evil propensities restrained by force only grow stronger and harder and more ugly. Experiencing no love, or kindness, or friendship, they give you credit for nothing good." The first part of the expostulation goes further than Anselm meant. Converting men into brutes, through the surrender of their own individuality, was just what all abbots were doing with monks—all monks with themselves. The Piedmontese recluse did not see the mischief in the shutting-up system in the monastery, as he saw it in the school. Yet the human tree in either garden will be cramped and crooked when confined within walls.

Anselm became Prior of Bec, and met with the usual troubles and perplexities incident to such a position; for in those professedly unworldly establishments there was often a good deal of the spirit of the world, and it was as hard to rule a monastery as to rule a city. But he found rest in his troubles by musing on spiritual things. He seems to have been a great dreamer of poetical dreams, recognising in them indeed more than dreams. He thought much on God's revelation of the future to the prophets—on the presence of far distant events to the rapt vision of the inspired seer. How could it be? As he lay awake in bed one night, before the hour of prayer, and was striving to comprehend this great mystery, suddenly he saw through the walls of his oratory the monks walking in the aisles of the church, surrounding the altar, preparing for matins, lighting the lamps, and then he heard the solemn tolling of the bell. The inhabitants of the convent were soon on their feet. Probably it was a dream. To him all this seemed reality. He saw as it were through stone walls. And so he reflected that God could readily show future things to the prophets, as He had shown them to him. He compared vision penetrating through obstacles in space, to vision penetrating through obstacles in time.

Anselm was made Abbot of Bec. He had a great deal to do to provide for the house. We find him writing to Archbishop Lanfranc and telling him, that oatmeal and beans had been so dear for a long time, that the monastery was reduced to sad extremities, and he was afraid, bad as the last year had been, it would be worse the next. Lanfranc lent him twenty pounds. He had to complain, moreover, of distress, arising from the exaction of tolls, even on the vegetables and pot-herbs, which were their chief subsistence. There are one hundred and thirty letters preserved out of Anselm's large correspondence, while Prior and Abbot. I

find in them a great deal that shows he had much work, trouble, and perplexity, but I do not observe anything which shows him to have been a selfish, ambitious, worldly man. He writes as a loving friend, giving spiritual counsel to all sorts of people. His heart throughout, with all his monkery, seems to have been in the right place. He was diligent with his pen, in writing books as well as letters, at Bec. While there, he wrote essays *On Truth*, the *Liberty of the Will*, the *Grammarian*, and the *Monologium*,—all full of keen, searching thought; and, save our poor friend the *Grammarian*, treating more or less of deep spiritual questions, which beset men whose thoughts go much below the surface of things. It is a great mistake to suppose that Anselm wrote such books for amusement—that they were mental gymnastic exercises. By him they were meant to be practical, for they met difficulties and doubts that were perplexing the brethren at Bec. They were books for anxious inquirers.

He came over to England to see Lanfranc at the Augustinian Monastery in Canterbury. It was years before Chaucer's pilgrims went there—before any portion of that early English and later architecture, which now draws so many admirers to the spot, was in existence.

There were then no "Becket's crown"—no "glorious choir of Conrad"—no reed-like columns—no pointed arches—no broad and lofty windows transomed and mullioned, with glass rainbow-stained;—no exquisitely perforated screens and trefoils set in spandrils, and niches and tabernacles, all fretted over with crockets and finials. But the building was massive, plain, heavy, such as the grand old fragments, still remaining, especially the crypt, so strikingly indicate. The columns, of enormous diameter sustained round arches, quaintly cut into billet work and zig-zag. The windows, few and low and narrow, let in little light. The roof, whose

rude form and scanty adornments were lost in the hazy darkness, looked down gloomily on the worshipper, as when, his day's work done, he crept in with reverent step, and heard with fear the whispering echo of his own gentle footfall, as he approached some dimly-lighted shrine to repeat his vesper prayer. It was Lanfranc's own church. He built it from the ground, after pulling down the ruins of the Saxon Church, which had stood there (no doubt undergoing many alterations) since Augustine's time. That Cathedral was symbolical of the Christianity of the age. The Norman architecture typified the Norman faith. A heavy superstructure of traditional religion was raised on ancient foundations, deep and firm, but such as had been laid after the earliest age of Christendom. The work of man shut out much of the light of heaven. Still, there was light enough to lead the sinner to the Cross.

To Canterbury, along the old Dover Road, Anselm came, musing perhaps on the history of this first English Christian city, and on the illustrious missionary, Augustine, as he entered under the old grim gate-towers in the walls, and wended his way through narrow streets of houses, built in wood and clay and stone, to the Cathedral precincts, and Lanfranc's lodgings in the convent. There Anselm met with a monk named Eadmer, who afterwards wrote his Life, and he gives us pleasant gossip about the good man's visit; how he passed his days sometimes in the Cloister, sometimes in the Chapter House, assisting in the offices of worship and other works of the ministry. Only when at liberty, he would return to his favourite philosophical subjects, and propose difficult questions, and then give his own solutions. Politics, too, came up. The Normans had conquered the Saxons, and had turned them out of their monasteries. Lanfranc was a thorough Norman, and went into William the Conqueror's policy. He would make the

Saxon White Horse a hack to carry Norman burdens—to work in Norman mills. He had no respect for anything Saxon—not even for Saxon saints.

"Brother Anselm," said he one day, "these Anglo-Saxons have a good many saints to whom they show great devotion. There is one yonder,"—and he pointed to the tomb and shrine of Alphege,—"whom I don't know what to make of. He was Archbishop of this city, and they call him a martyr, though he did not die expressly for the name of Jesus, but only because he was not willing to redeem himself with money. The Danes seized on his person, and imposed on him a ransom, but he preferred to die rather than pay the ransom. What do you think of that, Anselm? Was Alphege a martyr?" Lanfranc's Norman dislikes are not expressed in so many words, but they were at the bottom of his doubts; and depend upon it, if Alphege had been a Norman, Lanfranc would not have troubled Anselm with any questions about him. Anselm replied, in his own quiet way, "It is evident, Brother Lanfranc, that a man who rather than commit a lesser sin was willing to die, would certainly have been willing to die rather than commit a greater sin. It was a greater sin for a Christian to deny Christ, than for a lord to burden his vassals. The smaller sin was the one that Alphege would not be guilty of. What would he then not have done had the choice been between Christ and his own liberty? John the Baptist only spake the truth to Herod. He did not formally confess Christ, yet he was a martyr. He died for truth, and it appears Alphege died for righteousness. Where is the difference? Is not righteousness truth? Is not dying for righteousness dying for truth, and so dying for Jesus?" According to Anselm's biographer, Lanfranc was convinced by this reasoning. His prejudice against the Saxon saint was overcome, and he caused his history to be recited, and a liturgy

to be chanted in honour of him. You have here in Anselm a man habituated to logical forms of argument—putting everything into the framework of syllogisms—but also a man rising above narrow prejudices, esteeming Saxons as well as Normans, making truth and righteousness one and the same, and identifying them with the cause of Christ.

Lanfranc died, and the See of Canterbury was left vacant for some time, William Rufus appropriating the revenues to himself. It was a sore grief to the Church, and all means were used to induce the monarch to appoint some one to the archbishopric. One of the courtiers of the red-haired king said to him, "I don't know a man of equal sanctity with the Abbot of Bec; he loves none but God, and desires nothing that belongs to this world." "No," said the King, with a coarse laugh, "not even the archbishopric of Canterbury." "That less than anything," replied the other. "By the face of St. Luke," said the Norman sovereign, "this time neither he, nor anybody else, shall be archbishop except myself." William was taken ill, and then his wild spirit was tamed. He would listen to advice. He began to desire that the vacant See should be occupied. Now nothing would do, but to persuade the Abbot to come over from Normandy to England, and exchange the monastery of Bec for the Cathedral of Canterbury. We fully believe that Anselm was unwilling to come. He was more of a philosopher than a politician. He liked writing books better than ruling men. He was a different man altogether from Lanfranc, who had considerable aptitude for business, and the administration of public affairs. The government of a convent, first as prior and then as abbot, had, no doubt, caused Anselm to feel that his *forte* did not lie exactly in wielding the crosier. He professed great reluctance to accept the offer, so tempting to ambitious priests. The King, we are assured, was sadly tried by Anselm's unwilling-

ness. William thought the welfare of his soul depended on Anselm's wearing the English archiepiscopal mitre. The barons and the clergy thought Anselm mad to refuse. Much talking and many tears on this subject are described by the biographer. The King, he says, told two monks, particular friends of the Abbot, to entreat him on their knees to comply. He also knelt, humbly refusing. The cry was then raised of "A cross, a cross!" and the unwilling object of the highest honour in the realm was forcibly dragged to the royal side, where the pastoral staff was forced on his hand, but the incorrigible refuser closed his fist. The bishops present set to work to open his fingers, till he was ready to cry out with pain. They succeeded at last in forcing the episcopal cross in the hand of the bishop designate, shouting aloud, "Long live the bishop!" and then joining the clergy in a fervent *Te Deum*. They carried the prelate elect into the church, pale and trembling; he protesting still, "What you are doing is useless. It is useless." His agitation was such, that all feared he would lose his senses, and they had to sprinkle him with holy water, and even to offer him some of it to drink. This, I believe, was a genuine instance of a *Nolo Episcopari*. It was like that of Ambrose in an earlier age, and I have given you the account by an eye-witness, with some little abridgment, that you may have a peep into the ecclesiastical life of the age, and have also a proof that Anselm was not the ambitious, worldly, power-loving man, that some popular historians have taken him to be. Literally, honours had to be thrust upon him.

We are of opinion that Anselm's judgment of his own unfitness for being an Archbishop was perfectly correct. And what aggravated the unfitness was having to deal with such a man as Rufus. He got well—came to dislike the new Archbishop, and then opposed to the thoughtful,

devout, and conscientious prelate what must have seemed "a dead weight of ignorance and brutality against everything that was spiritual and humanizing." Into their quarrels we shall not enter. They form a tiresome part of Anselm's history. It is sufficient to say, the King exacted from the new Archbishop more than he thought it right the See should yield, and then William sought to dispossess him of his See altogether. England was made too hot for Anselm. Anselm said he could not stay. William said, if he left, the archbishopric should be sequestered. Anselm embarked at Dover and went to France, and stayed at the great Abbey of Cluny, and then went to Lyons. At the latter place he tarried some time, as it was not safe to travel, owing to a dispute about the papal succession,—that Church, whose boast is unity, being then rent in twain by the claims of rival popes. Anselm took part with Urban, and the opposite party were lying in wait for the Archbishop. The good man was also ill: but on his recovery, and with assurance of protection from Urban, he, in a few months, proceeded to Rome. After being entertained in the Pope's palace, he retired to a monastery in Calabria, where he completed a most important theological work, which he had begun in England, *Cur Deus Homo.* He liked the glorious scenery and pure air of Italy, and the sweets of Calabrian retirement, better than Canterbury, with its crosier and its cares. He entreated the Pope to liberate him from episcopal responsibilities, that he might be a private monk again, and do cloister work and read and write and think. His Holiness told him it was cowardice. Anselm said, he was not afraid to suffer or to die, but he did not see what good he could do in England. A Council was held to conciliate the Greek Church, if possible, and heal the great schism between East and West. Anselm took part in the discussion, and sat next to the

Pope in the grand conclave. He returned to Lyons, and there heard of the death of his enemy, Rufus, at which he wept, and for whom, not long before, he had pleaded with the Pontiff to prevent an excommunication.

Anselm now returned to England, and immediately waited on Henry I. The Archbishop was required by the King to submit to a reinvestiture, and to repeat his homage for the See, which he declined, as contrary to the liberties of the Church. A fresh rupture ensued, which forms a conspicuous topic in English history. Church and State were at war in the persons of the English prince and his chief prelate. The conflict was aggravated by a revolt in Normandy. Henry's crown was in danger. Then he turned to the Archbishop for help. It was afforded, on condition that the monarch should relinquish the claims alleged to be unjust. Amidst the strife of the two powers, secular and ecclesiastical, it is pleasant to notice the private life of Anselm. He was a great spiritualist turning little things to account, in the way of religious edification. One day he was hunting, and the hare was driven between the legs of the prelate's horse. The hounds stood at bay; the huntsmen laughed. "It puts me in mind," said he, "of a poor sinner departing from life, and waited for by devils, who are longing for their prey." The biographer seems to see something of a miracle in the hare's escape. I shall not take up the tangled threads of the story about the renewed disputes between the king and the priest. Some general remarks on it will be introduced hereafter. It is enough now to say, it ended in a compromise.

Anselm went again to Italy; then returned to Lyons, where he was forbidden by Henry to proceed homewards. He retired to his old monastery at Bec, and renewed the memories and associations of his youth, but was afterwards invited back to Canterbury, by his royal antagonist. He was received in triumph by Queen Maud.

Amidst troublesome affairs and growing infirmities he found time, and could command thought enough, to write a treatise on the *Harmony of Divine Prescience and Predestination with Human Freedom.* He was now hastening to the grave. He could not ride on horseback or travel in a litter, but he pursued the duties of a monastic life, and did not neglect to meditate and deliver pious exhortations. Queen Maud wrote him a letter; and as an illustration of the classical reading of that lady, it may be mentioned, that she cites Cicero's *De Senectute*, and begs the Bishop to take warning from the case of Pythagoras, and give up his habit of excessive fasting.

During the last six months of his life he became so feeble that he had to be carried in a chair to officiate at mass, and he was so thin, that at the altar it seemed as if the wind would blow him away.

On Palm Sunday he was unable to leave his bed. As the monks were sitting round, one said—"As far as we are able to see, you will leave this world for the court of the heavenly King before Easter." He replied, "If such be His will, I obey; but if it had pleased Him to leave me longer amongst you, at least until I had resolved the question about the origin of the soul, I should have accepted it gratefully, as I don't know any one who will answer it when I am gone." The submission of the Christian mastered the wish of the philosopher, and the calmness of his death was beautiful. A brother read the Gospel for the day, and repeated the words, "Ye are they who have remained with me in my temptation; and I appoint unto you a kingdom, as my Father hath appointed me, that ye should eat and drink at my table." Anselm began to breathe more slowly. perceiving that his end drew near, the monks lifted him from his bed, and placed him, according to a superstitious custom upon the ground, sprinkled with ashes. There, yielding his

spirit into the hands of his heavenly Father, the good man slept in peace. He died 1109, aged seventy-six.*

1. In examining the character of Anselm, observe first that he was a High Churchman. To understand his position and conflicts in this respect, you must go back to earlier ages. Charlemagne made the Church subject to the State, for he was a strong man; and he ruled his great empire in all its departments, as only a strong man could. The sceptre was broken as soon as death wrested it from his grasp. His sons were unable to do what he did. The tables were turned—priests proceeded to bind kings with chains, and nobles with fetters of iron, as is attested by the story of Lothaire. Anglo-Saxon history exhibits a parallel change —first State supremacy, then Church supremacy. Alfred, the Charlemagne of England, ruled bishops, and was master of the priesthood A hundred years later, and we have the story of the proud Dunstan and the worthless Edgar. William the Conqueror took care to set the crown above the mitre. Rufus's dispute with Anselm was, in order to keep it there. Anselm was a very different man from Dunstan,—far more intellectual, conscientious, and devout; but he was on the same side with that imperious Churchman in his strife with the sons of the Conqueror. Eadmer said, William wanted to melt the mitre into the crown. Anselm certainly wanted to melt the crown into the mitre—not from personal pride and ambition, but from a misguided conscientiousness, from a blind zeal for the Church, which he identified with Rome, and from a strong ecclesiastical *esprit de corps*.

It was an awkward conflict in those days between the temporal and spiritual powers, because the antagonists were often so different, and the weapons were always so different.

* This sketch is drawn chiefly from "*Eadmeri Libri duo de Vita S. Anselmi*, and *Saint Anselme de Cantorbery, par M. Charles de Remusat.*

For example, take the earlier quarrel of Anselm. What William had to oppose to Anselm was his own rude, wild, wolfish, sensual nature. What Anselm had to oppose to that, was his own pure, true, thoughtful mind. Had a battle about investitures been fought by William I. and Lanfranc, the case would have been otherwise. The combatants would have been matched. There would have been plenty of worldly shrewdness and wisdom on both sides. In this case it existed on neither. Moreover, the weapons were unlike. A king could banish a bishop, could imprison him, could starve him, could foment rebellion against him, but the Church could take terrible reprisals in the form of excommunication and interdict.

A very large proportion of the population of Europe was composed of monks and nuns, so that the empire directly ruled by the Court of Rome was enormously extensive; while, on the one hand, abbots and their dependants were drawn towards it by bonds of interest and gratitude, and, on the other hand, the power of bishops and metropolitans was seriously reduced. Excommunication, of which the Pope's immediate subjects were the officers, not the victims, deprived men of the rights of citizens, going further than any common outlawry; for while the latter left men open to the commiseration of friendship and the offices of humanity, the former cut him off from assistance and sympathy, separated husband from wife, and child from parent, and drew a charmed line around the sinner which none might cross. He was shunned as if infected by leprosy or plague; for to hold intercourse with him was to share in his punishment. As under the Jewish law, a corpse could not be touched without pollution, so contact with the excommunicated produced a taint. The culprit condemned by ghostly sentence, stood isolated amidst his fellows—a Cain, with a curse on his brow.

The quarrel of Anselm and the two English kings was in principle the same as between Hildebrand and Henry IV. The claim of the secular power to confer crosier and ring as an assertion of sovereignty over Sees, was in conflict with the claim of the Bishop of bishops, on behalf both of them and himself to place churches above temporal potentates. The King wanted to be lord over the Church in his empire. The Pope wanted to be lord over all Christendom. Henry, I think, was right in resisting the tyranny of the Pope over Christendom. The Pope, I think, was right in resisting the tyranny of the Emperor over the Church. But I do not sympathise with either, because it appears to me that each was far more wrong in his own attempt to oppress, than he was right in his resistance of an opposite oppression. While not blaming their resistance, we must blame their aggression. Only on the negative side was either right; on the positive side they were both wrong. I think it was just the same between Anselm and the two English kings. Rufus and Henry wanted to lord it over the Church, and Anselm wanted to save the Church from such lordship, and to make her supreme in the realm; on either side the supremacy was mischievous. The incidents of the two struggles were, however, dissimilar, inasmuch as the contending parties were so. Henry IV. was not the same sort of man as either of the English kings, and Anselm was still very much more unlike Hildebrand. The haughtiness of the Pontiff at the Castle of Canossa, making him do penance without the gates, keeping him in the snow, making him kiss his feet in sackcloth, find no parallel in the conduct of the Archbishop. Becket was of the same stamp with Hildebrand. Anselm was a man of an altogether distinct mould.

Reviewing the whole history—watching the struggles and the counter-struggles—marking the advance both of the Church hierarchy and of the Church autocrat—what do we

at last find was the ground of ecclesiastical assumptions? No doubt various causes contributed to the ultimate result, but to what did bishops and popes appeal in support of their authority? Traditionalism was at the bottom of the whole. Church principles had been at work for ages. The Papacy was impossible, but for the broad corner-stones, laid unwittingly, no doubt, by the Nicene Fathers. Then priesthood, hierarchy, and sacraments (with the primacy so soon assigned to the Roman see), made the Papacy possible; the seeds of it were thus scattered all over Christendom. Was there one thing *essential* to spiritual despotism in the mediæval age that can be pronounced a fresh innovation upon what obtained long before the eighth century? The Mediæval Church was but the fruitage of the Nicene. The papal throne could not have stood, nor could national hierarchies have flourished, but for the support they found in the minds of men, so largely impregnated, for ages, by Church teaching. It would be an utterly false view of history to imagine that episcopal and papal aggressions were made on liberties, prized, valued, and defended. Superstitious hearts were in alliance with the invaders of their freedom and peace; nor were the treasures missed when they were lost. There can be no question that, in spite of occasional discontent and opposition, the Church system was, on the whole, popular. The clergy, in the contests with kings, generally carried the people with them. Hildebrand, in his war with Henry, had public opinion on his side—so had Anselm. It was the old Hebrew story over again:—"The prophets prophesy falsely, and the priests bear rule by their means, and my people love to have it so."

With regard to the character of Anselm, observe, in the second place, that he was a scholastic theologian, and philosopher. We shall understand Anselm the better by glancing for a moment at the early history of scholasticism.

It is a grave mistake to imagine that the mediæval divines were all mere passive recipients of what they found in the parchment volumes on their scanty shelves. It was not a photographic process only which went on, when some of them opened their minds to receive rays of light. No philosopher ever examined a sunbeam with more care than did they the sentiments which were to them as heavenly as any sunbeams. The amount of thought they expended on their studies far surpasses what is commonly supposed. The eleventh century was the dawn of scholasticism. A good deal of intellectual vigour gleams out of the correspondence and pamphlets of these successive centuries; but as to formal study, theology took the lead. Some of those who were magnates, who would not deviate a hair's breadth from the traditional faith, showed considerable acuteness in unfolding their views, and much dexterity in answering objections. For three hundred years the three most intellectual Churchmen, the three greatest thinkers, were John Erigena, Abelard, and Anselm.

John Erigena was no cloistered monk, but a thorough man of the world, the boom companion of Charles the Bald, who could crack jokes with the merry monarch at table. Erigena read Greek and studied Plato, and built up a pile of transcendental philosophy. He excogitated a theory of the universe—a grand Pantheistic system of existence, in which God appears first and last, the fountain whence all flows, the ocean into which all rolls. He grappled with the problem of God and nature, and the relations between them, very much in the Neoplatonic fashion, reviving the dreams of the Alexandrian school.

Links may be traced between the Irish Platonist and the philosophers of the second century; and, further, there may be noticed an approach in his theory to Indian speculations on the absorption of the world in Brahma. All

this is very remarkable. Worthy of much more study than it has yet received is this man, in the heart of the Middle Ages, speculating upon the universe in a tone of mystic rationalism not unlike certain speculatists of our own age. Yet, while Erigena's book on The Division of Nature is full of thoughts such as have long agitated Germany, and are now agitating England, it bears, after all, the mediæval stamp. The Irishman never openly and plainly repudiates tradition, never sets its authority at defiance, any more than he does that of Scripture.

The next great thinker we have mentioned is Abelard, —a man of immense egotism, of unbounded intellectual ambition, of little religious feeling; at one time, as he acknowledges, licentious, yet cold in his love to Heloise, and utterly unworthy of her romantic and high-souled affection for him. He was imbued with Platonic habits, though he could not read Greek like Erigena. In Abelard, Plato was kept in check by Aristotle. The dialectic faculty was predominant in this remarkable man, and he may be reckoned the father of the first age of scholastic philosophy, in the form of nominalism, or rather conceptualism; the mightiest of the early champions against the old doctrines of the eternal and independent reality of ideas; the precursor of Locke, Reid, and Stewart. Abelard brought his searching logic to bear on the whole of theology. He began with the Trinity; for all the Schoolmen in their speculations descended from God to man, from cause to effect.

Abelard's views, on the whole, were what we should call unevangelical; and lying at the root of his deviations from the truth were his confounding inspiration with genius, his Pantheistic system of the universe, and his habit of looking at things mainly under a subjective aspect; though, at the same time, it must be admitted that he saw truth in some

directions where, in that age, it was not generally discerned; as, for example, in the broad distinction which he recognised between theology and religion.*

But it was far otherwise with Anselm, than either with John Erigena or Abelard. It was not philosophy which led him into the paths of religion, but religion that led him into the paths of philosophy. He was a scientific theologian of Luther's order: "He studies well who prays well." The dream of Anselm's childhood was the key of his life. Over all mountains, material and spiritual, he saw God enthroned. He contributed to Natural Theology. He started this argument for the existence of God: "We can form an idea of an absolutely perfect Being; but how could we have that power if such a Being did not exist? The idea supposes the fact." I shall not waste your time in discussing the logical merits of this argument, and the claims of Anselm to the rank of a great original thinker, for having anticipated trains of metaphysical reasoning, much pursued since the revival of learning; I would only say, thank God, our belief in Him,—the ground of our existence, the life of our souls, our all in All,—does not depend on any logical formularies. I do not know what would become of some of us if it did. I would, however, just notice that this argument is brought out in the form of a devout address to the Almighty. Anselm calls it *the Proslogion*—it is the soul speaking to God.

Again, I should tell you how he differed from other thinkers who went before and followed him. They considered that, unless we doubt, we cannot believe; that we begin with scepticism in order to end in faith; that conviction and knowledge come through mental struggles. Oh, what perplexing things words are! These words may

* I have introduced here a few passages from my "Ages of Christendom."

be explained so as to have a truth in them, but in the way used by many they are false. Anselm thought so, and maintained that faith is the basis of knowledge. "If you would understand," he used to say, "you must first believe."* Philosophically that is true, and religiously that is true. A child's faith in God and truth is the beginning of all sound spiritual knowledge.

Anselm does not appear himself to have been a man of doubts. There was in him, as Neander says, no reaction against Divine things. He was not seeking by dint of thought to find his way out of the labyrinth of perplexity, out of an inward schism to regain lost certainty, and forfeited repose; but he rose gently and calmly from his child-like faith into the loftiest speculations, as a lark leaves its moss nest to soar upwards to the skies.

But Anselm made large contributions to Christian theology properly so called. He analysed great Christian ideas, and found in them more than some of his predecessors had done. All correct theologizing on revealed truths is an analytical process. As a chemist takes a substance, and resolves it into its elements, and as one chemist goes beyond another in the subtlety of his analysis, and the refinement of his results, so it is with theologians. They take God's truth in mass, and put it in the crucible and fire of thought, to see what fundamental principles they can reduce it to. The blessed work of redemption, to which we owe our safety and our hopes, had been from the earliest ages of the Church a primary object of Christian faith. But it was redemption regarded chiefly as a whole and in its results. The practical side of course came first. "What has redemption done?" the convinced sinner, the believing soul, anxiously asked. "Done! Why, saved us wholly, blessed be Jesus Christ," was the answer. "Ay; but how has

* The Vulgate translation of Isaiah vii. 9 was his grand proof passage, "*Nisi credideritis, non intelligetis.*"

He redeemed us? by what process?" it was rejoined. "The work of redemption, has it not more sides than one, more results than one? Is not redemption a complex blessing? It has a bearing on me; has it not a bearing on the government of God? It is related to my soul. As a medicine it heals. But is it not related to Divine law as well? Am I not a guilty being, and is not Christ's work something done to remove my guilt—and how?" Anselm carried on his analysis in his own profound and subtle way, and evolved a thought which Christendom has taken up, and placed amongst the truths of theological science. Let me explain.

He wrote in the form of a dialogue, a book called *Cur Deus Homo*. It means, "Why are we redeemed by a God-man?" Now there had been a floating opinion in the Church, from ancient times, to the effect that Christ paid a ransom to the devil for our deliverance. We were Satan's slaves. Christ bought us off from him. Anselm could not accept that as a correct view. Some in his monastery were troubled about the subject of the Atonement, as many are now. They asked, what does it mean? Why was it necessary? Anselm proposed to answer the question in this remarkable book of his. He goes on, step by step, through a course of reasoning, thus:—Sin is nothing else than not rendering to God His due. It does not become God to remit what is due in the mere exercise of mercy. Nothing is more intolerable in the order of things, than that the creature should take away God's due, and not repay it. God will not suffer His honour to be violated. Hence man cannot be saved without a satisfaction, and the satisfaction must be measured by the sin. That satisfaction cannot be made by man himself. The greatness of sin is overwhelming. Man cannot restore to God what he has taken away by sin. It follows by necessity, that man can be saved only by Christ.

This, you perceive, is a piece of logical argumentation

from beginning to end; but it could not have entered into Anselm's mind had he not been a Christian. The basis of the whole was in the New Testament. He repeatedly says as much in the course of the process. His theory of philosophical thought was, "first believe, and then understand." Faith was at the bottom of all his reasoning. In fact, he was analysing a Christian truth taught by inspiration. But though it was thus excogitated from a groundwork of faith, it did not formally recognise that ground-work, as I think it ought. It did not appeal to Scripture. It did not build on the Bible. It was not reasoning from fact to theory, but from theory to fact. It did not run thus. There is in Scripture the doctrine of satisfaction to God for sin. Paul teaches it. It is divinely revealed; therefore there is a necessity for such satisfaction. But on an *à priori* principle thus—the satisfaction is necessary; therefore man is saved by a satisfaction. We think Anselm reversed the true order of inquiry, while, on the whole, we accept his results.

The inquiry into the nature of the Redeemer's satisfaction thus started by Anselm has been adopted by the Evangelical Churches of the Reformation, and carried out still further. More subtle distinctions have been made—and that between the active and passive obedience of Christ, not recognised by Anselm, but started by Thomas Aquinas, has been elaborated by Evangelical divines, and has become part of the theological system of our English Churches.

To give you a more distinct idea of the turn of thought and mode of argument in this celebrated treatise, I cannot do better than read the following condensation of an important part of it, extracted from Dr. Thomson's Bampton Lecture:—

"Now no man can render for his brethren the full obedience required; 'a sinner cannot justify a sinner.' Even if a man, with his heart full of love and contrition, were to renounce all earthly solaces, and in labour and abstinence

strive to obey God in all things, and to do good to all, and forgive all, he would only be doing his duty; but he is unable to do even this; and it is his misery that he cannot plead his inability as an excuse, because that proceeds from sin. Now, if some being can be found to make satisfaction for man, he must unite in himself two conditions. He must be of the same nature as those on whose behalf he renders the obedience, in order that it may be accepted as theirs; and yet, if the satisfaction is to be complete, he must be able to render to God something greater than every created thing, for among men pure righteousness is not to be found; and, if so, he must be God; for what is there above the creature except God himself? Therefore He must be God and man, whose life, far exalted above all created things, must be infinitely valuable. By rendering perfect obedience throughout life, and even in a death which, as sinless, He did not owe, and, as God, He might have escaped, He made satisfaction for men. Thus is the Divine mercy, which seems to be excluded when we think of Divine justice and of the infinite amount of sin, brought into perfect harmony with justice, so that our reason can discern that no better scheme of redemption could have been devised."

You are familiar with this train of argument. You often hear it on Sunday from the pulpit. Many use it who little apprehend that it was first struck out by a Schoolman of the eleventh century. That form of reasoning was unknown before in the Church. None of the Fathers had anticipated it. To Anselm belongs the distinction of being its author. Its force and value have been acknowledged by the very large consent it has met with on the part of theological thinkers. It is one of those appeals to enlightened Christian reason which secures for itself a general response. The necessity of Christ's work is shown to be accordant with the teachings of the human conscience.

Anselm's argument brings out what has been called the

objective or *juridical* aspect of the redemptive work of Christ. That had been very much overlooked. Indeed, until his time, it was never clearly unfolded. An elaborate proof of the necessity of a satisfaction to the Divine Lawgiver, in order to man's deliverance from guilt, constituted the contribution to theological science for which Anselm's name will ever be illustrious. The importance of it is immense. It is connected, too, with another momentous part of Divine truth, the doctrine of justification by faith as connected with the Divine government of the world, and the relation in which man stands to God as a guilty being. That further development of Evangelical theology it was not given for Anselm to effect. He treats largely of *justitia*, —righteousness, but not of *justificatio*—the constituting righteous. The clearest teacher of justification by faith before Luther was Bernard.

Of course Anselm's doctrine of satisfaction has been criticised. Dr. Thomson says:—"It may be a thankless office to point out defects in a view which many of my hearers already know and admire as a beautiful product of thought, and which was wrought out from an earnest wish to make God's wisdom known among men. But there is some danger in applying thus strictly and logically the notion of satisfaction for a debt, to a transaction so mysterious, so far above all comparison with men's dealings. The author himself admits that the condescension of the Son of God contains much that no theory can unfold. For is it not, after all, a fault inseparable from all efforts to exhibit the Infinite nature in the forms of finite thought and speech, that they can but offer a partial and one-sided view? And whilst this theory accounts for the objective part of Redemption, and shows us on what grounds the reconciliation was arranged without us, it seems to omit the subjective part, for it fails to explain how, by a living union with the

Redeemer—by faith on our side, and grace on His,—we become so united with Him, that our life is one with His. At this point the analogy of a satisfaction made by another for a debtor breaks down; and therefore those who would use this theory aright must be prepared to abandon it here. Most true is it, that the work of reconciliation must be completed without us, before the inward change that follows on it can be commenced. But in conceiving of the reconciliation itself, we must represent it as something that can and must be inwardly appropriated by each believer."

Without going into a criticism of this criticism, I would say there appears to me to be considerable force in much of what Dr. Thomson says. Anselm's doctrine takes in only one view of the work of Christ,—its bearing on the government of God. But it was the neglected view, and he may be personally excused for being absorbed in it. It was intended to meet difficulties then existing in the minds of men with whom he had to do. But, most assuredly, any representation of the work of Christ which does not include its moral bearings—its renewing power on the heart of man, as well as its relation to the justice of God—the slaying of our enmity, as well as the satisfaction of His righteousness, however true, as far as it goes, is after all but one-sided and incomplete. It is a curious circumstance that Anselm, in his treatise, introduces an illustration of the necessity of a satisfaction for sin, which is far more striking as an illustration of the necessity of the moral influence of the Atonement. He speaks of a costly pearl falling amidst filth, and so becoming defiled; and asks, "Can it be replaced in the owner's receptacle all defiled and unwashed?" But he does not apply it to moral renewal; indeed, he distinctly explains the needed purification as being a satisfaction to justice.

And assuredly the sentence just read, to the effect that

the transaction is mysterious beyond all comparison with man's dealings, is most true. The atonement of Christ is a glorious manifestation of God's love, and righteousness, and wisdom; but it is a manifestation with a profound mystery underlying it. The light is encompassed by clouds of "venerable darkness." He to whom the veil has been uplifted the highest, will confess the most, how much of the marvel is still covered. We would bow down before the cross and adore. There comes a voice from above it, saying, "Put thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place on which thou standest is holy ground."

Had we time, we might refer to the scholastic doctrine of predestination, and show that something like what is now called moderate Calvinism was the current system of the Church—that while reprobation was not taught, there are passages in the best mediæval theologians which put the doctrine in a way which none now would adopt except those who belong to the very high Calvinistic school;—and that Anselm himself went a good distance in that direction, and expressed himself respecting the decrees of God, and the permission of sin in the elect, after a manner which we should shrink from adopting.*

But we hasten, in the third place, to contemplate Anselm in a character incomparably above that of Churchman or even theologian. *He was really a saint*,—not merely in the fond sense in which the Romanists use the word (the insertion of his name in the Calendar being no great recommendation, considering many of the names there), but in the proper, true scriptural sense of saintship, that of being sanctified by Christ Jesus, and called into the holy fellowship of His spiritual church.

His simple faith and his devotional ardour are beautifully expressed in his meditations and prayers:—"Draw me,

* See Elucidarum, lib. ii., c. ix.

Lord, into thy love; as thy creature, I am thine altogether; make me to be so in love. See, Lord, before thee is my heart: it struggles; but, of itself, it can effect nothing. Do thou what it cannot do. Admit me into the secret chamber of thy love. I ask, I seek, I knock. Thou, who causest me to ask, cause me to receive: thou givest me to seek, give me to find. Thou teachest me to knock; open to me knocking. To whom dost thou give, if thou deniest him who asketh? Who finds, if he that seeks is disappointed? To whom dost thou open, if thou shuttest to him that knocks? What dost thou give to him who prays not, if thou deniest thy love to him who prays? From thee I have the desire; oh, may I have the fruition! Stick close to him; stick close, importunately, my soul."—And again: "Father Almighty, I implore thee, by the love of thy Almighty Son; bring my soul out of prison, that I may give thanks to thy name. Free me from the bonds of sin; I ask this of thee by thy only co-eternal Son: and by the intercession of thy dearly beloved Son, who sitteth at thy right hand, graciously restore to life a wretch, over whom, through his own demerits, the sentence of death impends. To what other intercessor I can have recourse, I know not, except to Him who is the propitiation of our sins." "The Holy Spirit, I implore, if through my weakness I have a very imperfect understanding of the truth of thy majesty, and if, through the concupiscence of sinful nature, I have neglected to obey the Lord's precepts when understood,—that thou wouldst condescend to enlighten me with thy visitation,—that through thee, whom I have called upon as my helper, in the dangerous ocean of life, I may, without shipwreck, arrive at the shore of a blessed immortality."

In many of Anselm's devotional writings there is a good deal quite inconsistent with the Church system of the age, though he was conscious of no such inconsistency; and

doubtless would, as a Schoolman, have tasked his ingenuity to the utmost to reconcile what he said with the traditions of his times, had such inconsistency been pointed out. For example, how monstrous it seems to us for a man with such thoughts as we have just heard, to write verses bordering on adoration addressed to the Virgin Mary. Yet so it is.* Happily his piety was not crushed by his superstition; and the grace of God in him triumphed,—as it did, we believe, in many others,—over corruptions which, left to themselves, would have been fatal to the soul.

No man had an intenser hatred of sin. In expressing it, he imagined what is impossible, saying, that if he had presented to him the hatefulness of evil on the one side, and the torments of hell on the other, he would prefer to be pure from sin in hell than to be polluted with it in heaven. The supposition is indeed extravagant, but it was meant only to indicate a feeling, such as Doddridge cherished when he said—

> "Had I a throne above the rest,
> Where angels and archangels dwell,
> One sin unslain within my breast
> Would make that heaven as dark as hell."

Anselm, with all his metaphysical depth and acuteness had a good deal of imagination, and that too (which one would have hardly expected) of the homely kind, which works out quaint similitudes and finds in natural objects and commonplace events symbols of Christian truth and spiritual life. We have seen an example in the case of the hunted hare that sought refuge between his horse's legs. Of that form of thought we have nearly 200 instances in the book of his Similitudes, collected by Eadmer, who wrote his Life. It is a collection of familiar illustrations, like the English Emblems of Quarles, and the German

* In his works, there are several closely-printed pages of Hymns to the Virgin.

Emblems under the name of Gotthold. They abound in practical divinity, a good deal of it tinged with monasticism, mysticism, or metaphysics—or open to the complaint of being far-fetched and tiresome; yet much of it containing sound truth—showing love for living Christian virtue, and a profound knowledge of the human heart. Take, for example, one in which he compares the heart to a mill, which its owner entrusted to his servant, with the charge that he should never grind in it anything but his master's grain. But somebody came and played tricks with the mill when the miller was not watching. He put in stones, and gravel, and pitch, and chaff, and dirt, to clog the wheels or spoil the flour. If the miller watched, the flour was white as snow, and beautiful; if he neglected his work, the meal was spoiled, and the worthless outcome told the tale. And so as the mill is ever grinding, the heart of man is ever thinking. God charges us to tend it, and put in only His pure thoughts, which are as fine as wheat — meditations concerning himself; or as good as barley, strivings after higher virtue; or as useful as oats—desires to break off bad habits. But the devil comes, wishing to spoil the grinding; and he throws in the stones, and dirt, and chaff of envy, wrath, and sensuality, to clog the action, or pollute the product, of the ever-busy soul. There must be a watch, then, set upon the openings *into* the mill—the various senses, and the opening *out* of the mill—the mouth, that thence may come words that shall be as meal and flour, ministering nourishment to the hearers.

It is time now to turn our attention to Norman Christianity, which, in the title to my lecture, has been coupled with the name of Anselm. You must not conclude, from this connexion, that he is to be taken as a specimen of what Norman abbots and bishops generally were. On the shady side of his character, as the member of a hierarchy

which had become thoroughly secularised, and sought to keep all civil society in bondage to the popedom; as the advocate of a system of theology, which, taken as a whole, confounded traditionalism with Scripture, and, with much Divine truth, held in solution a large quantity of human error; as a worshipper, according to the rites of Rome, saying mass, bowing before images, exalting the Virgin, believing in transubstantiation, confession, absolution, purgatory, and the like, he is the type of Norman churchmen. The Normans were eminently papal; more so in doctrine, rites, and spirit than the Saxons in their earlier and better days. But Anselm, on the bright Christian side of his character and life-course, surpassed the Norman abbots and bishops of his day to a higher degree than they had ever been excelled by the best of the Saxon saints. We have some curious revelations of Norman Christianity in two monastic chronicles, which any of you can read,—that of Battle Abbey, and that of Jocelin of Brakelond; the first relating to a period between 1066 and 1176, and the second to a period between 1173 and 1202.

The Abbot Ralph, described in the Chronicle of Battle Abbey, was, according to the monastic measurement of goodness, a very pious man. Of what stamp will be seen. "He sustained the infirmities of others, and called them forth to strength. His acts corresponded with what he taught; his example preceded his doctrine. He was a pattern of good works. He overlooked not the spiritual husbandry, tilling earthly hearts with the plough-share of good doctrine in many books which he wrote, stimulating them thereby to bear the fruit of good works; and although his style was homely, yet was it rich in the way of morality. In the sparingness of his food, he was a Daniel; in the sufferings of his body, a Job; in the bending of his knees, a Bartholomew, bending them full often in supplication, though he could scarcely move them in walking. Every

day he sung through the whole psalt in order, hardly ceasing from his genuflections and his psalmody three days previous to his death. After many agonies and bodily sufferings, when he was eighty-four years of age, the Householder summoned him to the reward of his day's penny." Mere morality and ceremonial observances are here insisted on. The circumstance is sadly significant.

But after Ralph's death we have some strange revelations. The Bishop of Chichester claimed episcopal rights over the Abbot of Battle. The abbot resisted. The case was examined by the king. The bishop referred to certain letters from Rome. "Were they of your own procuring?" asked the king. "By the fidelity and oath you owe me, I charge you answer me truly." Solemnly the bishop replied, "These letters were procured neither by myself nor by any other person with my consent." The Chronicle says, "Now the archbishop hearing the bishop deny in the presence of all that the letters had been procured by him, and knowing how matters really stood, and that they had been so procured, marked himself with the sign of the cross, in token of astonishment;" and immediately afterwards, the bishops and the monks had a private conference. The matter between them was settled. The bishop gave up his claims, and the whole party returned; when the archbishop said, "My lord king, these affairs being now justly settled, we all entreat your mercy on behalf of the bishop, if he should seem unadvisedly to have spoken anything against the dignity of your highness." (Not a word about the lie.) "May your clemency deign to indulge our request by giving him the kiss of peace." "I forgive him all," said his Majesty. A community of course is not to be held responsible for the lies of an individual; but what I point to here is, the perfect indifference with which the king, archbishop, abbot, monks, and chronicler, all pass over the lie. Nothing is plainer than that truth must have been

at a sad discount amongst such men. The Chronicle of Jocelin makes other discreditable revelations. It tells of Geoffry Rufus, one of the monks, who, notwithstanding the confessed immorality of his character, was allowed for a good while, in the Abbey of St. Edmondsbury, to go unpunished, because he was a useful person, "in the keeping of the manors of Barton, Pakeham, Rougham, and Bradfield." All the way through, the management of the convent is a thorough worldly business, and we are told how the cellarer was deposed for getting into debt with the Jews; how William the sacrist favoured them, and Brother Sampson was thwarted in his building propensities, and the prior and twelve of the monks had to appear before the King; how Brother Sampson was elected Abbot; how William the sacrist, being fond of money, was inhibited from meddling with the rents; how Sampson was perplexed by all sorts of people and all sorts of things,—nobles, monks, and Jews; churches, and mills, and fairs. Such matters, with monastic intrigues and quarrels, crowd the Chronicle, and religion only appears in allusions to monastic ceremonies, and in the copious introduction of texts of Scripture, accommodated to the events described often with great shrewdness.

These may be taken as average specimens of Norman monastic religion soon after Anselm's time; yet the Norman monastery was, I believe, an improvement on the Saxon one. The decrees of the Synod of London, in 1075, effected good by their regulation of the great monasteries which had fallen into much disorder. "A general rule for the Benedictine houses throughout England was drawn up by Lanfranc himself, whose life at Bec had been distinguished by great austerity, and whose sympathies were entirely on the side of the monks in opposition to the secular clergy."

After all, Anselm in his spirituality and evangelical

feeling was a type,—taking that word in the sense of a beautifully embodied ideal,—was a type of the best forms of piety in the Norman period. There was not so much variety in pure Christian life then as now. Nationality and individual character were not then sharply developed. The Church system checked such development greatly. Freedom of education, diversity of creed, did not exist. Norman, German, Italian Christianity, in its living manifestations, was much the same. All was more or less tinged with asceticism; all yielding to church authority, but all, like Anselm's piety, looking to Christ. It is beautiful in William of Malmesbury's history, to light on the story of Wulstan of Worcester, who—lying, standing, walking, and sitting,—had always a psalm on his lips, always Christ in his heart; and to read in Bernard's works of the dying Abbot Malachies, who said, "I know in whom I have believed, and I have believed in God, and all things are possible to him that believeth. I have loved God, and I have loved you, and love never faileth." And amidst heaps of rubbish in the way of sermons, there are to be found some very edifying ones. Peter, Bishop of Chartres, says much of Jesus, and of the Holy Spirit, in certain of his discourses we have seen. And another Peter (Peter of Blois, and Archdeacon of Bath in the reign of Henry II., whose letters give us some striking photographic pictures of Norman society not very flattering) preaches well on the *Coming of our Lord*, and on the *Wisdom of following Christ*, and on *Satan's Plea against the Sinner's Soul*, and especially in a village sermon, on *Christian Fear the Stepping-stone to Christivn Love*. And who that has read will forget Bernard's hymn often sung in convent and oratory?

> "I seek for Jesus in repose,
> When round my heart its chambers close;
> Abroad, and when I shut the door,
> I long for Jesus evermore.

With Mary in the morning gloom
I seek for Jesus at the tomb.
To Him, with love's most earnest cry,
I seek with heart and not with eye."

There were five hundred religious houses in England under the early Norman kings, and we have no doubt that, whilst there was in them an abundance of superstition and worldliness, such as we find in the Chronicles I have noticed, there were among the inmates, monks and nuns who delighted in such truths as Anselm taught, and could sympathise with devout sentiments such as Bernard sung.

Anselm was a Norman only by education and intercourse, but Eadmer assures us that the natives of England loved him as if he had been one of themselves. Making some allowance for the biographer's admiration, we can easily believe that such a man as this Archbishop of Canterbury, with so much of kind-heartedness and gentle nature, united to his lofty churchmanship, would make him popular not only with Augustinian monks, but with English citizens. Still, however, his residence in England was so much broken during his archiepiscopate of sixteen years, and his intercourse with the Norman English, beyond the Church and the Court, was so limited and seldom, that he could hardly secure any wide measure of affection, or any large circle of influence. The best power of Anslem was in his writings rather than his speech; and those writings, while they instructed a few deep contemporary thinkers, were for other ages rather than his own. Great objects are most felt, appreciated, and admired, when the spectator is removed some distance. The noblest mountains appear noblest from afar. The mightiest minds do not tell so much on contemporaries as on posterity. Shakespeare, Milton, Bunyan, it takes ages to measure them. Anselm belongs to that order of genius. After Schoolmen saw more in what he taught than his monkish disciples at Bec and

Canterbury did. The truths he developed have come out more brightly than ever since the Reformation. His thoughts are great powers in the pulpits of Christendom at the present day.

We must hasten to a conclusion. I am afraid some Christians are wanting in sympathy with the piety and goodness of past ages. They lack the joy of conscious brotherhood with the elder saints. Their faith looks upward, and looks forward, but rarely does it rest in loving contemplation on Christian virtue in the times gone by. At least many are blind to the excellence of those who lived since the apostolic age. Almost all history afterwards is to them a foreign land peopled with strangers. The middle ages are as an African desert—a great Sahara. For myself let me say, I would not for the world resign the reverence and love I feel for an Anselm and a Bernard, an Augustine, a Chrysostom, and a Cyprian. None of them were so much disciples and advocates of a Church system (which, thank God, we have been taught to see was a corruption of His own institute) as they were believers in a personal redeeming Christ. Whoever looks below the surface of such men's characters will find the same elements of spiritual life,—faith, purity, obedience, self-denial, love. Could they now meet us, and enter into conversation, we should find some difficulty in understanding them at first. Their speech and ours would need some sort of translation; but getting below metaphysical theology, and forms of worship, and ecclesiastical discipline, and certain personal predilections, when each came to speak to the other of God, as a personal and ever-present Father,—of Christ, as the Son of God, the Brother and Redeemer of man,—of the Spirit as the soul's sanctifier, and the Divine presence in the Church,—heart would answer to heart, and men divided by ages, and by other things broader than ages, would be drawn into a circle of blessed sympathy, and

would clasp hands, and kneel down together, before the *one Cross* and the *one Throne*. We should all join in the *Te Deum*: "The holy Church throughout all the world doth acknowledge thee, the Father of an Infinite Majesty. Thine honourable, true, and only Son. Also the Holy Ghost the Comforter. Thou art the King of glory, O Christ. Thou art the everlasting Son of the Father. When thou tookest upon thee to deliver man, thou didst not abhor the virgin's womb. When thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death, thou didst open the kingdom of heaven to all believers."

If I be a Christian, I cannot but cherish the memories of men with whom I hope to spend an eternity in the service of their holy Lord and mine. If we were going to some distant land to join brothers and sisters whom we had never seen, we should gladly read their letters to relatives in the old country,—should look with interest on the portraits of them sent as keepsakes till the hour of meeting. Well, we shall soon set sail on our voyage to the Great Island of Spirits, to the city inhabited by "the general assembly and church of the firstborn." One friend above all others we expect there to meet—the Friend who redeemed both them and us; yet, glorifying Him in them, we do with hope wait for our union to them all in His presence. We shall be with Anselm there, and with the whole band of true English saints,—Catholic, Protestant, Conformist, Nonconformist,—with every noble spirit that has fought the good fight of faith in this old Anglo-Saxon Anglo-Norman isle, where God's grace has been reigning for so many generations. Instructive to us now are their writings. Their speech, then, will be wiser far. We love to gaze on their portraits, though the lines be imperfect, and the colours pale. Then we shall see them face to face.

Lollardie and Wickliffe.

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A LECTURE

BY

THE REV. W. B. MACKENZIE, M.A.

"We need not bid, for cloistered cell,
Our neighbour and our work—'Farewell;'
Nor strive to wind ourselves too high,
For sinful man beneath the sky.
The trivial round, the common task,
May furnish all we ought to ask;
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God."

LOLLARDIE AND WICKLIFFE.

When John Baptist began his ministry, the Jews soon discovered that no common man had risen up among them. Deeply interested in this strange, rough preacher, they sent specially to inquire who he was. His answer is worthy of the man; he gave them no name,—no genealogy,—neither whence he came, nor where he lived,—but just announced that he had a mission. "I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness,—I have a message to deliver,—a work to do. It is this: to bear my testimony to another greater than I, whose shoes' latchet I am not worthy to unloose. It is only my relationship to him that gives me significancy,—He must increase, I must decrease."

Every one here to-night has a mission. We are not sent into the world to be, or to do, anything or nothing, as we may list. God fixes His eye on individuals. We are fig-trees planted in the Lord's vineyard—cared for and watched, with a view to future results. We must be something in God's sight. We must have a real, spiritual existence before Him,—live unto Him,—be identified with His truth, His glory, His kingdom, His people. If we are not His, we are nothing,—less than nothing,—mere weeds, to be thrown uselessly aside. Men of the world seek glory for themselves. The Christian seeks the glory of Him that sent him. Men of the world are self-reliant. The Christian knows that "a man can receive nothing," and accomplish nothing, "except it be given him from above."

I am to speak to you to-night about a man whose self-sacrificing and stedfast fidelity to one great object may well be set before you for an example. I see nothing in Wickliffe that you may not copy. He is not beyond your reach. For, some men are great, but their greatness does not be in your way. To become great painters, great poets, great statesmen, men must be distinguished by great gifts; and, it is not in the power of every aspirant to become a Raffael, a Shakespeare, or a Wellington. It is not gifts that we covet, but character. I want to show you that there was nothing in Wickliffe but what you may obtain; his faithfulness to God, and diligence in the work which God gave him to do, demand your imitation.

Taught of God, he made it his rule faithfully to do and say what God taught him: and so must you. He saw the truth of the Gospel when others were in darkness; and stedfastly believed it even when others would not: and so must you. He resisted temptations to which others yielded, and disclaimed the sins in which others lived. He might have been raised to worldly honour, but he preferred the honour that cometh from God only; and he had it. God has given him a name among the imperishable records of the great and the good, and a place in heaven among His called, and chosen, and faithful, where He will bring every one of you, who shall hold fast the beginning of your confidence stedfast to the end.

Before I tell you who Wickliffe was, and what he did, it is needful to give some idea of the times in which he lived. This, then, shall be my outline,—1. Let us glance at this country in the time of Wickliffe. 2. Sketch the man, and his mission. 3. Trace the results of his life and labours after he was gone to his rest.

I. *Wickliffe was born in* 1324, *and died in* 1384. He lived during the long and eventful reign of the great Plantagenet,

Edward III. Edward began to reign when Wickliffe was a little boy of three years old, and the king died seven years before Wickliffe. Edward's queen, Philippa, was a celebrity also; and two, especially, of his sons, Edward the Black Prince, and John of Gaunt. In his younger days, Wickliffe must have heard much about war with Scotland: in the great battle of Halidown Hill, in Northumberland, 30,000 Scotchmen fell; and when Wickliffe was twenty-two, probably in Oxford, another great victory was gained by Queen Philippa at Neville's Cross, in Durham, when King David was brought captive to London, and kept as prisoner for eleven years in the Tower. But Wickliffe must have known much more about Edward's great wars with France, undertaken partly from jealousy, and partly from revenge, because the French had helped the Scotch. In right of his mother, Isabella, he demanded the French throne, and went to war with Philip VI. In the same year in which Philippa gained the victory at Neville's Cross, Edward and the Black Prince were conquerors in the battle of Cressy,—a victory which gave the three ostrich feathers, with their motto, to the arms of the Prince of Wales. Then, also, Calais was besieged and taken; six of its chief citizens who came to Edward, with halters round their necks, were spared, at the intercession of Philippa. Nine years after, the Black Prince gained the battle of Poictiers, took the French king prisoner, and brought him to London; he resided, an honourable exile, in the palace of John of Gaunt, in the Strand, until his death, in 1364. It is well for us that these possessions in France were all lost. Had our kings gained the throne of France, England would have been the mere appendage of a great French kingdom, and never would have risen to be what she is, or to do what she has done. So true it is, that losses, disappointments, and hard struggles are the wholesome discipline of nations, as well as of men. It is good for both to bear

the yoke in their youth. These great national movements had their influence, in many ways, upon Wickliffe.

2. *Houses and household matters, in Wickliffe's time, were very different from ours.* The ruined castles of our day were the residences of nobles then; their meals were more substantial and varied even than ours, and the dishes gaily decorated with gold and silver leaf; but the grand attraction of the dinner-table was a roast peacock, with all its feathers stuck on. Except for cooking, they had seldom any fires: to build houses with chimneys, was an invention of the 14th century. Young men were wisely instructed to gain warmth by exercise.

Hitherto, fires, when they had any, were made in the middle of the room, and the smoke, as in some Irish cabins, got out as it could. For a time, Edward III. prohibited the use of coals, as too dirty for common use, until he gave way to strong remonstrance, and his Queen Philippa reopened some collieries in Durham. It was not till Henry VIII.'s time, that fires were allowed in Oxford or Cambridge. No carpets adorned the floor till the 15th century, but straw or rushes. Spoons were then in use, and knives with enamelled silver, or crystal handles, but forks were only used by kings. The meat was brought to table on a spit, and served round; when each guest cut off a portion as he pleased. As to dress, Wickliffe must have often smiled at the strange fashion of the age. Shoes fastened to the knees by silver chains, the two stockings of different colours,—a coat half white, half blue,—a silk hood embroidered with grotesque figures, and richly adorned with gold and jewels, was a fantastic dress for a gentleman. Nor were ladies' dresses less singular: one side of the dress was one colour, the other different; but the oddest feature, especially on Sundays, was the head-dress; instead of a bonnet, they wore a sort of cap called coverchief, or kerchief, three feet high, adorned

with long silk streamers of different colours, reaching to the ground. Chaucer says—

> "Her coverchiefs are large and fine of ground,
> I durst to swear that they weighed three pound,
> That on a Sunday were upon her head."

But I must not dwell longer on these personal matters. It serves, however, to make the events and men, 500 years ago, more real, to glance at their every-day life. Now let me just mark a few other features that distinguished Wickliffe's times.

3. *The country was socially restless and uneasy.* Nearly 300 years had elapsed since the Conquest. That great storm had passed away, but the public mind was still heaving with discontent. The British and Saxon elements had not mingled with the Norman. The Conqueror and his descendants to the fourth generation were not English. Most of them were born in France, and spent a great part of their lives there. They spoke French at table; law was dispensed in French in courts,—a language which even the jury often did not understand; Frenchmen, chiefly, filled great offices; the English were constantly made to feel, see, hear, the presence of a foreign conqueror, who forced them to minister to his pleasure, and add to his power. Thus the King, Court, landed proprietors, and leading officers of Church and State, were foreigners. The country was held by military colonization called the feudal system; the land was parcelled anew among the King's chieftains; the people were subjected, like slaves, to their conquerors; and, no wonder, they chafed and fretted under the chain. Such had been the state of things for nearly three centuries.

4. *But in Wickliffe's time the Anglo-Saxon and Norman races were beginning to amalgamate.* Other elements were coming into operation. French influence was silently on the

wane. The Normans saw that foreign interests were not their strength; the Saxons felt all along, and then began to show, that, though struck down by the Norman conquest, their spirit was not conquered. The dawn of brighter days appeared. It took many an age of conflicting struggle thoroughly to fuse the Norman and Saxon races into one solid mass, but, in the times of Wickliffe, this process was going on. Kings, barons, and people began to see that they had interests in common. The broad foundations were then laying, though amid fierce contention, for national prosperity, and national freedom, both civil and religious, such as the world to this day has never seen, and long thought to be impossible. Saxons and Normans fought side by side in the Crusades, and on the plains of Cressy and Poictiers, and they began to debate upon common interests on the floor of the English Parliament. "It was soon made manifest," says Lord Macaulay, "by signs not to be mistaken, that a people inferior to none in the world had been formed by the mixture of three branches of the great Teutonic family (Danes, Saxons, Normans) with each other, and with the original Britons."

5. *In Wickliffe's time the Crusaders had finished their work.* That expedition, you remember, was undertaken to drive away the Turks from Palestine. Shakespeare reminds you—

> "To chase these pagans in those holy fields,
> Over whose acres walked those blessed feet,
> Which fourteen hundred years ago were nailed,
> For our advantage, on the bitter cross."

That strange hurricane had spent its fury, purified the heavens, and let men breathe more freely. It did for Europe what railroads have done for England,—brought distant people together. The Crusades awoke or revived the spirit of personal heroism in the breast of unformed nations. It

taught men to build ships, and venture to navigate distant seas. It brought the Norwegian down from the Baltic, and drew the Italian to the coasts of Spain. Ships of all nations were seen rudely navigating the waters of the Levant. Lessons on geography were forced upon them. The directions of the winds, and tides, and currents were marked and recorded. Naval architecture was studied, and the elements of maritime law laid down. The overland route to the East, through Hungary, and along the course of the Danube, was improved by the influx of traffic, and the various ports of the Mediterranean afforded safer anchorage for ships. The spirit of exploring was evoked, which afterwards led some adventurers to India round the Cape of Good Hope, and others crossed the Atlantic, and discovered the New World. The Crusaders wanted ready money. The merchants of Lombardy, known by their arms of three balls over the door, which now designate somewhat different traffic, were settled in every country, and, as money-lenders, enjoyed a profitable trade. The discoveries, or the luxuries, of the East, astonished the rude strangers from the North and West. They bought better swords at Damascus, and wrapped themselves in the camlet cloaks of Syrian Tripoli. They learnt to grind their corn in windmills; and the Tyrians taught them the art of making glass. Indian corn and wheat were brought home from Turkey; and the Crusaders learnt at Damascus to enrich their pastry with plums. It was in Syria they found the sugar-cane, which they transferred first to Sicily, and thence to still hotter countries. The Orientals had no music, and Mahomet forbade his followers to paint; but, the magnificent towers and superb palaces of Constantinople overwhelmed the Crusaders with amazement. They could hardly persuade themselves that there was so grand a city in the world. This new taste showed itself soon after their return home. The magnificent chapels of New

College in Oxford, and St. George at Windsor, the nave of Winchester Cathedral, the choir of York, the spire of Salisbury, and the towers of Lincoln, are monuments of the architectural taste that prevailed in the age of Wickliffe. The Arabians gave the Crusaders some knowledge of the healing art, and they stored their medicine chests with cassia, senna, and treacle. This was, however, more than counterbalanced by evil; for the Crusaders brought home the leprosy, which for 300 years continued to spread its ravages in this country.

Results still more important to the welfare of the country followed from the Crusades. It broke the power of the feudal system. The lion-hearted Richard thirsted for military glory, and neglected the cares of government. When he went to Palestine, money was his great want; he sold the revenues and prerogatives of the Crown, and would have sold the city of London itself if he could have found a purchaser. The same reckless spirit impoverished some great feudal lords. Property thus slowly passed into other hands; while kings and barons began to feel the silent growth of a third estate in the realm, which was destined, in time, to moderate the power of the Crown, and curb the arrogance of the nobles. These social changes were imperceptibly going on in Wickliffe's time.

6. *The broad and deep foundations of the British Constitution were then laid.* It was now more than a century since the barons took advantage of a feeble and abject king, when they extorted the Great Charter from John in the memorable plain near Windsor. That Charter established, on an immoveable basis, the rights of property, and the rights of individual liberty. No man could be, thenceforth, dispossessed of his property, or deprived of his freedom, but by law. The Charter put an end to arbitrary punishment and arbitrary spoliation. The English people learned, with in-

creasingly intelligent satisfaction, the value of that compact. Sir E. Coke reckons thirty-two instances in which that great Charter has been ratified and secured anew. It was in Wickliffe's time that the House of Commons commenced its sittings in a distinct room,—the Chapter House of Westminster, and soon made its power felt. I could hardly render you greater service, as patriots and citizens of the freest country which the sun ever saw, than if I could persuade you to gain an intelligent acquaintance with that wonderful and delicately-balanced system of government under which we live. Let me translate for you the remarkable passage in the Roman annalist, Tacitus: "All nations and cities are governed either by the people, or by the nobles, or by a single ruler; a form of government composed of these three estates combined together, would look beautiful in theory, but it could not be brought about; and if such a constitution ever were formed, it could not possibly last." You will remember, however, that the venerable fabric of the British constitution is the result of the unyielding struggles, the undying patriotism, the deep wisdom, and the steady, silent growth, of many ages. And, let me add, we owe it, above all, to the most gracious favour of the God of Britain. The growth of the English constitution,—the encroachments, concessions, and final adjustments of kings, nobles, and people, form a study of surpassing interest. Kings of England never laid claim to general legislative power, but for many ages they interfered with it. They never formally condemned or acquitted criminals without the verdict of a jury, but they exercised the power to pardon in such a way as to remit, virtually, the penalty of offences, and entrench upon the office of the legislator. That English kings should not impose taxes without the consent of Parliament was an article of the Great Charter signed by John;

but it was evaded by the Plantagenets and others when they wanted money. They are forbidden to tax, but they exercised the right of begging and borrowing; and they sometimes begged in the language of authority, and borrowed without any intention to repay. The supremacy of the law is a principle of the English constitution, established at a very early period; but kings often found it convenient to override the law. When monarchs were popular, and exercised their authority for the public good, these infractions were overlooked and even commended. But as intelligence advanced, it was found desirable to engrave the boundary between prerogative and law in deeper lines, combining the honour of the Crown with the liberty of the subject. I will not now attempt to show you by what steps it grew to be what it now is, but leave it with the prayer with which Judge Blackstone concludes his rapturous admiration: "May the British constitution last as long as the world shall stand,—*esto perpetua!*" Enough now to say, that in Wickliffe's time that national liberty was fairly planted, which, imperishable as the British oak, has struck its roots deeply into the institutions of the country; and many a foreign exile, driven to our shores by tyranny or revolution, has found peaceful shelter beneath its fair boughs, whose "leaves," it is no profanation to say, "are for the healing of the nations."

7. *There was some trade going on even in Wickliffe's days.* Foreign commerce had scarcely then visited our shores. The ports of Syria and Egypt were monopolised by the merchants of Venice; Genoa alone traded on the coasts of the Black Sea; while the foreign trade of this country was mainly carried on by ships of Flanders. Raw wool was almost the exclusive article of English exportation. Edward III. invited weavers and dyers to come from Flanders, who, after a while, settled down, reluctantly, near York and Norwich.

A long series of bungling legislation cramped the growth of our early manufactures, vainly striving to settle by law who should buy, and who should sell, and where, and how, and when: they fixed by law the price of a cap, a coat, or a herring; men had not then learned the wisdom of letting trade alone, but tinkered and tampered with its action, till they soon put the delicate machinery out of gear. Stagnation of trade ensued. Clothiers dismissed their workmen, and starving workmen angrily demanded bread. The ruinous folly of strikes was then, happily, unknown, but bread riots were the easy resort of the starving operatives of the 14th century. Shakespeare, whose father was a woolstapler, and heard, traditionally, the sufferings of the clothiers, describes their riots:—

> "Not able to maintain
> The many to them 'longing, have put off
> The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who
> Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger
> And lack of other means, in desperate manner
> Daring the event to the teeth, are all in uproar,
> And danger serves among them."—*Henry VIII.* Act I. Sc. II.

Communication, also, was then in every way defective. The country had no level roads, rivers had no bridges, luggage-vans were then unknown, when cloth, and wool, and crockery, and corn, and even coals from the pits near Durham, were carried on the backs of pack-horses, until Whittington first brought coals from Newcastle by sea, in a vessel called "The Cat." Forests and plains were continually infested by robbers, and the merchant-vessels at sea in danger from pirates. Traders wrote few letters, for paper was hardly known; few of the people could read; and if a letter were written and directed, there was no post to carry it. Foreign credit was at one time prohibited by law, and then limited rigidly to six months. Mr. Hallam says that, in the reign

of Henry III., money was borrowed, perhaps occasionally, at the annual rate of 60 per cent., 10 per cent. every two months. Under such restrictions trade could not flourish. After all, there could not be much manufacture, while rich men kept artisans among their servants; and, as far as possible, each one was his own smith, tailor, and shoemaker. A man's personal necessities were few, and he knew but little of the wants of others. Even if he could make money, he had but little temptation to accumulate, for there were no banks; and it was as difficult to keep money safe at home, as hazardous to carry it about; and, after all, owners were sure to be plundered by extortion or violence. Even men of noble rank were known unscrupulously to waylay travellers, strip them by robbery, sell them as slaves, or compel them to pay a ransom. And those of you who remember the adventures of Robin Hood and his valorous companion, in Sherwood Forest, are aware of the romantic interest with which a rude and lawless age can cloak the atrocities of highway robbery. Still, there was a noble patriotism about that lawless forester. He was a man of Saxon blood, and he looked upon Norman knights, and Norman abbots, as subjects of legitimate plunder. He never molested the needy. The historian Camden commends him as the gentlest of thieves; the ballads of that age are full of his praises; the grave where he lies has still its pilgrims; the well where he drank still bears his name; his bow and one of his arrows were, within this century, to be seen at Fountains Abbey.

8. *I must now pass to the religion of this country in Wickliffe's time.* Not long before, the power of Rome had reached its zenith. A papal aggression was made in the reign of King John. The Pope appointed an archbishop against the will of the Crown. John was furious, and threatened to drive all the Romish bishops and priests out of the country.

Pope Innocent was not moved, and he laid this country under an interdict—

> "That awful doom which canons tell,
> Shuts paradise and opens hell;
> Expels thee from the Church's care,
> And deafens Heaven against thy prayer;
> Haunts thee while living, and when dead,
> Dwells on thy yet devoted head;
> And spurns thy corpse from hallow'd ground,
> Flung, like vile carrion, to the hound."

The papal curse had a terrible meaning in those days. Churches were all closed; bells were silent; religious services ceased; no prayers offered; no chants sung; no mass celebrated; marriages were hastily performed at the church porch; infants just sprinkled for baptism; and the dying almost forbidden the last rites. The King remained firm; but the nobles were alienated, and the people ready to revolt. A second vial of papal wrath was then poured out, and the King himself was excommunicated. This shut out its victim from all society; debarred him from all intercourse, all aid, all service. A king of France excommunicated by Gregory V. was deserted by his courtiers, his friends, and even his family: two attendants alone entered his presence to bring him food; and then, whatever meat came from his table was thrown, as a polluted thing, into the fire. All this John endured for two years, and did not yield. The last thunderbolt laid him prostrate. The Pope deposed him from the throne—released his subjects from allegiance—declared his throne vacant; called on the King of France to invade England, and possess the vacant throne. This brought the King to the most pitiable submission. He signed and sealed a deed making over the kingdom of England and Ireland to the Pope, as a fief of the Holy See; and promised to pay 1000 marks a year, and the customary Peter's

pence. The Pope assumed the office of Lord Paramount of England—over all persons and things, ecclesiastical as well as civil, he ruled supreme. As to vacant offices in the Church, the rich livings and bishopries, the Pope filled them up as he chose; and very often gave them to hungry foreigners, who received the emoluments, but never came to this country. I find that one foreigner is Dean of Lichfield, with other preferments; another has the deanery of York; and in almost every diocese, the most valuable offices were given to men who never saw the country. Gregory IX., in the course of a few years, drained England of no less than fifteen millions sterling. "Many Italians," says Fuller, the Church historian, "who had the fattest livings in England, knew no more English than the difference between a sixpence and shilling in receiving their rents; they never preached, never saw their flocks, showed no hospitality to the poor; so that, what between Italian hospitality that none could see, and the Latin service which none could understand, the poor English were ill fed, and worse taught."

Nay, so eager was the Pope to secure the appointment to bishopries and rich livings to himself, that, by a process called *Provisors*, he gave them away to his own favourites, even before they became vacant. This greedy propensity was a source of continual irritation. Nay, he did not always give them, but he sold them beforehand, and thus enriched the treasury at Rome by the sale of preferments in England. Taxes paid to the Pope were five times greater than taxes levied by the King. There was not a prince in Christendom that had a quarter of the treasure which the Pope drew from England. The Pope's collectors kept a house in London, with clerks and officers, like Commissioners of Taxes now, where deep streams of wealth were ever draining off towards Rome. These practices stirred the righteous and

patriotic spirit of Wickliffe. Hear his complaint on this measure :—"Although our realm had a huge hill of gold, and never any other man took thereof but only this proud worldly Priest's collector, by process of time this hill must be spended ; for he even taketh money out of our land, and sendeth nought again but God's curse and clerks to rob and leave to do God's will, which men ought to do without his leave."

And the Roman Catholic Church in this country, 200 years before the Reformation, abounded in wealth. When Wickliffe first went to Oxford, the gross income of all the ecclesiastics in England was more than ten millions a year. This is given on the testimony of Dr. Hanna. It was twelve times greater than the whole civil revenues of the kingdom. Half the landed property throughout the country belonged to the Roman Catholic priesthood. Then, offerings were made of all kinds, gifts from the living, and costly masses for the dead, so that, in one year, payments for funeral services in St. Paul's Cathedral were £40,000. A box for offerings, that stood there under the great cross, yielded £9,000 a year; and the offerings at Becket's shrine at Canterbury for one year amounted to more than £14,000. Dean Milman reckons that the Church's income from these various sources, must have equalled the income from endowments; if this be so, the Roman Catholic Church in England, in the time of Wickliffe, must have received an annual income of twenty millions. By the statute of Mortmain, passed in Edward I.'s reign, all gifts of lands to Church corporations were made illegal; but this statute was evaded, till confirmed and made more stringent in Richard II.'s time. The enormous wealth of the Church leading, as it must, to countless and intolerable abuses, grieved Wickliffe's spirit, and kindled his desire for reformation.

9. *But other ecclesiastical agents were busy in Wickliffe's time: I mean the Begging Friars.* There had been dark days, when monks and monasteries rendered good service. They afforded places of refuge where the fugitive escaped his oppressor, and slaves became free; in rude and lawless times, men of peace could halt for a moment in a monastery, and draw breath; there, students could give themselves up to books and manuscripts, and preserve, safe from destruction, the precious monuments of ancient learning. Let us not be ungrateful to the monks. When blank and barren wastes overspread the country, they turned swampy rounds into grassy meadows and fertile fields; they made the vine to flourish on the banks of the Severn, and stored their cellars with rich wines from English vineyards; while fruits and flowers from foreign lands were made to flourish in the Abbey garden. Painting, and architecture, and Mosaic work, and carving in wood, and monumental figures in brass, —of these we owe much to the monks. And it was in that silent and secluded room, called the "Scriptorium," that monkish scribes, month by month and year by year, bent over the parchment, and finished those illuminated copies of the Bible and Missal, which add to the riches and interest of our great libraries.

The monastic system contained the elements of corruption. Our Lord prayed, not that His people might be taken out of the world, but kept from the evil. Monastic life is but a stagnant thing; and things which stagnate, generate unhealthy elements. Indolence, and plenty, and monotony, create an atmosphere in which neither mind nor body can continue robust and energetic. The baser instincts of human nature prevailed, and foul scandals about their looseness and luxury, which the world believed, made them the just objects of severe reproach and lasting condemnation. What an image of monastic voluptuousness there is in one

of Chaucer's pictures, a full-length portrait in one line, where he describes the monk—

"Fat as a whale, and walk'd like a swan!"

To reform the abuses of the Church, *the 13th century saw the rise of the Dominican and Franciscan orders.* A Spaniard called Dominic was the father of the one, and of the other Francis, an Italian. Unlike the monks, these friars were homeless, itinerant preachers. Following literally the Lord's directions to His apostles, they were bound by vows to provide no money for themselves, or needless clothing; their feet were bare, their dress a coarse brown garment, girt round the waist with a rope; and their shaven head was covered in cold weather with a hood. Poor and coarsely clad, they went everywhere to preach. The two leaders were very different men. Dominic was a man of hard, unyielding spirit, that fitted him to be the founder of the Inquisition. Francis was a child of Nature,—a dreamy, mystic enthusiast. Dominic appealed to the intellect; Francis discouraged all learning. Both pursued the same object of Church reform; both breathed the same spirit,—an intense, unfaltering faith in Papal doctrine; while an indomitable will governed them both. The avowed object of the monastic system was the salvation of the individual; the aim of the mendicant friars was the conversion of the world. They saw that wealth had led to corruption, and thought that poverty would make the Church pure. They preached, but not as the oracles of God; they did not know that the Gospel of Christ alone is the "power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." Failing in that, their mission came to nothing, or even worse.

There is a charm and a power about the preaching of the Gospel which commends it as the great instrument of good. *But preaching had gone out of fashion.* Four sermons a year

were more than the parish priests of that age could prepare or deliver. The friars saw plainly that, if the Church were to keep its hold of the people, it must be by a living voice speaking home to the heart and understanding. To make their labours more complete, they had helpers, of either sex, called Tertiaries, not much unlike our City Missionaries and Bible women; only, they taught the Church, our agents teach the Bible. They were distinguished from the friars by their long black cloak.

The popularity of the Begging Friars was incredible. Conversing familiarly with the people, benevolent and self-denying, everybody gave them a hearty welcome to his house, and spoke loudly in their praise. Popular idolatry soon worked mischief. The friar sang a good song, played a good tune, told a good story; and was, of course, a mighty favourite with the people.

> "The friar walks out, and where'er he has gone
> The land and its fatness is marked for his own;
> He can roam where he lists, he can stop when he tires,
> For every man's home is the barefooted friar's."

Vows of poverty were evaded; gold was secretly poured into their coffers. Those houseless wanderers soon found the comforts and luxuries of convents. Wooden buildings, in time, gave way to costly and magnificent structures. The masterpieces of mediæval painting, architecture, and sculpture, adorned the Franciscan churches. The friars became as luxurious as the monks.

Their preaching quickly degenerates. Whereas St. Francis and St. Dominic had made earnest appeals to the hopes and fears of the hearers, as to their spiritual interests, the friars of Wickliffe's age sought to amuse the people with tales, and legends, and marvellous stories, to give spice to their teaching and sustain their popularity. It must have been

so. Imagine a strolling company of friars arrived at a fair or a village; a portable altar is set upon the village green; near it stands the confessional. Men, women, children, turn out in eager multitudes to see the strangers, and listen to their exciting addresses, full of marvellous stories. Sacrifice of the mass is offered; the people come readily to confess to strangers whom they may never see again; the wallet, full of relics, is produced; letters of fraternity and indulgences from the Pope, are exposed cheaply for sale. Of course, these men obtained immense popularity in a dark and ignorant age. Chaucer gives this description of the Pardoner delivering his own sermon:—

> "I ring it out as doth a bell,
> For I ken all by note that I tell.
> Then tell I them ensamples many an one,
> Of old stories longe time agone.
> I preach so as ye have heard before,
> And till a hundred false japes more,
> 'Tis all my preaching, for to make them free
> To give their pence, and give it unto me."

These are the men whose foul and flippant lips polluted sacred things, and misled the people's souls who trusted to their guidance. "There cometh no pardon," says Wickliffe, "but of God: and this is not to be bought or sold, as chattering priests in these days say: the worst abuse of these friars consists in their pretended confessions, by which they affect, with numberless artifices of blasphemy, to purify those whom they confess, and make them clean from all pollution in the sight of God, setting aside the commandments and satisfaction of our Lord. I say this for certain, tho' thou have priests and friars to sing for thee, and tho' thou each day hear many masses, and found churches and colleges, and go on pilgrimages all thy life, and give all thy goods to pardoners, this will not bring thy

soul to heaven. May God of His endless mercy destroy the pride, covetousness, hypocrisy, and heresy of this feigned pardoning, and make men busy to keep His commandments, and set fully their trust in Jesus Christ."

Such was the age in which Wickliffe lived. The heart and intellect and vigour of the nation were bursting into life. Men were opening their eyes, and beginning to feel their innate strength. Law was assuming her majestic supremacy. The outlines of the constitution were becoming clearly marked. Conflicting races and alien tribes were forgetting their ancient feuds, and growing into one solid, united, determined, patriotic people. The elements of commerce are quickening into life, and the middle class already seeks to make its rising importance felt. And as to religious teaching and teachers, the Church of Rome failed to meet the cravings of the people. Romanism never suited the English character, and never will. Princely dignitaries might overawe with the glitter of pomp and the pride of power,—monks might corrupt or offend by their luxurious vices, and friars amuse the vulgar,—but the nation secretly hungered for the true bread from Heaven; and, no doubt, in answer to many a secret prayer, it pleased God to raise up John Wickliffe, the leader of the first Reformation, to give it.

II. I proceed, then, to give some account of Wickliffe and the work he accomplished. We have less personal acquaintance with him than any other man who wrote and did so much. He has been compared to the "voice of one crying in the wilderness,"—a voice, and nothing more, a mighty agency, known only by its effects. He left no record of himself. His kindred, who remained staunch Romanists for many generations, probably disowned him; and, for two centuries, all that was known about him came through his enemies, as sparing of facts as they were lavish of abuse.

The first Life of Wickliffe, written in a truthful spirit, is by Dr. James, the first librarian of the Bodleian, who gives this as his object, "to vindicate the memory of a great divine whose soul is with God, whose fame is with the world, and whose bones, but for the malice of his enemies, had rested peacefully in their grave." Other histories have since been written; it is to the life by Lewis, and the elaborate monograph by Dr. Vaughan, that I am chiefly indebted for the facts of his history.

1. In the year 1324, *Wickliffe was born at the village of Wyecliffe*, three or four miles south of Bernard Castle, in that fertile plain where the river Tees is crossed and re-crossed by the South Durham Railway. He went early to Oxford, soon after the time when that university was thronged by 30,000 students. Tradition says that he entered at Queen's, founded not long before by Philippa, wife of Edward III. where, soon after, Henry V. spent some part of his riotous youth. Soon after we find him at Merton, a college then in high repute for learning; and, in time, he is at Baliol, of which society he seems to have been Master. Having obtained his Doctor's degree, he lectured in divinity; but whether as the University professor, or giving voluntary instructions to private classes, seems uncertain. His severe and unblemished life, his great talents, his profound learning, and unrivalled dexterity in scholastic controversies, inspired the whole University with veneration for his name.

The details of a man's spiritual history,—the mysterious process by which God the Spirit condescends to enlighten the understanding and renew the heart, must remain unknown, unless He himself should be led to divulge them. It is of little importance, however, to fix the time when the tree puts forth its first signs of vitality, or to mark the day of its earliest blossom,—enough, if in due season, the tree bear abundant fruit. We may well be content not

to know when, and how, and where Wickliffe's thoughts were first turned to God; where he found the Bible MSS. that taught him the saving mysteries of Christ—what was the phase of his early spiritual life—and when his soul got that firm hold of Christ, as his peace with God, that impelled him to proclaim it in the ears of a deluded Church and slumbering world, at the cost of persecution, and the peril of death. We know that Wickliffe felt and did all this; we know, too, that "He who wrought him for the selfsame thing is God, who gave to him the earnest of the Spirit." And more than this, it is not important we should know. Mark, now, the influence of the age upon the man, and the man upon the age.

2. *His lot was cast in the most resolute and the busiest period that England had ever seen.* Seeds of thought, and conflict, and power were already bursting into life. Wickliffe was not the man to stand by, an idle spectator of such a struggle. It is said, that a great man is sure to distinguish himself, whatever be his sphere of labour. Had Wickliffe joined the army of Edward, his name would have been emblazoned among the conquerors of Cressy or Poictiers: had politics been his choice, the Chapter House of Westminster, where the Commons met, would have found in him the fearless vindicator of the civil and religious rights of his country, when papal arrogance would crush the one, and the Crown or the nobles deal scanty measure to the other: or, had Wickliffe taken to trade, he might have outrivalled the Canynges—the wealthy merchants of Bristol; or Wickliffe might have been thrice Lord Mayor of London, and shared the prosperity, and eclipsed the fame, of Whittington. But these things are not left to chance:

> "There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
> Rough hew them as we will."

Brought to know the value of his own soul, and the

infinite blessings of Christ's salvation, he could not look abroad, and contentedly see the people perishing, as sheep not having a shepherd. He saw the Papacy, then at its height, a gigantic ecclesiastical confederation for crushing human thought, stifling the pent-up aspirations for liberty, trampling proudly on the necks of kings, and making the people prostrate, as the ground, for popes to go over. He saw the monks ignorant, and forgetful of their sacred calling, abandoned to secularity and sloth, intent alone on adding to their wealth, and encroaching upon the "powers that be." He saw the Pope sometimes supporting the clergy against the Crown, and sometimes the Crown against the clergy; but always keenly intent on pushing his own advantage, and plundering them both. He saw the people not contentedly at ease, under all this; and he sympathized with their discontent. Some of their bishops were fighting men, clad in military armour, and eagerly mixing in the affray of camps; others kept the world aloof by their haughty and imperious demeanour; while the secular clergy, lazy and luxuriant, "every one looking for his gain from his quarter," had lost their hold upon the people. He saw the Begging Friars everywhere preaching and pardoning the people; some of them, at first, had been serious and self-denying missionaries, and made great efforts to quicken the religious feelings of the nation; but corruption had rapidly seized them, and they revelled in the luxuries and added to the vices of the age. Wickliffe saw all this, and it grieved him; others had grieved too. The Chancellor of Oxford, Armachanus, and the Bishop of Lincoln, Greathead, felt their spirits stirred, and made some stand against the ever-advancing corruptions; but their feeble barriers were swept away. Still, the conscience of the people was not dead then. There was a feeling after better things; men's minds were held in iron bondage, but they sighed in secret. They longed to be taught; and when

the Begging Friars came round, with their relics and their pardons, they flocked to hear them: but it was a stone, not bread, they gave,—they asked for an egg, and they were mocked by a scorpion.

The year 1363 is one of the memorable eras in English history. Edward III. had then completed the fiftieth year of his illustrious reign. Three suppliant kings gathered round his throne. Two kings were then captives in London, and a third came from Constantinople, begging, on his knees, that Edward would grant his protection against the Turks.

3. *In this year of jubilee, Wickliffe struck the blow of the first Reformation.* It was against the friars that he made the attack. They swarmed in Oxford, where Wickliffe then resided. Where did they not swarm? Their influence over the younger members of the University was enormous. They were accused of entrapping youths of tender age into their societies. Parents were distressed, and withdrew their sons. The residents in Oxford fell off to one-sixth their former number. The University was alarmed; and even Parliament itself interfered, forbidding any one under eighteen to join the Mendicant orders.

For more than twenty years, by his preaching and writings, both in Oxford and Lutterworth, Wickliffe continued his protest against them. Even in illness, in Oxford, five years before his death, when a deputation of Mendicant doctors and civic officers visited him, to draw some confession of sorrow for his unceasing warfare against the friars, Wickliffe listened to them in silence; then beckoning to his servant to raise him up in bed, exclaimed, with eyes fixed on these Mendicant doctors, "I shall not die, but live, and declare again the evil deeds of the friars."

4. *To spread Bible truth throughout the country, Wickliffe organised his "Poor Priests," who went about everywhere preaching to the people.* Clothed in coarse russet garment,

and living on homely fare, joining in no popular amusements, frequenting no village revels, courteous and benevolent to all, they went about doing good. The sick they comforted, and the dying they sustained in the faith and hopes of the Gospel. Not omitting to condemn the corruptions of the Church, they made it their main business to preach the Word. Portions of the Bible which Wickliffe translated into English, were transcribed and given among the hearers; so early did tract distribution prevail.

Many persons of rank favoured these sturdy, free-spoken Methodists of the 14th century, and stood by them in their preaching. But two years before Wickliffe died, in 1382, Richard II. issued this proclamation against them:—"Forasmuch as it is known there are evil persons going from town to town, in certain habits, under dissimulation of great lowliness, and without licence of the Bishop, preaching daily, not only in churches and churchyards, but also markets, fairs, and other open places, where a great congregation of people is, divers sermons, containing heresies and notorious errors, to the great blemishing of Christian faith and peril of souls; the King's command is directed to the sheriffs, to arrest all such preachers, their maintainers and abettors, and to hold them in strong prison, till they purify themselves according to the law and reason of the Holy Church." We shall see more of this intolerance as we go on.

5. *The egregious pride and luxurious self-indulgence of the higher ecclesiastics grieved the humble spirit of Wickliffe.* His honest soul was stirred when he daily marked the contrast between the humility of Christ and the ostentatious worldliness of men that professed to follow Him. "Christ," said he, "was meek and lowly, forsook worldly glory, and washed the disciples' feet; they bid men kiss their feet, and cover them with scarlet sandals, decorated with gold, and

silver, and silk. Christ sat among His disciples; they sit full high in first sittings at suppers, and in first chairs in church, and covet the salutations of kings and queens, and great lords served gloriously. Christ lay and slept on hard boards in a boat; they sleep full soft in full easy beds, and look that none awake them till they have slept right long enough. Christ had the twelve going about on their feet; them followeth many a great horse with jesters and japers (mountebanks) on hackneys' back, with swords and buckles as it were to a battle, and with knights often to lead their bridles. Christ rode on a bundle of His disciples' clothes; they in gilt saddles full of gay stones, and gay harness thereto." Such things, he felt, ought not to be.

A man of Wickliffe's bold faith was sure to come into more direct collision with the Papal Church. The fame which Wickliffe obtained at the University recommended him to the favour of the King, who made him one of his chaplains, then Prebend of Worcester, and afterwards Rector of Lutterworth, in Leicestershire. But important public questions came before him. The exactions of the Papal See were becoming a sore subject with the people. In 1366, Pope Urban V. was unwise enough to demand the arrears of tribute, 1000 marks a year, due under the convention of King John. None had been paid for thirty-three years; and if the Pope had but discerned the signs of the times, recent Parliamentary measures would have warned him to be discreet. The Pope's demand for payment was laid before Parliament, and unanimously rejected, denying in the strongest terms the right of John to dispose of his crown or the nation's money without their consent. The Pope's demand was never renewed.

6. *The resolute spirits of Edward the III.'s reign were aroused.* They were not likely to sit down in contented silence while an Italian Bishop was carrying off the

wealth, and meddling incessantly with the affairs, of this country. It is easy to see even then the germ of that great Protestant principle enunciated in our 37th Article: —"The Bishop of Rome hath no jurisdiction in this realm of England." An embassy was sent by the British Parliament to the Pope on these great questions. Wickliffe was appointed to join it. The Pope was then at Avignon. The embassy met the Papal Commissioners at Bruges; but knowing, as we do, the unwillingness of Popes to give up temporal power, we are less surprised to find that two years were spent in fruitless negotiations. Wickliffe, however, had seen and learnt much during this visit. He returned, like Luther from Rome, deeply disgusted with the corruptions of the Papal system. His trumpet thenceforth grows louder and louder, and at every blast gives a more certain sound, till his enemies prepare themselves for the battle. He is at length cited by Courtney, Bishop of London, to answer for his contumacious opinions before the Convocation at St. Paul's. John of Gaunt, Edward's third son, and Lord Percy, Earl Marshal, present themselves there, too, to defend Wickliffe. Fiery speeches pass between the haughty Bishop and these haughtier nobles. Great crowds assemble, who raise great riots. That Convocation, like many Convocations since, promised much, but accomplished little; and Wickliffe went back to his parish of Lutterworth. He was afterwards summoned to appear before the Primate and other bishops at Lambeth, but the populace, then more attached to Wickliffe's doctrines, broke into the Council Chamber, and so interrupted the proceedings, that the Bishop yielded to a message from the Dowager Princess of Wales, and affected to be satisfied with Wickliffe's explanations. Next year, Pope Gregory died; whereupon, in 1378, there were two rival Popes, one (Urban VI.) an Italian, ruling at Rome, and another (Clement VII.) a Frenchman,

at Avignon; thus, one infallible Pope was thundering his anathemas against his infallible rival amid the laughter of the world.

This schism in the Church divided the leading nations of Europe into parties. France supported her Pope Clement; England, to oppose France, though liking neither, supported Urban. Wickliffe took no part. He knew what lay underneath the surface of these political conflicts, and, between two such evils, wisely chose neither. He says, that God had graciously cloven the head of Antichrist, and urges England to take advantage of this Papal mutilation, to push forward her claim for religious freedom.

7. *Edward III. befriended Wickliffe.* The triumphs of his wars in France, and the prosperity that long crowned his reign, did not prevent him from lending his patronage to the Reformer. But, the death of that monarch in 1377 is a melancholy illustration of the vanity of earthly things. After a long and brilliant reign, he lived to witness the death of Philippa, his inestimable wife; and he saw the body of the Black Prince, the son of his proudest hopes, laid in his grave at Canterbury. His prosperity forsook him; his popularity decayed; he lost the respect of his nobles, and the love of the people. Sustained, in his heavy troubles, by no Christian principles, his moral and intellectual strength gave way, and he fell under the subjection of an artful and rapacious woman. His death was a heavy blow to Wickliffe, and to the growth of the first Reformation. His immediate successor, Richard, son of the Black Prince, was too infirm of purpose to control the strong will of the bishops, and curb the arrogance of Popes; while the usurper, Henry IV., was glad to conciliate the favour of the Church, by persecuting the followers of Wickliffe, in order to divert men's minds from the defect of his title, and the instability of his throne.

8. *Weakened as to political influence, Wickliffe's mind waxed stronger in his knowledge of Scripture truth, and he was more resolved to disseminate it.* Tracts on all the great Christian doctrines, based upon the sufficiency of Scripture alone, flowed rapidly from his pen, and found everywhere their eager readers among the people. So fearless are his denunciations of the Church of Rome in its corruptions of teaching and practice, that if the author's name were concealed, you would imagine you were listening to Luther himself. No longer a babe in Christ, but grown to the full stature of a perfect man,—no longer seeing things darkly, but beholding in the glass of Scripture, the glory of the Lord, he disdained to suppress one iota of the Gospel, which the Spirit had revealed in power to his soul. And yet he counted the cost. In his tract on "The Truth of Scripture," he expressed his strong apprehension that he should be cut off one day, either by burning or some other death,—"ut sim combustione, vel morte alia, extinctus." Still, none of these things moved him, but in the spirit of one greater than he, he was ready, not only to suffer, but to die for the sake of the Lord Jesus.

Exasperated Churchmen did their utmost. Bulls were thundered against him from Rome, commanding him to be seized and cast into prison; preachers were dispatched to Oxford to denounce him from the pulpit of St. Mary's; the voice of Parliament was heard in condemnation of the Reformer, his teaching, and his itinerant preachers; and even the University of Oxford expelled one of her best and greatest members from that venerable seat of learning. Then it was Wickliffe retired finally to Lutterworth; dishonoured, indeed, by men, but inwardly rejoicing that he was counted worthy to suffer for the sake of Christ. Banished from public life, he spent the short remainder of his days in finishing his great work,—the translation of the

whole Bible into English, and adding to the amount of his already prodigious writings, enough to fill four or five thick folio volumes, nearly equal in bulk to the writings of Augustine.

9. *Wickliffe's great work—immortale opus!—was the translation of the Bible into the language of the people.* Gigantic as the scheme was, the conception was entirely his own, excepting as inspired by Him from whom all good thoughts proceed. Hitherto there had been no entire Bible for the English people.

Since the 7th century, the Latin Vulgate has been the Bible of the Church of Rome. At that time and long afterwards, there was no other language settled and known in Europe; it was only by slow degrees that modern languages grew out of the mixture of various unformed dialects of Northern and other nations. Even now, the English of Chaucer, and Wickliffe, and Spenser, immensely as it was improved by them, yet often needs translating to make it plain. Some few portions of the Scriptures had been translated before Wickliffe's great work. The Psalms were first translated into Anglo-Saxon in the 8th century; the venerable Bede, whose simple tomb enriches the "Galilee" of Durham Cathedral (inscribed with this quaint Latin rhyme, "sub hâc fossâ jacent Bedæ venerabilis ossa"), just finished his version of St. John's Gospel as he breathed his last.

Alfred the Great set the noble example, which kings and princes are loth to follow, of promoting Bible knowledge among his subjects. A little before the Conquest, some more books were translated into Anglo-Saxon. But in the 11th century, Pope Gregory VII. condemned translations as offensive to God. In the 12th century, Innocent III. strove mildly to dissuade men from wishing a thing so injurious to faith and morals. In the 13th century, the Council of Toulouse forbade men to have a translation in their possession. These

things were not encouraging, but Wickliffe saw the people perishing for lack of knowledge, and he resolved to do his utmost to give it them.

In 1380, *only four years before he died, he set himself fairly to the herculean task.* Preaching, he knew, was good; tract writing was good; the labours of his home-mission priests were good; but unless people have the written Word to read in private, to mark and learn and inwardly digest, evangelistic work must lack stability. Universal experience shows that no mission labour gains permanent hold upon a people unless they have the precious deposit of the written Word to feed and maintain their spiritual life. Wickliffe knew this, and so did the United Brethren in Bohemia,—Luther and Calvin, Tyndale and Cranmer. Modern missions wisely aim to translate the Scriptures into the language of the people, and it is the glory of the Bible Society that it prints the Bible for the whole world without comment, and disseminates that precious gift among all nations.

Wickliffe's translation was begun in Oxford, but finished in Lutterworth. The New Testament probably was done by his own hand, while, under his supervision and correction, some associates were employed on Old Testament books. It was made from the Vulgate, for Hebrew and Greek were not much studied then, even in Oxford. The correctness of his translation is confirmed even by hostile testimony. It was evidently consulted by King James's translators, and contributed to perfect the Authorized Version; and, since the English language owes much of its extraordinary vigour, fulness, and stability to the English Bible, no small debt of gratitude is due to Wickliffe: for, while Chaucer first made English speak in poetry, the harder and slower task of moulding varied elements into English prose, was mainly accomplished for us by the labours of Wickliffe's translation.

Had Wickliffe lived one hundred years later, or had the printing-press been known one hundred years sooner, the Reformation certainly could not have been kept back till the Eighth Henry quarrelled with the Pope. The press of Wittemburg gave the Germans 3000 copies of Luther's Testament as soon as it was finished, and fifty editions more in the next twelve years. However, Wickliffe's Bible was largely copied and eagerly read among the people for fifteen years, until the Government stopped its circulation, and made it penal even to possess a copy. But such tyranny often defeats itself. Wickliffe's Bible was secretly treasured in the people's houses, and its saving truths hidden in many a heart. Not many years ago, a secret cupboard was found behind the wainscot of an old house in Lutterworth, containing a copy of Wickliffe's Bible, with other prohibited books. Many copies were, no doubt, destroyed; but the recent editors of Wickliffe's Bible report, that 170 MSS. of that translation, whole or in part, are even now extant.

In the last few months of Wickliffe's life, when enfeebled by paralysis, he was cited by Pope Urban VI. to appear before him at Rome, to answer to the charge of heresy. Unequal to the fatigue of such a journey, he wrote such a letter to the Pope, as became a dying confessor of the Lord Jesus. He expressed his willingness to declare his faith to any man living, much more to the Pope. He lays down the principles of the Gospel of Christ, and urges his Holiness to obey them. He protests against the worldliness of the Church, and warns the faithful to be imitators of Christ. He advises the Pope to resign all temporal dominion: "If in this I have erred, I am willing to be convicted, even to death; if in my body I were strong, I would humbly seek the presence of the Roman Pontiff, but God hath compelled me to the contrary, and taught me to obey God rather than man." He then concluded with a prayer, that the good

desires of the Pope may not be frustrated by the arts of his subtle counsellors.

10. *But Wickliffe's work was finished*, and he had received his summons to appear before another tribunal. On St. Thomas's day, while preparing to preach, he was struck speechless with paralysis; and after lingering a week, he ended his eventful life on the last day of the year 1384. A vault within the chancel of Lutterworth Church received his honoured remains, to sleep there in peace, as men thought, till the Lord came, when all His faithful servants shall "obtain their perfect consummation and bliss, both in body and soul, in His eternal and everlasting kingdom."

So men thought. But, thirty-one years afterwards, at the Council of Constance, extracts from Wickliffe's writings were condemned, and it was ordered that Wickliffe's grave should be opened, his bones disinterred and burnt. Thirteen years later, this sentence was executed. His coffin was taken up, a fire was kindled on the bridge that crossed the river Swift at Lutterworth, the bones of England's first Reformer were consumed, and the ashes thrown into the river. "The Swift," says Fuller, "conveyed them to the Avon,—Avon to the Severn,—Severn to the narrow seas,—they to the main ocean; and thus the ashes of Wickliffe are the emblem of his doctrine, which is now dispersed all the world over."

III. I now come to the result of Wickliffe's labours, and the lessons which his history teaches.

1. *His work was soon tested by persecution.* Wickliffe lived seven years after the death of Edward III. Richard II. had married Ann of Bohemia, who was well disposed towards the Reformer and his doctrines; but the new king was not the man to withstand the power of an arrogant archbishop, backed by the Pope and papal clergy. Two years before Wickliffe' death, he obtained letters

patent from the King to arrest and imprison the preachers of heresy,—a measure that struck a blow at the itinerant labours of Wickliffe's poor priests. Intently busy with his work of translation, at Lutterworth, still, he saw that a black storm was gathering, and a few heavy drops already beginning to fall. Six years after this, Richard II., that feeble prince, was prevailed on to issue a Commission of search into private houses, and seize all the books and tracts of Wickliffe; making it penal to teach, or even hold, his opinions, or to keep, copy, buy, or sell, any of his books whatever. Inquisition was especially made in the counties of Hereford, Leicester, and Northampton. This measure tested how far the Reformation doctrines had obtained possession of the public mind. Men were astonished at the deep root they had already gained. Notwithstanding that, a Bill was brought into the House of Lords, six years after Wickliffe's death, to condemn his English translation, and prohibit its use; yet John of Gaunt, who cared nothing about religion, but cherished a just sense of English freedom, replied, "That other nations have the law of God in their own language, and we will not be the dregs of all." The Bill was cast out.

Arundel was then Archbishop. Failing with Parliament, the bishops and clergy persuaded the King to turn his eyes to Oxford, which they said "was wholly infected with Wickliffe's doctrine, and brought forth abortive children, wholly degenerate from the ancient race." To wipe out this scandal, the University send twelve delegates to the Convocation at St. Paul's, who report that "they have very deliberately inspected many books, little treatises, and other pieces of John Wickliffe, and diligently digested and censured those things which seemed contrary to sacred doctrines, and deserving the fire." Thus, during this reign, it went hard with the followers of Wickliffe.

2. *But things were worse in the reign of his successor.* In 1399, Richard II. was sent to prison and forced to acknowledge that he was incapable of governing, which indeed was true; soon after he was murdered in Pontefract Castle; which was infamous. Henry IV. usurped the throne. He wanted all the support that pope, bishops, and priests could give him. The extinction of Lollardism was the price at which it was valued. The King covenanted to pay it, and the chief priests were glad. At that crisis that execrable Bill was passed, forbidding any one to preach even privately without a licence from the bishop; that none should preach, hold, or teach, or write, anything contrary to the Catholic faith, or make any conventicles, or teach schools; that offenders against this statute were to be arrested, and being convicted, to be kept in prison and fined; and if he refused to abjure, or relapsed, he was to be delivered to the secular arm, brought to some high place, before the people, and burnt for the terror of others.

This statute, "De Heretico Comburendo,"—the foulest act of legislation that ever defiled our statute books,—was not suffered to lie dormant. William Sawtre, a clergyman of the diocese of Norwich, was the first soldier of Christ who belonged to the noble army of martyrs. He was convicted of holding Wickliffe's opinions. The King issued a warrant for his execution: "and thus," says Foxe, "the custom of burning for heresy had beginning in our country."

A poor man called John Bradbie, a blacksmith, or as some say, a tailor, one of Wickliffe's followers, was soon after burnt at Smithfield. Prince Henry, afterwards Henry V., was present at the scene, and urged him to recant. It was in vain. He was placed in a barrel, surrounded with combustible materials, and burning fuel heaped around it. His cries moved the Prince, who ordered the combustibles to be withdrawn; still, though half dead, his faith remained

firm. Nothing could induce him to renounce Christ. The Prince, irritated by his constancy, ordered the execution to proceed, and the body of this holy martyr was burnt to ashes.

3. *In* 1413 *Henry V. ascended the throne.* The prelates, and abbots especially, were afraid of the active spirit of this young king. They fanned his desire for war with France. "Such a meddling soul," they said, "must be sent out of harm's way." Had his humour happened to side with the Lollards, Henry V. would have saved Henry VIII. much pains in demolishing monasteries. But the time for that was not yet come. Fiery trials were at hand. Measures of the most inquisitorial rigour were adopted by Archbishop Chicheley, in Convocation, to ensure the utter extinction of the Lollards and their opinions. The iron entered their soul. Men's foes were those of their own household. Brothers betrayed one another, husbands detected their wives, and children their parents, servants their mistresses, and even parents their children. Many were forced to abjure, or suffer imprisonment, or be burnt.

Sir John Oldcastle, afterwards Lord Cobham, is not unknown to you. He had heard Wickliffe in his youth, believed in Christ with all his heart, fought in the army of Henry V., stood forth in Parliament to maintain the truth of the Gospel, sent out missionaries to preach in several countries; and, at his own expense too, multiplied copies of Wickliffe's writings, and scattered the seed of the Gospel both in England and Bohemia, and other parts of the Continent. Against this champion, proceedings were next taken; but, unlike Wolsey—

"He *had* served his God, as he had served his king,
And He did not forsake him, nor leave him naked to his enemies."

The King sent for Lord Cobham, and attempted to turn him aside from the faith. He was not moved, even by royal

expostulations. Cited before Convocation, at St. Paul's, he remained unshaken there. "As for that virtuous man Wickliffe, before God and man I here profess, that until I knew him and his doctrines, that ye so highly disdain, I never abstained from sin; but since I have learnt from him to fear my God, I trust it hath been otherwise with me." Threats and warnings were alike in vain. "My mind," said he, "is unalterable—you may do with me as you please." The archbishop, clergy, and laity stood uncovered while sentence was pronounced upon him. Some interval passed, before the law, which Parliament wrote in blood, took its course. At length, he was dragged in a hurdle to St. Giles-in-the-Fields, a chain was fastened about his waist, and, while praying for his persecutors, he was slowly consumed to death. "The fate of this great man"—these are Lord Brougham's words—"certainly stamps an indelible disgrace both upon the age adorned by his virtues, and upon the prince" (remember it was Henry V.) "under whose reign, and with whose entire assent, he was made the object of such unrelenting persecution for conscience' sake."

4. *Terrible as were these barbarities, yet Wickliffe's Reformation-work grew and spread.* It was a plant of the Lord's own planting, and could not be uprooted by the sharpest weeding-hook that earth or hell could furnish. The Lollards were cast down, but not destroyed. They were ready to go to prison, and to die; but they were not ready to abandon their faith in Christ, nor surrender Wickliffe's Bible and writings which fed that faith. In the diocese of Lincoln alone, five hundred men and women were accused of possessing and reading Wickliffe's books, and holding the doctrines he taught; nay, it is said that if two persons were met in the streets, one of them was sure to be a Lollard. Forty-nine persons, many holding official rank in Church or State, are named, all persecuted as disciples of

Wickliffe, and some burnt as martyrs. The counties of Hereford, Essex, Leicester, Norfolk, York, and parts of Kent near Rochester, were leavened with Wickliffe's teaching. Ireland, too, received it. Many of the Colleges of Oxford were deeply tinged with Lollardism, while the Papal party boasted that Cambridge preserved her virgin innocence—"*earum heresium ab inventionibus immaculata*"—"unpolluted by the novel inventions of those heresies." Such was the power and prevalence of Wickliffe's Reformation-doctrines at home.

5. *But the fire was also kindled on the Continent.* Twenty years after Wickliffe's death, the preaching of John Huss filled the Bethlehem Chapel, in Prague, with attentive hearers. Huss had studied the Scriptures and the writings of Wickliffe, which were then freely circulated in Bohemia. They testified of Christ to his soul. The King himself encouraged learning, and patronized this great preacher. Huss found an able coadjutor in Jerome of Prague, who had studied in Oxford, and was partaker of the like precious faith. The Reformation-movement, thus commenced at Prague, attracted the jealous eye of the Papacy. Two hundred volumes of Wickliffe's writings were collected and burnt; but his doctrines were stedfastly believed. It was the memorable year 1414. The eyes of all nations were turned to the Great Council convened at Constance. Nearly all the sovereigns of Europe were there, personally or by representatives. Henry V. sent delegates from England. Cardinals, archbishops, bishops, and clergy, numbering more than two thousand, besides one hundred thousand strangers from all parts of Europe, thronged into that Swiss town.

It was the most important Council, except that of Trent, ever held in the Roman Church. They had much work to do;—a great schism to heal—three Popes to depose—a fourth Pope to appoint; but the hardest work was to quench Wickliffe's Reformation. Thirty years had elapsed since

Wickliffe died. They knew "that he being dead, yet speaketh." They resolved to prohibit his speaking even from the silent grave. His honoured remains were ordered to be dug up, and burnt. Archbishop Chicheley went to Lutterworth, and superintended that display of impotent malignity. It was found more easy to disturb Wickliffe's bones in his grave, than to extirpate his doctrine from the hearts of living men. John Huss was summoned from Prague to appear before the Council. Trusting to the Emperor's safe-conduct, to go and return in peace, he went to Constance. On arriving there he was thrown into prison, and required to disavow his agreement with Wickliffe's writings which he acknowledged to have read with delight, and with whose soul, he admitted, he had often wished his own might be. All offers of mercy on such terms were firmly rejected. "Send the meanest person to convince me, by arguments, out of Scripture, to him I will submit my judgment." Such was his defence. The Council finally adjudged him to die at the stake. Hearing his sentence, he prayed in the forgiving spirit of the first martyr,—"Oh! my God! out of that infinite mercy of thine, which no tongue can express, avenge not my wrongs!"

Two months after, the execution of Huss was followed by that of his disciple Jerome. Although exhausted and enfeebled by a year's confinement in a dark and loathsome dungeon, yet his learning, his commanding eloquence, the music of his voice, and the gracefulness of his demeanour, left such an impression on his enemies, that they tried every art to win him back. But his faith was immoveable. He was led to the stake, like his predecessor, sustained amid the tortures of death by the grace and presence of Christ, rejoicing that he was counted worthy of the honour of the martyr's crown.

Huss and Jerome were consumed by fire. But no flames

that man ever kindled can annihilate the work of God. Leaders may fall in the great conflict, but disciples spring up and remain. The voice of Huss was heard no more in his church at Prague, but Hussites were still found as faithful as he in the cities and plains of Bohemia. The Reformation, of which Wickliffe's writings were the spark, was kept alive for a century among the Moravian brethren,—that pattern of a martyr and a missionary church—until Luther kindled the torch of the blessed Reformation, thundered again at the thunders of the Vatican, and fearlessly denounced the Pope to be Antichrist, the corrupter of God's truth, and the enslaver of nations. A century after Huss, Luther arose. He did for Germany what Wickliffe had done for England,—unclasped the Bible,—scattered its precious truths broadcast among the millions of her people, through the printing-press; awoke the spirit of religious inquiry through Europe; and quickened spiritual Christianity anew in the heart of this country, which, consecrated by the blood of her martyrs, embodied in the faith and formularies of her Protestant churches, taught by her ministers, loved and defended by her people; secured to all alike, by the laws of religious freedom, at the era of the Revolution, and confirmed by a series of enlightened legislation, as the birthright of every British subject;—it is this Protestant Christianity, of which Wickliffe was the morning star, that has given this land of ours her freedom, her power, her colonies, her commerce—made her the bulwark of liberty all over the world, the home of the exile, and asylum of the oppressed—the fatherland towards which English hearts turn with undying affection, all over the world—

> "England! with all thy faults, I love thee still—
> My country!

a land, where myriads of God's people serve Him con-

tinually with their bodies and spirit, which are His; and where myriads and myriads have died in the faith of Christ, bequeathing to us the power of their good example, and the hope that "with them we may be partakers of His heavenly kingdom."

Let Wickliffe teach two or three lessons.

1. *Take the fact that lies upon the broad surface of his history,—how much one man can accomplish!* You may find hundreds of men whose names stand out in prominent relief; some conspicuous, and long remembered for the good they accomplished—some, whose names are graven upon ruined hopes, and wide-spread desolation—men, like the visitations of a pestilence, remembered only to be hated by the miseries they leave behind. John Wickliffe's sun rose, shone, set, diffusing light, life, hope, wherever his bright beams were flung. And yet he had no special advantages. He had not the influence of family, place, rank, or connections of any kind. It is true that Edward III. nominated him in a commission to the Pope, and gave him a rectory in Leicestershire. The Princess Dowager of Wales sent some message in his favour when Wickliffe was summoned before a synod at Lambeth; and John of Gaunt stood by his side in a riotous Convocation at St. Paul's. And that was all the help that princely greatness gave. He was great, but it was God, not man, that made him great. Wickliffe was a man of great knowledge, great faith, combined with great boldness and zeal. Regardless of toil, or danger, or life, if he could set forth Christ's glory, and set forward the salvation of souls, that was all he cared to live for.

And stood marvellously alone. From the first he appears in the world as a solitary being. There is an isolation about him, so strangely retiring is he. He never says anything about himself. His own family, Roman Catholic for

many generations, have left no record of him. We are not surprised at that. They would disown him most scrupulously. Even the portrait that adorns the rectory of Wycliffe,—the spare, thin venerable figure, with piercing glance, and gentle looks, a Bible under his arm, and staff in his hand,—which is familiar to our recollections, we are not sure that even that portrait is genuine. Among all the ponderous folios that issued from his pen, there is no allusion to himself. We get no anecdotes of him; no notice of his life, fears, feelings. There is the man—but he seems to elude all personal inquiry. Like his great prototype, he shrinks away from you the moment you ask, "Who art thou?" Like the great prophet of Horeb, he comes all at once before you; but, as to personal relations,—father, mother, wife, sister, children,—you never hear him refer to them.

And yet Wickliffe was not a rough, hard man. His entire history betrays a gentle, meek, calm spirit. He seems to have made no personal enmities, for he had no personal pretensions. He was a humble-minded, very earnest man, intently absorbed in his one great work, and just looking to Heaven for teaching and power. This was the spirit of the man. And in this sense he was singular. Luther, both before he began his life-work, and after, was not alone. Zwingle, Calvin, Knox, Latimer, Ridley, Cranmer, were not alone. They had companions, helpers, supporters. Wickliffe had none, or almost none. Of course, as his work advanced, disciples sprang up. But they were created for him and by him, through the truth he felt, and propagated. A martyr himself in spirit, and ready any day to be led as a martyr to the flames, he stood foremost at the head of a noble army, to whom Christian truth was more precious than life. And, remarkable enough, though his writings were everywhere read, and disciples were found in all ranks, and outlived the turbulence of the next century, still Wickliffe never became the head of a party. His

followers are but faintly identified with his name. He aspired to no eminence but the eminence of doing good; he sought no glory but the glory that awaits God's faithful servants who have done their work well. He did his duty in that state of life to which God called him; neither seeking man's praise, nor dreading man's terror. He found God the best of masters, and His favour the richest reward.

2. Learn another lesson,—*Where lay the secret of Wickliffe's power and success.* His lot was cast, as you have seen, in times when everything around him, in Church and State, was intensely Papal, save the outspoken bluntness of some few members now and then in the English Parliament. Kings, nobles, clergy, priests, universities, churches, were all Romish. Not tamely content, all of them; for the Pope did many things that grated sorely on the growing freedom of the English people, and they murmured. Wickliffe early sympathised with this discontent, and as the feeling grew, he gave utterance to his convictions.

Others had been dissatisfied with the state of the Church before Wickliffe. Even the friars themselves strove to reform, but failed. Their zeal was not fed by living streams from the great Fountain of Life; it dried up, or became putrid.

Cowper describes the folly of attempting to reform others, without the light of the Scriptures:

> "Thus men go wrong with an ingenious skill,
> Bend the straight rule to their own crooked will:
> And with a clear and shining lamp supplied,
> First put it out, then take it for their guide.
> Halting on crutches of unequal size,
> One leg by truth supported, one by lies;
> They sidle to the goal with awkward pace,
> Secure of nothing—but to lose the race."

Some, indeed, wielded the sword of the Spirit, and struck a blow at one error or another. Thus Ockham denounced the Pope's intrusive meddling with kings and their crowns.

The abuses of monks and friars were exposed by Armachanus. The doctrine of Transubstantiation was denied by Abelard. Justification by faith alone was taught by Bradwardine, and Greathead, Bishop of Lincoln, had expressed his conviction that the Pope was Antichrist.

These single shots were fired before Wickliffe, but they were soon repaired. It was Wickliffe that first brought the artillery of the translated Bible into the field, and pointed his guns at the whole fabric of popery, till popes, cardinals, and bishops shook with terror. He saw that Rome dreaded nothing so much as the Bible. Other modes of attack only chip off a few ornaments; the Bible demolishes the walls. It was that Bible that Luther found in the College library, that wrought the second and great Reformation. It was the Bible that Wickliffe studied and taught in Oxford,—which he expounded in his pulpit, and,—above all, which he translated in his study at Lutterworth,—transcribed and multiplied into hundreds of copies, by faithful disciples,—explained by short and popular tracts,—this was the secret of his strength and pledge of success. "My word shall not return to me void." Portions of this Bible were put into the hands of his home missionaries, and formed the substance and life of their homely teaching. College libraries were probably enriched with copies; ay, and many an itinerant preacher went his rounds from county to county, just like the colporteurs now-a-days of the Bible Society, and the more recent Bible-reading men, disseminating everywhere the Word of Life among the people. "It is monstrous heresy," said he, "to say that the people are to know no more of the law of God than what priests and prelates choose to give; the faith of the Church is in the Scriptures; the more these are known, and the better."

Yes, a better thing could not be done; by translating the entire Bible into English, and putting that translation into the hands of the people, he kindled the lamp of life in a

thousand parishes, and hundreds of thousands saw and rejoiced in the light. This was the great work of Wickliffe's life. The studies, and teachings, and toils of half a century had fitted him to do it. By doing this, he forged an instrument that struck off the fetters from many a burdened spirit, —and gave to the English nation that, which, cherished in a thousand bosoms, and fed by a thousand prayers, built up, at length, the fabric of social, civil, religious happiness, which makes Great Britain the envy or admiration of the world.

3. *I learn one lesson more from Wickliffe's history—that God's time is always best.* If his Bible found its way into the houses and hearts of the people, and his disciples so multiplied, that half the persons travelling along the road, would probably be Lollards, how is it, if the field were white already to harvest, that the reapers of the great Reformation did not thrust in their sickles, until a century and a half had passed away? That it was not because the spiritual life of Wickliffe's followers wanted power, Foxe bears his impartial testimony :—"To see their travails, their earnest seeking, their ardent zeal, their reading, their watching, their sweet assemblies, their love and concord, their godly living, their faithful marrying with the faithful, may make us now, in these our days of full profession, to blush for shame." But there were other causes. The slow process of transcribing the Scriptures had not, as yet, sufficiently evangelized the mind and heart of the nation. No doubt each copy was carefully studied by many readers or hearers, especially during the first fifteen years after Wickliffe's death; but bibles were too scarce to instruct the people; and soon after Richard's accession, the Scriptures must have been read stealthily in secret. The severer measures which were adopted in subsequent reigns, must have discouraged religious inquiry, and deterred the wavering; while bold and faithful men were put out of the way

by imprisonment or death. The political troubles, too, that fiercely agitated the country, during the Wars of the Roses until the marriage of the Seventh Henry, absorbed men's minds, and postponed the great questions, which Wickliffe's writings had already stirred them to consider. Had the Reformation come on then, the nation would have proved itself unequal to the struggle, and the work in England, as in Spain, would have been a failure. God's time is best.

Here, then, we take our leave of Wickliffe. A man, as great as he was good, as modest as he was useful, who sought nothing for himself, while he bestowed the greatest blessings that man can bestow upon others. And I commend him as an example to you. Doubtless he was not faultless, but his faults were marvellously few. Had he lived in other days, the lustre of his deeds might have been brighter, or at least some faithful cotemporary might have more fully recorded his virtues. Had he lived in Apostolic times, his name and labours might have found a place with Silas, or Timothy, in the records of the Scriptures. Had he lived in the 16th century, then Coverdale, and Ridley, and Latimer, would have met with another companion, as mighty to labour, and as willing to suffer, as themselves. Had he lived in the 17th century I could imagine him standing side by side with Baxter, and Owen, and Bunyan —men, not martyrs in body, but who lived and died, in the spirit in which none but martyrs live and die. And if Wickliffe had lived in our eventful age, and came to stand before you to-night, a thin, spare figure, with his Bible and his staff, methinks the counsel he would give to every young man here, would be that which a godly father once gave with his dying lips,—"My Son, know thou the God of thy Father; and serve Him with a perfect heart, and with a willing mind,—if thou seek Him, He will be found of thee,—but if thou forsake Him He will cast thee off for ever."

The English Reformation,

AND

Archbishop Cranmer.

A LECTURE

BY

EDWARD CORDEROY, ESQ.

THE ENGLISH REFORMATION,

AND

ARCHBISHOP CRANMER.

WHOEVER would seek for the causes of the Reformation in the sixteenth, should traverse the historical pathways of the fourteenth and fifteenth, centuries.

FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

In the earlier part of this century, religion had attained "its greatest degree of corruption, and learning was at its lowest ebb." Parts of Northern Europe were still heathen, and Christianity made little progress. In some places, by the energy of the Mohammedan power it actually lost ground. Yet in this century there were a few note-worthy facts,—strong gleams of light thrown across the general gloom, which gave promise of a brighter and better time.

I. The partial revival of Greek and Roman learning. Dante, followed by Petrarch, Boccaccio, and their contemporaries, sought out ancient MSS. with ardour and freely gave them circulation. Learning somewhat revived, and created a purer taste, a desire for better civil government, and for a healthier philosophy.

II. In this century, England produced John Wycliffe, "who exposed, with hitherto unparalleled success, the multiplied abuses of the existing Church, the corruption in the morals of the clergy; and some of the most prominent

errors in doctrine."* He preached boldly, he wrote extensively, he employed earnest itinerant ministers, but the work which has rendered Wycliffe immortal is the translation of the Holy Scriptures into the English tongue,—a boon and a blessing, such as no calculation can estimate, no acknowledgment repay.

III. The English Parliament were influenced to withstand the power of Rome. For a long period the Papal court had assumed the right of granting "provisions," in virtue of which persons (usually foreign priests) were intruded into English churches and even into Bishops' Sees; but in 1344, the *Statute of Provisors* was passed, which made void every ecclesiastical appointment, contrary to the rights of the king, the chapter, or the patrons. The famous *Statute of Premunire* is closely related to that of *Provisors*, both had their origin in the reign of Edward I., though the more complete form of the Statute of Premunire dates from 1393, in the reign of Richard II.; it interdicts all appeals to Rome, and the reception of all bulls, excommunications, &c., from the Bishop of Rome, "which touch the king, his crown, and realm."

Pope Urban V. had the folly to demand that Edward III. should recognize him as legitimate sovereign of England, and pay as feudal tribute an annual rent of one thousand marks. In case of refusal he was required to appear at Rome. This was too much for the conqueror of Crecy,—far too much for the Lords and Commons of England; and, inspired by Wycliffe, one of the peers exclaimed, "England belongs not to the Pope: the Pope is a man subject to sin, but Christ is the Lord of lords, and this kingdom is

* Encyclopædia Metropolitana.

held directly and solely of Christ alone."* Edward III. made Wycliffe his chaplain.

FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

This century was an era of invention and discovery, and was marked by events indicating the gradual awakening of intellectual, and the exertion of moral, power; though to those who lived at the time, these events scarcely assumed their full importance, for the period of mental and religious emancipation had not yet come.

I. There were several attempts at ecclesiastical reform by the Church itself. The humiliating dissensions of rival popes, and the immorality and ignorance of the priests, led to efforts (to use the language of the time) for "the reform of the Church in its head and its members." These attempts, however, never aimed at change of doctrine,—simply, at improvement in external discipline, and the limitation of the power of the Pope.

II. There was a popular movement for religious reform. The spirit of Wycliffe lived again in the Professor of Prague.

John Huss, from the chair of divinity and philosophy, repeated and enforced the opinions of the Rector of Lutterworth. He boldly asserted, at the Council of Constance, the supreme authority of the Word of God. This was the way to martyrdom. Huss was burned at the stake, his ashes cast on the Rhine, and his spirit ascended to God. His friend Jerome was condemned by the same council to a similar death for similar offences, and he followed his teacher to heaven in a chariot of fire.

The same council stigmatized Wycliffe's writings as

* D'Aubigné's Reformation. Vol. 5.

heretical, and issued a decree that his bones should be dug up and burned with his works.

But burning heretics does not suppress heresy. The Bohemians, three or four years after the death of Huss, gave war to the empire; all Germany was stirred; and though the empire finally triumphed, yet the Hussite war gave a considerable impulse to the mental and moral activities of the time.

III. The mystics of this century—the most celebrated of whom was Thomas à Kempis (whose book disputes with the "Pilgrim's Progress," the honour of the largest circulation of uninspired works)—excited many to search after spiritual religion.

IV. There was an intellectual revolution growing out of an event which threatened to retard the civilization of Europe.

Mohammed II. attacked Constantinople, and the time was come when the Eastern empire was, like the Western, to fall, for empire was no longer deserved; public and private virtue had decayed, and, with these, the entire strength of the people. The last emperor fought with a courage worthy of ancient Rome; but it was only the bright flicker of the lamp,—a momentary gleam before the extinction of the flame,—and Constantinople was lost. Yet the ways of God are not as our ways, nor His thoughts as our thoughts: the terror and distress of Europe, at the march of the Ottoman power, prevented men from seeing that out of this deserved evil, undeserved good was springing; and so infinite is the compassion of God, that His judgments are ever allied to His mercy.

For centuries Constantinople possessed in its libraries and manuscripts untold treasures of genius, learning, and eloquence. Dante and Petrarch had rejoiced to find a

few pearls and give them precious setting in the mind of Europe; but in the Queen City of the East there was a mine of rarest jewels, a hoard of wealth of incalculable preciousness, and these were preserved in the order of Providence till Europe was prepared to value them.

Constantinople was attacked by Arabs in the seventh and eighth centuries. Barbarians had frequently infested the city, but its libraries were preserved. The Latins possessed it in the thirteenth century for sixty years, yet they were insensible to the value of the treasures around them.

The dispersion of the Eastern scholars, with their books and MSS., at an earlier period, "would (says Dr. William Smyth)* have had no effect on the rest of the world; the seeds of future improvement would have fallen on a rocky soil, no flower would have taken root, no vegetation quickened:" but when Mohammed II. sacked Constantinople and scattered its scholars, they, with such of their treasures as escaped the ruthlessness of the Turks, were transferred to nations beginning to feel a spirit of independence and emulation,—to kingdoms acquiring strength, and not degenerating, as had been the empire of the Greeks. One hundred and twenty thousand manuscript books are said to have perished, yet those preserved were eagerly sought for and copies multiplied.

Nicholas V. was now Pope, and founded the Library of the Vatican.

V. Religious faith stirred, and intellectual power roused, politicians felt the influence of the movement, and, as Guizot, remarks, "all these changes were progressing amidst the greatest political alterations which had previously occurred in Europe, amid the working towards centralization in nations and governments."

* Lectures on Modern History.

VI. This was the age of maritime discovery, the Portuguese pushed southward to Guinea, and thence from headland to headland, till Bartholomew Diaz found the southernmost point, and called it, after his own experience, the "Cape of Storms;" his monarch, with a truer instinct of the future, desired it to be called the Cape of Good Hope.

Vasco de Gama doubled the Cape in 1497, and opened the sea route to the East.

Others voyaged to Alexandria, crossed to the Red Sea, and reached by that route the prize of the world, the peninsula of India. Spain sent out Columbus, who, in 1492, discovered the West Indies; in 1498 the mainland of America. Sebastian Cabot, a merchant of Bristol, gave Newfoundland to England, and in 1497 coasted down the seaboard of North America.

The addition of a New World to Geography, the opening of new marts of commerce to Europe, necessarily stimulated the public mind.

VII. The age, too, was rife with inventions: some previously known, but little employed, were brought into general use. Gunpowder, invented long before, now changed the system of war—the compass, improved as early as 1300, now more trusted by the mariner, changed the system of navigation. "The art of oil-painting was developed, and covered Europe with masterpieces. Engraving on copper, invented in 1460, multiplied and disseminated them;" * and the art of turning linen into paper, though it may have had an earlier origin, became general only in this century, and was an art probably second in usefulness to the invention of printing.

VIII. Perhaps the greatest agent in the preparation for future freedom—mental, political, and religious,—was the invention of printing between 1440 and 1450. Caxton introduced it to England in 1474.

* Guizot's History of Civilization.

The toil of the Scribe was over—all that was powerful in thought might now be rendered immortal, and words worth preserving, "committed with feeble ink to perishable paper," were by the printing press made capable of lasting while sun and moon endure. It is singularly interesting that the earliest printed book (properly so called) is now generally believed to be the Mazarin Bible, a work most beautifully got up, and in reference to which Hallam eloquently writes: "We may in imagination see this venerable and splendid volume leading up the crowded myriads of its followers, and imploring, as it were, a blessing on the new art, by dedicating its first fruits, to the service of Heaven."

IX. In this century religious thought worked in England. The party worshipping the past, and desirous of maintaining the existing order of things, was powerful; but those who desired ecclesiastical change were growing in strength. The secular and regular clergy—whose feuds were hereditary—fought their old battles with increased bitterness. Their hostility doubtless enabled Henry VIII., in the next century, to suppress monasteries more readily than he could otherwise have done.

Friars were found to deny the divine authority of tithes, to insist they ought not to be paid to the parochial clergy. An archbishop of Canterbury reported to the Pope, "We know that some thought, and others were heard to say, that if Christ were so poor, why should His followers, the Pope, the Cardinals, the Archbishops, Bishops, and Abbots, have such large possessions?" The provincial of the Carmelites, John Mylverton, for proclaiming such views, was summoned to Rome, and committed to the dungeons of St. Angelo for two years, that he might learn to be less troublesome.

There were some of the endowed Clergy who had embraced these opinions as to the revenues of the Church,

who also said much to discourage the adoration of the Cross, the worship of images, and prayers to saints; and some few who dared to deny that the bread in the Eucharist ever ceased to be bread.

The Laity, too, became desirous of ecclesiastical change, both in manners and doctrine. Claydon, a fellmonger of London, who had been imprisoned two years in Conway Castle, and four years in the Fleet, for his opinions, was accused to the authorities of having a book in his possession which taught that the Pope was Antichrist. His servants were summoned to bear witness against him, but he declared "the book contained things he believed to be good for his soul." This was enough; the last argument of human intolerance was used: he was bound to the stake and perished in Smithfield.*

In this century three colleges † were added to Oxford, and three to Cambridge; Eton College was founded, and a Divinity School and Public Library at Oxford were established.

Light had been struggling with darkness, knowledge painfully conflicting with ignorance, freedom panting against authority; "the human mind," says Dr. Smyth, "had been creeping on from hint to hint, like the Portuguese voyagers from Cape to Cape." This century was "marked by activities which influence the world deeply now, and by a greatness scarcely apparent at the time," but which magnifies as it is gazed at. At the close of this century the surface of Europe seemed calm. "Violent efforts for reform had been suppressed, governments were consolidated, and the people hushed." "It might be

* Vaughan's Revolutions in History.

† Oxford: Lincoln, All Souls', Magdalen. Cambridge: King's, Queen's, Catherine Hall.

imagined," says Guizot, "that Society was preparing merely to enjoy a better order of things with a quickened impulse. But the Revolutions of the 16th century were impending, which the 15th had only been preparing."

SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

The 16th century came! an era of great men and great things—an era which witnessed the emancipation of the human intellect from the tyranny of usurped authority, which witnessed the triumph of Scriptural truth over the erroneous dogmas of Ecclesiastical Councils, which saw religion brought to the common people as a happy reality; something to be reverenced and loved, as well as believed and obeyed. It was an era gloriously marked by what Rome stigmatized as the Grand Schism, but which, wherever the English language is spoken and the Bible is in the hands of the people, is called by a better, because a truer name, the GREAT REFORMATION!

Some of the causes operating to produce this great event have been already noticed—they affected England as well as the Continent—they have been noticed from a firm conviction that the Reformation was a grand necessity. It was not the result of accident—it came not as alleged, because Dominicans and Augustinians quarrelled about the sale of indulgences—it had not its origin in the ambition of sovereigns, nor in the greediness of Lay nobles to seize the property of the Church; it was not simply a rebellion against the supremacy of the Pope, neither was it altogether the result of an effort on the part of the pious to restore the Primitive Church.

There was a strong and deep current beneath the straws which floated on the surface of the waters, and that current was moved by Him who alone controls the waters, who

holds the winds in His fist, the waves in the hollow of His hand.

If one of the noble old Chroniclers of Scripture were recording the causes of the Reformation, we should doubtless find it written: "And it came to pass at this time that God gave the Spirit of Wisdom to man to invent printing." "And it came to pass that God moved Erasmus to translate the New Testament out of the original Greek," and so on, in reference to all the great impelling causes of the time.

Yes! the finger of God is in this History, and if we refer to human agency principally, it is with the reverent conviction that this agency was permitted, controlled, or ordained, by Almighty God for the accomplishment of His purposes of mercy and salvation to men. Fully believing this, we repeat, the Reformation was a grand necessity, demanded alike by the mind and heart of Europe; it was a wholesome "rebellion of the human understanding" against the abuse of "power in spiritual matters;" the fetters of unscriptural authority galled and irritated those compelled to wear them, and as they grew in intellectual strength, the bonds were snapped asunder, and they rejoiced in their liberty.

It was also a wholesome revolution, right, reasonable, and religious, against an ecclesiastical system which had filled up the measure of its iniquity—which enslaved the souls of men, and when this was overthrown in Germany and England, multitudes of men rejoiced in the freedom wherewith the "truth makes free."

The time for the Reformation was nearly come—earlier Reformers had longed for it—had struggled to obtain it; had, in many cases, laid down their lives, because they witnessed for its necessity, "but as in vain the works of Literature were spread before the Franks, who first captured Constantinople, so the doctrines of truth, and the right of religious inquiry, were to little purpose presented

to Europe by the Early Reformers. They laboured; other men entered into their labours! Their light shined in darkness, the darkness comprehended it not."*

The 14th and 15th centuries were preparing the work of the 16th.

"A change was coming over the world," says Froude, the historian, "the meaning and direction of which even still is hidden from us,—a change from era to era. The paths trodden by the footsteps of ages were broken up; old things were passing away, and the faith and the life of ten centuries were dissolving like a dream. Chivalry was dying; the abbey and the castle were soon together to crumble into ruins; and all the forms, desires, beliefs, convictions, of the Old World were passing away, never to return. A new continent had risen up beyond the Western Sea. The floor of heaven, inlaid with stars, had sunk back into an infinite abyss of immeasurable space; and the firm earth itself, unfixed from its foundations, was seen to be but a small atom in the awful vastness of the universe. In the fabric of habit in which they had so laboriously built for themselves, mankind were to remain no longer.

"And now it is all gone—like an unsubstantial pageant faded; and between us and the old English there lies a gulf which the prose of the historian will never adequately bridge. They cannot come to us, and our imagination can but feebly penetrate to them. Only among the aisles of the Cathedrals, only as we gaze upon their silent figures sleeping on their tombs, some faint conceptions float before us of what those men were when they were alive; and, perhaps, in the sound of church bells, that peculiar creation of the mediæval age which falls upon the ear like the echo of a vanished world."

* Dr. W. Smyth—Lectures on Modern History.

The transition out of this old state has now to be regarded. Our remarks have hitherto applied to the continent as well as to England—they will now be restricted to England alone.

It may be convenient, having enumerated many of the causes which affected the mind of Europe generally, and promoted the great impending change, the greatest event in modern history, to mention various circumstances contributing to, or associated with, the Reformation, somewhat in chronological order.

I. Social life was undergoing great change. Nowhere else does there exist so perfectly, so influentially, the class of Society which stands between the noble and the peasant, the rich and the poor, as in England; and this "middle class," which had for some time been gradually forming, now began to make its power felt. Commerce enriched it, and the possession of land by many of its members aided to establish it.

II. But not only was a class growing powerful that hereafter was to furnish some of the most devoted adherents of the Reformation, but the Church to be reformed was daily by its own acts, and by the lives of its ministers, proving the necessity of change.

The history of the times shows distinctly the truth of Froude's remark, "that as the Reformation drew nearer, the clergy were sinking lower and lower, though a marked change for the better became perceptible in a portion at least of the laity."

Erasmus complained that, "the feasts of priests and divines are drowned in wine, are filled with scurrilous jests, sound with intemperate noise and tumult, flow with spiteful slanders and defamation of others, while at princes' tables, modest disputations are held concerning things which make for learning and piety."

"Bishops were engaged in ruinous victories over obstinate heretics, but as to oversight of manners and correction of sin, all that had long ago been given up, and not the faintest shadow of it existed, or it existed rather in the shape of a licence for sin, than as the penalty for past guilt."*

The Consistory Courts, established in the middle ages with the lofty aim of suppressing sin as well as crime, had become deeply corrupt and grossly oppressive. Tyrannous they were in the hands of ecclesiastics, but they were rendered odious by the distinctions in punishment inflicted on lay and spiritual offenders.

"The grossest moral profligacy in a priest was passed over with indifference, and so far from exacting obedience to a higher standard than she required of ordinary persons, the Church extended her limits under fictitious pretexts as a sanctuary to lettered villany."†

Wolsey, whose own immorality was deeply reprehensible, told the Pope, that "Priests, both secular and regular, were in the habit of committing atrocious crimes, for which, if not in orders, they would have been promptly executed."

Brothels were kept in London for the especial use of priests.

Froude quotes an instance, in which the Consistory Court punished an offence against itself by excommunication, and yet the same Court dismissed the confessed incest of a priest with the fine of a few shillings. Perhaps a stronger proof could not be given of the evil character of the mass of the clergy than in the fact, that men besought their executors in their wills, to try to find priests of virtuous character to sing masses for them, begging that if their own priests were not virtuous others might be obtained.

This deep corruption of the professed teachers of morals

* "Christian Remembrancer," Review of Froude's History.

† Froude's History. Vol. i. page 193.

and religion must be ranked as one of the most powerful provocatives of the Reformation.

III. The ecclesiastical management of the Church contributed to bring the clergy into contempt.

"The choice of a patron to a living was in no wise limited to men in orders; any layman might be chosen, provided he were not an Israelite." "Just before the Reformation large and important benefices, with cure of souls and ecclesiastical dignities, were held by laymen." "Colet was rector of the large living of Donnington, at the age of nineteen, and held this with several other benefices before he had received his first tonsure. Reginald Pole was not only dean of Exeter, but sat and voted in the Convocation of the clergy for eighteen years before his ordination."*

Some pretence must be made to provide for the spiritual duties of livings thus misappropriated, and priests were multiplied fearfully; the lowest, poorest, and most unfit were put into the sacred office, till the office itself became degraded, and in the houses of the nobility and gentry, priests herded with the servants, took the children to school, and delivered messages and letters. So that while a few of the higher clergy, from their political power, were feared, the lower were despised.,

IV. The mass of the people were not likely to be better than their priests. Men generally are what their teachers make them; and there are few in this auditory who do not bear distinct mental and moral impress of the teaching they have received.

It is remarked, that at this pre-Reformation period, the profanity of oaths was appalling. "To swear deeply was one of the first lessons of chidhood." When priests could be

* "Christian Remembrancer," Review of Froude.

found to utter blasphemous jests about the service of the mass, no wonder it is recorded the people swore "by the body, blood, and wounds of Christ, by the soul of God," and blasphemed all that was holy.

"Falsehod and perjury went hand in hand with profanity. Archbishop Warham declined to make a return of the value of the benefices of his peculiars, and recommended that this should be done by the ordinaries, 'where their beneficies lieth, where they cannot so well hide the value of their beneficies, and *cloke their perjury*, as they might do by me.' These words were written to Wolsey, to whom the archbishop dared not have uttered a causeless slander."

V. So little had the Romish faith inculcated Christian practice, that the statutes of the realm at this period give evidence of national dishonesty in general dealings, in quality, measure, and weight.

Sir Thomas More says, that in the reign of Henry VII., "thieves were hanged so fast, that there were sometimes twenty on a gibbet, and one could not wonder enough how it came to pass that since so few escaped, there were yet so many thieves left robbing in all places." Hollingshed says 72,000 thieves were hanged in Henry VIII.'s reign.

London now possesses a population of nearly three millions of people. London, then, had only the population of one of our country towns; and yet Roman Catholic London—with its swarms of priests and its intolerance of heresy, in the beginning of the sixteenth century—was less moral than the London of the present time, with its perfect toleration of every form and phase of religious belief.

VI. With all these festering sores in the body politic, the question might be asked,—Can this body live? will not its corruption increase? Is there native vigour enough to throw off the evils, if nature can be helped?

And we gladly turn to the more healthful influences which at this time were at work in preparation for the Reformation; albeit, the agents who employed them were unconscious of the effect they would produce.

Reference has been made to improved tastes and pursuits on the part of some of the laity; some of the young English ecclesiastics shared the beneficial change. D'Aubigné says, our "Reformation was the result of two distinct forces —the revival of learning, and the resurrection of the Word of God. The latter was the principal cause, but the former was necessary as a means."

Several young Englishmen were at Florence at the close of the fifteenth century, attracted by the literary glory of the city of the Medici; and when "they returned, they laid before the youth of Oxford the marvellous treasures of the Greek language."

Learning began to revive, and scholars hoped and longed for brighter and happier times. In the reign of the Seventh Henry, Erasmus was invited to England; he soon became the most attractive man of a most influential group, of which More, Colet, Grocyn, and Linacre, were members.

Erasmus left England for a while; but the accession of Henry VIII. to the throne, the enthusiasm of the scholar for the young king, and urgent entreaty, brought him here again. "The King could not live without the learned, nor the learned without Erasmus." He remained in England till 1516, influencing students in all parts of Europe, promoting the exchange of ideas and of manuscripts. Keen as a critic, witty as a satirist, charming as a companion, renowned as a scholar, acute as an observer, he devoted himself to the restoration of literature, and the cultivation of a purer taste. "He was," says Hallam, "the first conspicuous enemy of ignorance and superstition, and the first restorer of Christian morality on a Scriptural founda-

tion." He had attached friends and implacable enemies; and feeling that he must either fight the latter as a Reformer of the Church, or leave England, his prudence as a Dutchman prevailed over his convictions as a man, and he left. Divine Providence, however, intended him for a greater work than he had yet accomplished: he retired from the splendid halls of Henry VIII., from the congenial society of Colet and of More, retired to a printing-office at Basle, and there passed through the press the New Testament in Greek, with a new Latin translation. It had been prepared in England, it was sent here when printed; and the scholars in London, Oxford, and Cambridge, were radiant with joy. Erasmus hoped to unite all good men to do the work needed at the time. "A spiritual temple," said he, "must be raised in desolated Christendom. The mighty of the world will contribute to it their marble, their ivory, and their gold. I, who am poor and humble, offer the foundation-stone." And he laid down before the world his edition of the Greek Testament.

His enemies—the enemies of learning, the enemies of Scripture—were exasperated; they had penetration enough to perceive that the translation of the Testament from Greek into Latin, might issue in the translation from Greek into English; and Erasmus was called a heretic, a forger, —Antichrist! But readers multiplied; men struggled to procure the book, read it eagerly, and kissed it fervently. Nothing was more important in preparation for the Reformation, than this publication of the New Testament. Never had Erasmus worked so carefully; and now, his great work, as a precursor of the Reformation, was done: and great as Erasmus was in learning, he had to give way before men of greater power. He had, however, put the sword into the hands of the soldiers, by the skilful use of which the battle was to be won.

VII. At this period, too, some distinguished preachers appeared; one of whom was Colet, Dean of St. Paul's,—the frequent hospitable entertainer of Erasmus, the decided opponent of the Schoolmen and the Monks, the munificent founder of St. Paul's School. Colet preached to numerous audiences in St. Paul's Cathedral. Setting aside the texts prescribed by the Church, he explained the Gospel of St. Matthew. "Taking advantage of the Convocation, he delivered a sermon on *Conformation* and *Reformation*, which was one of the numerous forerunners of the great Reform."* "We see (said Colet) strange and heretical ideas appear in our days, and no wonder. But you must know, there is no heresy more dangerous to the Church than the vicious lives of its priests. A reformation is needed, and that reformation must begin with the bishops and be extended to the priests. The clergy once reformed, we shall proceed to the reformation of the people." The citizens listened with rapture, and called him a new St. Paul.

VIII. Wolsey loved Rome, and would fain have bound England fast to the Papal See; but Wolsey may be fairly classed among the causes of the Reformation. He saw some of the dangers of the Church, and he planned an ecclesiastical reform; he appealed to the Pope,—but Wolsey's scheme proved abortive. Never will Rome reform herself.

Wolsey was ambitious of fame; he had consorted with Erasmus, More, and Colet, at Oxford: and though not personally fond of learning, he surrounded his well-spread board with distinguished scholars. Erasmus praised him for this; and, covetous of praise, he resolved to found two large colleges; one at Ipswich, the other at Oxford.

Wolsey, however, "found it convenient (says D'Aubigné)

* D'Aubigné's History of the Reformation.

to take the money necessary for their endowment, not from his own purse, but from the purses of the monks. He pointed out to the Pope twenty-two monasteries, in which (he said) vice and impiety had taken up their abode. The Pope granted their secularization; and Wolsey, having thus procured a handsome fund, laid the foundation" of that noble establishment, known as Christ Church, Oxford.

In a transition time, like that in which he lived, this was a fatal example. Men would reason thus,—"Monasteries may be suppressed, a Cardinal has suppressed them;" and that Cardinal's Secretary, Thomas Cromwell, only carried out on a national scale, that which Wolsey for a local purpose had so well commenced. Again, in the matter of Henry's divorce from Catherine, Wolsey, as Froude remarks, "by submitting the King's matter to the Pope, brought to issue the question, whether the Papal authority should any longer be recognised in England; and he secured the ruin of that authority, by the steps by which he hoped to establish it."

IX. Luther's protest against Rome and its doctrine, and the revolt of the German Church from the Papacy, deeply influenced England. Luther saw the power of the press, and used it freely; "the Humanists," the friends of classical learning, aided the circulation of Luther's works, by showing the folly and ignorance of his opponents. His books reached England, were translated, printed, and circulated throughout the kingdom.

The Pope called on Henry to extirpate the Lutheran heresy. Henry consulted Wolsey, the bishops were moved, the priests aroused, and "the greater excommunication" was threatened to all who, after fifteen days, should have a book of Luther's in his possession. Then came a grand pageant—Wolsey, as Cardinal, with the papal nuncio, the Spanish ambassador, and several bishops, went in pomp to

St. Paul's; Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, preached, and Wolsey burned Luther's books.

Doubtless many of the crowd applauded, and thought it right; but very many thought it might have been better to answer a man's arguments than to burn the books which contained them; and scoffs and jests passed freely among the people, at the expense of the priests.

But Luther's opinions were sufficiently influential in England to rouse the King: he had resisted all attempts to suppress the New Testament of Erasmus, he strongly favoured the possession of the Scriptures by the people in their own language; but he had no idea of giving up one point of Romish doctrine, and he resolved to enter the lists against Luther, and chose for his ground "Sacramentalism and Tradition."

Henry was a fair scholar; his tastes for literature and literary companionship had been early cultivated, and now he entered with ardour on the composition of a work which he probably believed would crush the Lutheran heresy. He was rewarded with the title of "Defender of the Faith,"—a title worn by English monarchs ever since, though not always with propriety.

The story told of the court fool contains so true a lesson that it ought not to be omitted.

Seeing Henry's joy when he received the Pope's bull, the fool inquired the cause: "The Pope has just named me Defender of the Faith," said the King. "Ho, ho! good Harry," replied the fool, "let you and me defend one another; but—take my word for it—*let the faith alone to defend itself.*"

The Royal publication, and the burning of Luther's books, were admirable advertisements of the works of the Reformers.

X. The Greek Testament of Erasmus was invaluable; Bilney, Tyndale, and Frith found salvation through its

agency. Tyndale resolved to translate the New Testament into English. Incautiously he one day hinted his design to a priest who provoked him; and this treason to a Church that performed its services in an unknown tongue, and claimed to be the interpreter of Scripture, raised such a host of enemies that Tyndale was obliged to leave the banks of the Severn, where he had found an honourable asylum. Tonstall, Bishop of London, was a man of letters, and Tyndale sought a chaplaincy from him; but unsuccessfully. He could gain no shelter where he could accomplish the desire of his soul; but men of Tyndale's decision and Tyndale's faith are not long daunted. "I will translate the word of God," said he; "whatever they may say or do, God will not suffer me to perish."

He preached at St. Dunstan's, and a London merchant heard him—one who had attended Colet's preaching, and experienced the power of scriptural religion. He was rich and generous, and asked Tyndale what were his means of living. "I have none," said the man to whom we are indebted for the first printed translation of the Scriptures! "Come and live with me," said Humphrey Monmouth.

Gladly did Tyndale accept the offer. Frith joined him; and together they laboured to translate the New Testament from the original Greek.

Persecution, however came; and Tyndale saw that if he would not go to the stake with his work unfinished, he must flee; and, helped by Monmouth, he fled to Antwerp, thence to Cologne: there the translation was completed—there he began to print—alas! he had not many sheets through the press, when, through the intervention of a priest, the Council of Cologne condemned the work, and all seemed lost! Not so; being privately warned, Tyndale, prompt and energetic, started with his companion, Roy, for the printing-office, collected the sheets, leaped into a boat, and before

his adversaries reached the printer's, he was rapidly ascending the Rhine, bearing with him the hope of England.

Tyndale reached Worms, and by the help of Schæffer, a grandson of Fust, one of the reputed inventors of printing, he passed two editions of the New Testament through the press; and by the beginning of 1526 they were on their way to England, and Tyndale, poor, persecuted, suffering, exiled—Tyndale was happy.

How the translation was quarrelled with—how the Bishop of London helped Tyndale, by buying up a large stock of an imperfect edition, that he might burn the books—how, by the labours of Tyndale and Coverdale, a translation of the whole Bible was produced in 1535, 1536—and how the constant denunciations of these translations by the priests gave Cranmer power to urge a new translation by authority, need not be mentioned here. Erasmus's Greek Testament, and Tyndale's English translation, helped greatly to produce the Reformation.

And how much men dared; what persecutions they braved to get this work into circulation! They were heroes, truly; they had no earthly object; poor they were generally, and labouring for their daily bread; and they were opposed by the civil and the ecclesiastical power.

To be suspected of having the heretical books, was to be persecuted; to sell them, involved imprisonment, perhaps death; and yet, with the love of the Saviour in their hearts, they carried the book in their hands till they found some fainting spirit panting for the word of life.

Bilney was martyred in 1531; Frith, for denying the corporeal presence of Christ in the Sacrament, in 1533.

It is affecting to think that Cranmer approved the burning of Frith, and wrote coolly and lightly of the circumstance; but Froude says the writings of Frith were the cause of Cranmer's conversion; and when the Communion

Service in the Book of Common Prayer was framed, the Fathers of the English Church closed the service with Frith's own words—the very words on which Cranmer and other bishops had sat in judgment. The words ought to be marked as a quotation, and Frith's name appended—a confession that innocent blood was shed when this apostolic man was committed to the flames!

Tyndale—after multifarious labours, pursued with indomitable courage—persecuted in one city, he fled unto another—lived to see the publication of the English Bible authorized; but having richly earned, he was appointed to wear, the martyr's crown. A miserable English fanatic enticed him beyond the city where he received protection; he was denounced to the Regent of Flanders, and his spirit ascended to heaven amidst smoke and flame.

XI. One of the simplest, bravest, noblest spirits of the Reformation, was Hugh Latimer, the son of an English yeoman, who gave him a good physical training; educated his muscles; developed his frame; and then sent him to Cambridge to be taught literature and religion.

At the age of twenty he graduated; at thirty, he proudly carried the University Cross. At this time he was a bitter papist, he attacked Stafford, insulted him, preached against him, because Stafford explained the Scriptures to his pupils by Greek and Hebrew texts.

On taking his degree as Bachelor of Divinity he preached a Latin discourse on "Philip Melancthon and his times," before the University. Bilney heard him; he admired Latimer's zeal, mourned his superstition, and resolved, by Divine help, on his conversion.

Bilney went to Latimer and implored him "for the love of God," to hear his confession. Bilney the heretic confess! Latimer was rewarded for his attack on Melancthon! But what a confession! Bilney told him how he had felt the

burden of sin, how he had fasted, prayed, wept, and done penance: how he felt nothing the better, but rather the worse, till, tremulously fearing to do wrong, he had obtained the New Testament, and his eyes lighted on the scripture, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners;" and then he told him how he found the Saviour, to the rejoicing of his soul.

The Holy Spirit that moved Bilney to make the confession, moved Latimer's heart while it was made, and Latimer gave his whole soul to Christ.

"By their fruits ye shall know them," said our Lord; and Latimer went to Stafford and begged his forgiveness for his insults, attended his lectures, and made Bilney his friend. The University was amazed; the youth crowded to hear Bilney preach.

But Latimer himself was pre-eminently the preacher of the Reformation. "Academic in education, he was in heart and mind a man of the people." * With "audacious simplicity" he addressed himself to individual hearers; and the Bishop of Ely remembered to his dying day how Latimer changed the subject of his discourse, when his lordship came into the church, and gave him a description of what a bishop should be from the New Testament.

A man of less honesty would have been silenced for this. The Bishop complained to the Cardinal, and Latimer recapitulated the topics of his discourse to Wolsey, and, to Wolsey's honour, he gave Latimer license to preach in any church in England. "If the Bishop of Ely," said Wolsey, "cannot abide such doctrine, you shall preach it to his beard, let him say what he will."

Latimer was outspoken and unsparing; he scathed the

* Principal Tulloch.

ignorant and presumptious monks. He reprobated "the unpreaching prelates," told them Satan was the most diligent Bishop in England, always resident, always attentive to his work, and he dared, in an address to Henry VIII.,—an address which Froude designates as "one of almost unexampled grandeur,"—to tell the King, as his Chaplain, his duty to the Bible, his duty to his people, and reminded him most forcibly of the "account he would have to give of his office, and of the blood which had been shed by his sword."

Brave old Latimer! the true English preacher; by his sermons he did for England a similar work to that which Tyndale did by his writings. He has been accused of want of prudence—the accusation of timid men; of too much wit in the pulpit, the charge of those who are too dull to appreciate it, and who know but little of the free speech of the times in which he lived. Grant all that can be said against Latimer, it only proves the truth of D'Aubigné's remark, —"the Reformers of the English Church were not saints, but sanctified men."

No wonder that every effort was made to stop his preaching, but God gave him favour in the sight of the King and the people, and Latimer greatly aided the coming Reformation.

XII. Henry VIII. was not the author of the English Reformation, yet he was unconsciously used by Divine Providence to promote it. He never intended any doctrinal change, but his circumstances and his passions led to a most important ecclesiastical change, and the breach, once made with Rome, was widened by honester and holier hands.

Time would fail us to enter fully into the discussion of Henry's divorce from Catherine of Aragon; he has had many accusers and some ardent defenders. For five years this "most uncontrollable of mankind" was a suppliant to

the courteous, subtle, and temporizing pope, Clement VII. Henry had ground for believing he might claim a favourable hearing from Rome; no prince in Christendom had done so much for the Papal See; but Clement was afraid to displease the Emperor Charles V., the nephew of Catherine, and he vacillated, hesitated, evaded, offered Henry two wives, till at length wearied, chafed, irritated, Henry, the zealous Romanist, the "Defender of the Faith," resolved to act without the Pope.

In 1533, the Parliament of England passed the ever memorable declaratory Act, asserting the independence of the realm on the See of Rome, or the authority of any foreign potentate, and threatening with severe penalties all appeals to Rome.

"All such cases as have hitherto admitted of appeal to Rome—the appeals shall be henceforth from the Archdeacon's to the Bishop's Court, and from the Bishop's Court to the Archbishop's, and no further."

Cranmer was now Archbishop of Canterbury, and Parliament having given him power, he at once exercised it. He obtained from Convocation decisions favourable to the divorce. He held his court, summoned Catherine before it, who, with true dignity, refused to appear, and then Cranmer declared the marriage void from the beginning.

Henry had a few months before privately married Anne Boleyn, one of the loveliest and most accomplished of England's daughters, and five days after the divorce was pronounced Cranmer confirmed the union, and Anne, on the 1st June, 1533, was solemnly anointed and crowned Queen of England.

There was no religious Protestantism in the promotion of the divorce. Cranmer and Gardiner, Wolsey and Bonner, had alike laboured to secure it.

XIII. Wolsey died in 1530. His death severed one of the strongest links in the chain which bound the Church in England with Rome.

Henry had unfairly and unworthily subjected Wolsey to the penalties of premunire, for exercising his legatine power in England, for Wolsey had exercised this power with Henry's consent; but he acted still more unfairly and oppressively when he subjected the whole of the clergy to these penalties for submitting to the authority of the Cardinal, an authority they could neither dispute nor disobey.

Henry was resolved to be master; the clergy in the province of Canterbury attempted to compound for their real or imaginary offences, by the payment of £100,000, a sum representing a million of money now, and the province of York offered £18,000. These sums were tendered as the price of pardon, but Henry had been troubled enough by priests, foreign and domestic, and he resolved to have absolute submission. He would accept the money, but it must be with the admission that he was "the protector and only supreme head of the Church and clergy in England."

There was great hesitation about this. In 1529, when Parliament petitioned the King to reform the abuses of the Church, and the King sent the petition to the bishops, they knew so little of the temper of the King or of the times, that they replied, requesting, "that if the laws of the realm and the laws of the Church were not in harmony, that the former might be altered."

Henry soon disposed of their trifling then, and he would not tolerate it now, In 1530, the clergy were made to feel they were under temporal authority, and at length they replied: "We recognise the King's majesty to be our only

Sovereign Lord, the singular protector of the Church and clergy of England, and as far as is allowed by the law of Christ, also our supreme head."

In 1531, the Houses of Commons and of Convocation renewed their conflict. A gentleman in Gloucestershire, named Tracy, died; he bequeathed his soul to God, through the mercies of Christ. Declining the mediatorial offices of the saints he left no money to be expended on masses.

This was flagrant heresy! Convocation issued an order to exhume the body and burn it. The order was executed before Henry could interfere, but as Archbishop Warham was responsible for it, he was fined £300, and Parliament took away from the clergy the power to repeat the outrage.

The Commons, however, proceeded slowly on the march of change, they were not religious reformers. In 1532, they dealt with "the Benefit of Clergy," but moderately enough, for they enacted, "that no one *under* the grade of subdeacon should commit *felony* without being tried by common law."

They proceeded to amend the Court of Arches, which had become a source of unjust revenue, and they very gently touched the Statute of Mortmain. Lands, instead of being entirely alienated, were only to pass to the Church for twenty years, so that if the masses said or sung for the sinners who had bequeathed the property, had not sufficed in twenty years to deliver them from torment, their poor souls must after that time suffer the consequences of the balance of unexpiated guilt!

Before the Parliament separated, however, a measure was passed, noticeable, because it involved a further breach with Rome. The payment of annates or first fruits was abolished. Bishops and archbishops, on receiving bulls of investment from Rome, had forwarded one year's income to

the Pope; as much as £160,000 (£1,600,000 now) had been remitted from England in fifty years. This was oppressive to individuals, and inconvenient to the State, when the only currency was in the precious metals, and these were scarce.

The Convocation began to perceive somewhat of their true interest, and they petitioned the King for "the abolition of this impost—also of indulgences, dispensations, diligences, and the thousand forms and processes by which the privileges of the Church of England were abridged for the benefit of the Church of Rome."*

The petition, whether spontaneous on the part of the Convocation, or suggested by its "supreme head," is remarkable for being the first active movement of the clergy towards separation from Rome—it concluded thus, "Forasmuch as St. Paul willeth us to withdraw from all such as walk inordinately, may it please your Highness in this present Parliament to ordain that the obedience of your Highness and the people be withdrawn from the See of Rome."

The ecclesiastics of this age were not wise long together; the Convocation, perhaps presuming on the service recently done, asserted their claims "to rest on Divine authority, and declined to acknowledge the right of any secular power to restrain or meddle with them."

Unwise men! had they not acknowledged Henry Tudor their "supreme head?" He instantly demanded entire submission, and after a feeble resistance they declared they would "forbear to enact, promulge, or put into execution," anything without royal license. The King fixed this by Act of Parliament, and the clergy were reduced for ever to their fit position as subjects.

* Froude's History.

Thus, step by step, was priestly power curtailed in England; still there was no idea of departing from the doctrines of Rome, either in the King or the mass of the clergy; yet this change was impending.

The influence of Anne was at first great with Henry, and Anne favoured religious reformation. Rome was against Anne, and Anne was against Rome. The vacillating Pope at length, pressed by the Cardinals, rescinded Cranmer's divorce, confirmed the marriage of Henry and Catherine, and passed a conditional sentence of excommunication against Henry.

The answer to this was given at St. Paul's Cross, when, in 1534, a Bishop was appointed to preach every Sunday that "the Pope hath no authority in England."

All the English prelates opposed papal supremacy, except Fisher. Gardiner, Bonner, Stokesley, and Tonstall, as well as Cranmer.

The Convocations of Canterbury and York, the Houses of Parliament, and the Universities, decided that "the Pope hath no more authority in England than any other bishop."

XIV. In 1534 the Princess Elizabeth was born, and an Act intended to settle the succession to the throne was passed. Elizabeth, and such children as should be the issue of the King's marriage with Anne Boleyn, were declared to be heirs to the throne of England, and all persons, at the King's pleasure, were bound to take oath declaring their approval of the statute, and their determination to uphold it.

The Act of Supremacy, passed soon after the above, completely settled the doctrine of the King's supreme authority in Church and State.

In 1535, two events occurred which blot the page of our history, the decapitation of Fisher, Bishop of Rochester,

and Sir Thomas More. It is said the sentence which condemned them was inevitable—to have spared them would have been to imperil high and holy interests: but no charity will permit us to think that Henry had any higher interest in view than the determination to have his will obeyed at any cost. Fisher is said to have listened approvingly to the Nun of Kent—a poor dupe of designing priests. More had also heard her revelations. More confessed the folly, and was forgiven. Fisher unwisely remonstrated, yet was pardoned.

Then came the time when the oath of succession was to be offered. The Commission sat to receive it. The Pope having given sentence against Henry in the matter of the divorce, it appeared necessary "to try men's dispositions when the Pope had challenged their obedience. In words all went well; the peers swore; bishops, abbots, priors, heads of colleges, swore, with scarcely an exception; the nation seemed to unite in an unanimous declaration of freedom." *

But neither More nor Fisher would take the oath as it stood, with the oath itself "was associated some rather obscure reasoning on the dispensing power of the Pope They accepted the civil obligation, but opposed the theological." †

Cromwell was deeply moved with More's refusal; Cranmer strongly interceded for both; but the King, Cromwell, and the Council persisted in their resolve to make every one take the oath, and More and Fisher were committed to the Tower.

They were treated with unusual leniency for State prisoners; their friends and relatives were with them frequently; it is supposed their lives might have been spared but for the

* Froude's History. † Encyclopædia Metropolitana.

indiscretion of Fisher, who circulated letters on the Act of Supremacy, which he had promised Henry to keep secret. This brought to their prison a deputation from the Council, who demanded from them an acknowledgement of the Supremacy. Fisher refused peremptorily; More also, indirectly. It was alleged that they abused the leniency exercised toward them, by plotting insurrection against the King's authority. There was a new Pope at Rome, and Paul III. hastened their end. Henry had appealed against the decision of Clement to a General Council, and Paul nominated Fisher as the representative of England by creating him a Cardinal.

When will priests be wise? Fisher disgraced, imprisoned, opposed to the King, made the representative of England! Monstrous folly, when addressed to Henry Tudor; the hat came no farther than Calais, for Henry took off the head that was to have worn it.

Yet Henry took the life of a better man—a man far better fitted for heaven than himself. Superstitious, though learned; devout and honest, though unwise, Fisher's end became him as a good and holy man.

He walked to the scaffold with his New Testament in his hand; he prayed, that as it had been his best comfort in prison, it might now speak to him as from the Lord. One historian of the Church intimates that the "Divine Author condescended to the weakness of his servant;" may we not say, "God honoured his servant's faith, and answered his prayer?" He opened the book, and his eyes rested on the passage of St. John, "This is life eternal to know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent." He closed the book with joy, repeated the words, chanted the Te Deum on the scaffold, bent his venerable head to the block, and his spirit rose, doubtless to the full enjoyment of eternal life.

More, the man whose reputation was exceeded by none in Europe, one of the wisest and most eloquent of men, whose character, apart from religion, every one must admire,—the learned scholar, the promoter of literature and science, the fascinating companion, whose pleasant ready wit never forsook him, who wanted but one thing to make him perfect—a thorough baptism of the last grace, which even Christians obtain,—the Charity of the Gospel! More had, in the days of prosperity, sunk the philosopher in the bigot —as he became more religious, he became more intolerant —he literally scourged himself, as a conscientious duty, and he scourged others because they could not believe as he did; but still with him persecution was a duty, for More would have scorned the action he thought was wrong.

Carwithen says, "Throughout his trial he displayed a solicitude to maintain his integrity rather than to preserve his life." After sentence had been pronounced he was urged to have pity on himself; an offer was made to reopen the Court if he would reconsider his resolution. More smiled, and answered in words fit to be remembered, "My Lords, I have but to say, that like as the blessed Apostle St. Paul, as we read in the Acts, was present, and consented to the death of St. Stephen, and kept the clothes of them that stoned him, and yet they be both compeers and saints in heaven, and shall continue friends together for ever, so I verily trust, and heartily pray, that though your Lordships have been my judges on earth to my condemnation, yet we may hereafter meet in heaven to our everlasting salvation."

More's composure on the scaffold was remarkable; he laid his head on the block, and the axe was about to fall, when he signed for a moment's delay, while he moved his beard aside; "Pity that should be cut," he said, "which has not committed treason."

And then those lips so witty, so wise, so eloquent, closed for ever upon earth!

The effect of these executions on the mind of Europe was electrical—the Popes had temporised and tried to deceive Henry;—they, and temporal powers too, had thought the separation of England from Rome could only be brief; they had not believed it possible that the union of centuries was inevitably severed, but *now* they saw that Henry's supremacy was a reality, when one of the best men among his Bishops, and one of the greatest men in all Europe, had perished for not acknowledging it. They at length appreciated the man with whom they had to deal—the man who never lacked most able counsellers and executioners of his will; perhaps, however, they scarcely yet fully appreciated the magnitude of the forces at work for the renovation of England.

XV. The year 1536 was marked by Catherine's death, and by Anne Boleyn's execution. Alas! for oaths of succession. Parliament registered the sentence of her judges, pronounced her marriage null and void, and her offspring illegitimate. The tale is very terrible, for the most fearful guilt must rest on Henry and his Counsellors, or on Anne and those who suffered for her sake. It is very hard to believe that one who had been so virtuous as to resist the advances of the King for more than five years, could be guilty of the foul crimes alleged against her, after marriage; and yet the recorded unanimous judgment of more than seventy noblemen and gentlemen that she was guilty, is most startling.

Burnet remarks, very justly, on the wrong done to Anne in her trial. "Two sentences were passed—one of attainder, for adultery as queen; the other of divorce, on the ground of pre-contract. Now, either her marriage with the King

was a true one, or it was not; if true, then the cancelling of it was unjust; if not true, then the attainder was unjust."

It is difficult to understand the men and women of those times. Anne was beheaded on the 19th May, 1536; and on the 20th, Henry VIII. married Jane Seymour!

XVI. The year 1536 was marked by the Act of Parliament which dissolved the smaller monasteries, 376 in number, and which gave the property to the King.

Most of the errors of Rome are truths exaggerated into falsehoods. Occasional retirement from the world for contemplation and prayer is in perfect accordance with Scripture; but the establishment of monasteries and nunneries for a life-long avoidance of the realities of life is nowhere encouraged in Holy writ.

Doubtless, in their early history they served many good purposes. "In times of disturbance, they were places of comparative peace; in days of ignorance, the retreat of learning; in periods of profligacy, the abodes of devotion."* But in vain do we shut the door of the house on the outer world, unless we shut the door of the heart If God does not reign in the soul, evil will: the religious life of the earlier times had nearly died out in the sixteenth century, and human nature triumphed. When wealth induced luxury, ignorance supplanted learning; when active effort was unnecessary, idleness supervened; devotion degenerated into formalism; and vows of chastity and poverty were taken only to be mocked! Nothing can save an institution without life—no poetry, no sentiment: the dead must be buried—the barren tree must not cumber the ground.

Who, however, that looks on Fountains or on Tintern, who gazes on the remnants of exquisite architecture, who appre-

* "Christian Remembrancer," Review of Froude.

ciates the beauty of their situation, who gives himself up to the illusion of the hour; but hopes, and feels, and strives to think, there must have been good about such spots, when the abbey stood in its pride of place, and the matin song of praise, and the even chant of prayer, floated through these glorious aisles; when mercy sat at the gate, and bent her holy form over the wayworn, the infirm, the sick, the suffering; when hospitality presided at the refectory, and the passing traveller was sure of a welcome; when religion stood at the altar, and the troubled heart heard her words of comfort—was there not good?

And when within the walls the treasures of art, and literature, and science *sometimes* found a home; when without the walls, the fair slopes and meadows showed evidence of agricultural skill; when the gardens displayed the love of flowers and their cultivation for the flowers' sakes, who will say there was no good?

And yet, alas! the beauty of the architecture and the outward signs of peace and purity were no avail against the terrible evil of the human heart; the monasteries of the 16th century were like the fabled apples of Sodom—exquisite in outside beauty; within, ashes and dust.

If Wolsey, Cromwell, and Henry VIII. be blamed for their suppression, blame must also rest on Fisher and Cardinal Pole and the staunchest friends of the papacy.

Twelve months after the suppression of the smaller monasteries in England, Paul III. issued a commission to inquire into the state of the monasteries of Western Europe, with a view to their reformation, and Cardinal Pole recommended the total suppression of every monastery in Europe. Fisher set the example of confiscation in England, and made graver charges against the foul living of the nuns in a convent he suppressed, than any of Cromwell's agents.

Soon after the Act for the Dissolution of Monasteries, the Parliament—called, by some historians, "The Reformation Parliament"—was dissolved. This body of men, called together in 1529, sat for seven years; and, says Froude, "they commenced and concluded a revolution, which reversed the foundations of the state. They found England in dependence on a foreign power, they left it a free nation. They found it under the despotism of a Church establishment saturated with disease, they bound the hands of that establishment,—laid it down under the knife, and cut away some of its putrid members. They stripped off its Nessus robe of splendour and power, and awakened in it some forced remembrance of its higher calling. The elements of a far deeper change were seething,—a change, not in the disposition of outward authority, but in the beliefs and convictions which touched the life of the people."

At length, the Reformation of Religion was struggling into life!

XVII. A new Parliament was called. Convocation assembled at the same time. Hugh Latimer, the new Bishop of Worcester, preached the sermon; "his object was to tell the clergy what he thought of them; they had no good opinion of him," and would gladly have seen him at the stake, rather than in the pulpit. His discourse showed his "opinion of them was very bad indeed." "Five hundred fierce vindictive men suffered under the preacher's irony," and they resolved on revenge. The Lower House presented a list of complaints of the heresy spreading among the people. Toleration was then unknown; each party believed it to be its conscientious duty to persecute those who differed from their views of truth. "Religion, to them, was a thing to die for, or it was nothing."

The King exercised his authority, and drew up articles of faith, which he commanded to be believed.

Bishops and preachers were required to teach the people to believe and defend,—

1st. The whole body and canon of the Bible;—the Apostles', the Nicene, and the Athanasian Creeds.

2nd. The Sacraments—of Baptism, as necessary to everlasting life; of Penance, as instituted by Christ; and the Sacrament of the Altar and Transubstantiation.

3rd. The doctrine of Justification.

There was much that was Scriptural, and something that was Romish, in these Articles of Faith, as they were defined. It was the first attempt at compromise between the past—when all doctrinal teaching rested on the authority of the priest—and the future, when the Bible was to be recognised as the supreme authority. Meanwhile, Henry resolved to have his authority recognised as well. He extended his articles to matters of custom and ritual;—directed the amount of regard to be paid to images;—defined the extent to which saints might be honoured;—how far, and in what sense, saints might be prayed to;—regulated various ceremonies;—and, finally, dealt with the doctrine of Purgatory. "Forasmuch, as the place where the dead be, the name thereof, and the kind of pains there, be to us uncertain from Scripture; therefore this, with all other things, we remit to Almighty God; unto whose mercy it is meet and convenient for us to commend them; trusting that God accept our prayers for them. Wherefore, it is most necessary that such abuses be clearly put away, which, under the name of Purgatory, hath been advanced; as to make men believe, that through the Bishop of Rome's pardons, men might be delivered out of purgatory, and all the pains of it; or that masses said at any place, or before any image, might deliver them from their pains, and send them straight to heaven."

These articles were passed in Convocation, because the

King willed it; they were signed by Thomas Cromwell, Vicar-General and Vicegerent of the King, in all ecclesiastical matters, and by Thomas Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, and it is reasonable to believe, they were as much the framers of the articles as the King himself.

Those that desired reformation would have been glad if the articles had gone further, yet they were rejoiced to see the Scriptures and the ancient creeds made the standard of faith, without any mention of tradition or the decrees of the Church.

Those that clung to the old established order were concerned that only three out of the seven sacraments were noticed, that the gainful trade in purgatory was gone, and that the authority of the Church might now be disputed.

XVIII. How Tyndale laboured to translate into English the Holy Scriptures, how he was persecuted, and finally martyred, how the men who sought to distribute the Bible suffered imprisonment and exposed themselves to death, has already been imperfectly told. How the influence of Scripture permeated society, and gave to it a new and holy life, cannot be detailed; it raised men consciously in the scale of being, it made them "new creatures."

"The Council threatened, bishops anathematized, they opened subscriptions to buy up the dreaded volumes, they burned them publicly at St. Paul's; the whip, the gaol, the stake did their worst,—that worst was nothing! The high dignitaries of the earth were fighting against Heaven, and met the success which ever attends such contests."*

In 1531, the Bishops protested to the Crown against the evil, but Henry told them if the translation of Tyndale was bad, to prepare a better. They dared not touch the work. In 1533, Cranmer carried a resolution through Convocation,

* Froude, vol. 3, p. 78.

for a new translation, but nothing was done. In 1534, he moved again, and divided Tyndale's translation into ten parts, to each bishop a part, but nothing was done. If Rome be not afraid of the Bible, why did not Romish bishops thus urged, undertake its translation for England?

The King's patience was exhausted. In 1536 he allowed Miles Coverdale to dedicate a new edition of the English Bible to him. The fountain of truth was now unsealed, and the clergy were ordered not only to allow, but to exhort, all men to slake their thirst at its waters. Matthew's Bible, with the King's license, followed in 1537, and the revised edition, known as Cranmer's Bible, appeared in 1538, 1539, 1540, and 1541.

The Reformation in England had now begun: it was not associated with the name of any one man, as in Germany with Luther, in Switzerland with Zuinglius, in Geneva with Calvin, in Scotland with Knox; it was the deep heartfelt necessity of the English people, a necessity made manifest by the iniquities of the Church, the revival of learning, the translation of the Scriptures, and all in the providence of God.

XIX. In 1537, Queen Jane gave birth to Prince Edward, afterwards the sixth of that name, King of England. Within a fortnight the Queen died, lamented by all.

XX. In 1539, the larger abbeys, either surrendered to the King, or were suppressed by Act of Parliament, and thus monastic life in England came to an end. The degradation of the abbots removed a large number of spiritual peers from the House of Lords, and the distribution of the abbey lands to the new lay nobility, and to the men of progress in the country, greatly strengthened the King's hands. This year, however, was marked by some reaction. The King was no Protestant, though he had severed England from the Papacy, and taunted as he was by conti-

nental Romanists with leaning to Lutheranism, and influenced by many attached to the old faith in his own kingdom, he prepared "An Act for Abolishing Diversity of Opinion," a title which sounds oddly now. A monarch might as well try to abolish human nature; it is only the Almighty, by His gracious Spirit, can make "men of one mind in a house," and He sees fit to permit diversity in human judgment.

The Act in popular estimation deserved another name, and it was called "the Bloody Act of the Six Articles," or "the whip with six thongs."

This Act declared:—

1st. That in the Sacrament of the Altar, after consecration, there remained no substance of bread and wine, nor any other substance than Christ.

2nd. That communion in both kinds was not essential to salvation.

3rd. That priests were not permitted, after ordination, to have wives.

4th. That vows of chastity were of perpetual obligation.

5th. That private masses ought to be celebrated.

6th. That auricular confession to a priest must be continued.

The Act was to be supported by terrible penalties—the denial of transubstantiation was to be followed by death by burning, without opportunity of abjuration.

Whoever spoke against the other articles was, for the first offence, to forfeit his property; for a second, or a refusal to abjure, was to suffer death as a felon. To refuse to go to confession—to refuse to receive the Eucharist, was felony.

Many of the higher classes in England received the Act joyfully—Melancthon, representing intellect and religion, mildly, firmly, nobly protested against it to the King.

Cranmer earnestly and ably opposed the enactment, but eventually submitted, as Cranmer always did, and he sent away his wife. Latimer was imprisoned, and resigned his bishopric.

So active were the partisans of Rome that in a fortnight 500 persons were indicted in London for offences against the Act; but this zeal o'er-matched itself—Henry had not intended this result, and he set the prisoners free.

XXI. In 1539, the King was disposed to marry again, and he listened to Cromwell's proposal to marry Anne of Cleves. By this Cromwell hoped to aid the party of progress. The lady, however, did not please the King; they were married, and soon divorced. Convocation sanctioned it—Parliament decreed it—for the King willed it, and Anne rather cheerfully retired, satisfied with £3,000 a-year and her life.

XXII. In 1540 fell one of the greatest of Englishmen, Thomas Cromwell. His enemies took advantage of the failure of the last marriage to embitter the mind of the King; and Henry, who never "hated by halves," destroyed his ablest, most resolute, most sagacious counsellor.

His services, his devotion to the King's interests, went for nothing; he who destroyed his wives, and murdered former friends, spared not Cromwell, and on July 28, 1540, this marvellous man was beheaded, commending his spirit to the blessed Saviour.

Henry's murders showed a sort of even-handedness: three of the reforming clergy were sent to the stake, and three romanizing priests to the gibbet two days after Cromwell's death;—a romanist and a reformer being tied together on the same hurdle as they were dragged to execution. "Good God!" exclaimed a horror-stricken Frenchman, "in what a state these people live, on one side papists are hanged, on the other anti-papists are burned."

XXIII. Catherine Howard was married, attainted, and beheaded, and Catherine Parr, the last of Henry's wives, was proclaimed Queen. After Cromwell's death Gardiner and Bonner coalesced, and Cranmer was denounced in the House of Commons as the promoter of all the heresy that was in England; but limits were at last found even to Henry's willingness to sacrifice his friends, and Cranmer was saved.

XXIV. Bibles, by royal proclamation, were set up in churches. Bonner, knowing the King's determination, set up six in St. Paul's: men sent their children to school that they might learn to read them; and as the reading went on, comments were made. When the words were read, "Drink ye all of it," men asked, "Why was the cup denied to the Laity?" When St. Paul's letter about speaking in an unknown tongue was read, men said—"Why should our collects and hymns be in a language we cannot understand? and to which the unlearned cannot give an intelligent amen?" Bonner heard of this, and threatened to remove the Bibles if they reasoned thus.

The tide of the Reformation ebbed and flowed. Gardiner succeeded, in 1543, in getting the use of the Bible restricted to those who could read it beneficially, "unless the King's Majesty, perceiving such reformation in the lives and behaviour" of some who were said to have abused their privilege, "should of his clemency think good, otherwise, to enlarge and give liberty for the reading the same."

Yet, in 1544, the King just setting out on his war with France, sent to Cranmer a translation of the Litany—it is believed translated by himself—to be said or sung in the service of the Church. In the following year, a collection of English prayers was added to the Litany, a service for morning and evening, and for the burial of the dead; and thus commenced the Book of Common Prayer.

By a general proclamation, the King directed these prayers should be used in all churches and chapels instead of the Breviary, "that his subjects might be able to pray like reasonable beings in their own language."

XXV. Henry, satiated with nearly everything, seemed at length to satiate of persecution. Many who were accused of rebellion against the ancient faith were saved; but royal or ecclesiastical wisdom made one exception—those who denied the real presence in the Eucharist. One of the most afflicting evidences of the deep, inwrought intolerance of the human heart is exhibited in the trial by torture, and the punishment, by death, of Anne Askew, for declaring that "the bread is but a remembrance of Christ's death, or a sacrament of thanksgiving for it." Gentle in her birth, of accomplished manners and education, friendly with the the Court, holding the same opinions of the Eucharist as the Queen, Catherine Parr, she was examined, tried, tortured, condemned, burned—for holding the faith we hold, and for believing in the Saviour as we believe. Even Bonner—emphatically the cruel—was moved by her appearance, her intelligence, her faith; but the lord-chancellor and the solicitor-general put her to the torture with their own hands, stretching and racking her limbs, to wring from her a confession that some about the Court held her opinions.

It is not right to judge of the sixteenth century by the nineteenth; to condemn men who had only just opened the Bible, by those who have been taught its precepts at their mother's knee; or we should brand with the direst infamy those who thus tortured—to the disgrace of humanity—a noble, heroic girl, who would rather be torn limb from limb, than utter a cry of sorrow or betray a friend.

XXVI. "Last of all," the King "died also," January 28, 1547. "He was called," says a Church historian,* "to

* Baxter's Church History.

meet the spirits of his injured consorts, and slaughtered subjects, before a tribunal which, from the provision made for soul masses,* would seem to have been an object of fearful contemplation. The body was consigned to its final resting-place, St. George's Chapel, Windsor, amidst an unexampled display of Romish pageantry, and the panegyrics of Gardiner, whose text was, 'Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.' The popularity of Henry's character, notwithstanding the stains it contracted, implies the possession of great and noble qualities, which, but for his ungovernable passions might have challenged the grateful admiration of posterity."

XXVII. Edward VI. now reigned. The events of this period may be rapidly passed. The progress of building the wall of Jerusalem when the men held the sword in one hand and the trowel in the other—when Sanballat and Tobiah taunted the patriot Nehemiah, and sought to ensnare him—has much more interest than the subsequent time, when the wall being finished, the workmen leisurely pursued internal improvements, so the causes which led to, and the events which accompanied, the Reformation, are more interesting than the brief period of its establishment during the reign of the pious young King.

Cranmer, now relieved from the "too awful subjection" in which he had been placed in Henry's reign, resolved to go on vigorously with the work of Reformation. The Protector, Somerset, aided him generally, and the King's tutors were his friends.

The statute of the Six Articles was repealed, an Act of Parliament was passed, that the Communion should be received in both kinds, and that the people should receive

* £600 per annum to provide for services at the altar, for annual alms to the poor, and for the support of 13 poor knights, to be called the Knights of Windsor.

with the priest. Homilies were compiled for the instruction of the people.

Then came a reformation in rites and ceremonies. The carrying of candles on Candlemas Day; of ashes on Ash Wednesday; of palms on Palm Sunday; and creeping to the Cross on Good Friday, were forbidden. The abolition of these processions and shows tested the strength of the Reforming power; "the country people loved them," says Burnet, "as things of diversion, and judged it a dull business only to come to Church for Divine worship and the hearing of sermons."

Then the removal of images was resolved on. The Protector in Council wrote to Cranmer, "that for putting an end to all contests, and that the living images of Christ should not quarrel about the dead ones, it was concluded they should all be taken down."

Priests were allowed to marry; a catechism for the young was prepared; singing psalms in public worship permitted, and a new liturgy ordered. Altars were removed from Churches, and Communion tables substituted, chiefly by Ridley's and Hooper's influence. Hooper said, "While altars remained, ignorant priests and ignorant people would always dream of sacrifice."

In 1552, the Forty-two Articles of Religion were adopted; one of these was divided into two, and the last four were left out when the Articles were revised in Queen Elizabeth's reign; in other respects, the existing Thirty-nine Articles are mainly the Articles adopted in King Edward's time.

It is to be remarked, that under the first Protestant King no Roman Catholic suffered death in England on account of his religion, but intolerance was not therefore dead. Joan Bocher denied the doctrine of the Incarnation as we receive it and she was condemned to die. It is said by Burnet that

the King long resisted the request to sign her death warrant, and threw the entire responsibility on Cranmer, who was employed to induce him to sign. Later historians of credit scarcely find warrant for this charge against Cranmer, but the fact remains; the poor anabaptist was burned!

Cranmer laboured to perfect the Book of Common Prayer; he was aided by foreign Reformers, and the book of 1552 shows marks of Ridley's hand, a man of more advanced opinions than Cranmer.

Some time previous to Edward's death, Ridley preached before the King on the duty of benevolence, and the particular obligation to its discharge in those of exalted station. The King desired Ridley to say what he should do. The Bishop asked time to reflect and consult the magistrates of the city, and from this resulted a memorable joint contribution from the Royal bounty and municipal generosity.

"The House of the Grey Friars was repaired and fitted for the education of poor children under the name of Christ's Hospital. St. Thomas's Hospital was purchased and endowed by the Corporation for the reception of impotent and diseased poor," and it would appear "the grant was enlarged by the King."* "St. Bartholomew's was surrendered by the Crown into the Lord Mayor's hands, with fresh endowments, and the Royal Palace of Bridewell, a little later, (with the estate which had belonged to the Hospital of the Savoy,) was made over as a workhouse for able-bodied labourers out of employ."†

Edward's brief reign closed in 1553. His very superior abilities and his decided piety rendered his removal, as far as human judgment could foresee, a great calamity. Yet we know not all: the Reformation had changed much and wisely in outward matters, the ecclesiastical system had

* Burnet. † Froude's History.

been reformed, education had been promoted, trade had enormously increased, the value of land had risen, the incomparable (with all its faults, the incomparable) Liturgy of the Church of England had been produced, the worship of the people was conducted in the vulgar tongue; above all—the Book of books—the Holy Bible—was printed, and circulated by thousands and thousands of copies through the land; and yet it was only the minority, at present, that were brought into experimental acquaintance with scriptural truth—only a few who lived out and acted out the principles of Christ's religion—scarcely any who appreciated the charity of the Gospel.

The freedom, which even the partial reception of truth gives from the bondage of error, degenerated into licentiousness, because "the easy yoke" of truth was not generally worn, and the morals and manners of the mass of the people were not yet very much better than when monks ruled the realm, and people bought the intercessions of the Church for money. No wonder, all cannot be changed at once; human nature is sure to be influenced by mixed motives unless the heart is wholly the Lord's; base men for selfish ends will join a holy cause; bad money will try to pass current when good money is scarce; and perhaps, in order to make England understand more thoroughly and appreciate more fully the blessings of the English Reformation, there was needed the baptism of persecution and trial which Almighty God, in his providence, permitted in Mary's reign.

XXVIII. When Mary governed, Gardiner was made Chancellor; Cranmer was committed to the Tower, Latimer and Ridley also.

Parliament, the complaisant Parliament, repealed all the laws concerning religion made in the late reign, and Popery was re-established in England. Cranmer, Ridley, and

Latimer were sent to Oxford; the narrative of their trial and suffering has often been given; it should be read by every Protestant youth; it need not be repeated here.

Oct. 16, 1555. Latimer and Ridley were martyred; Ridley went to the stake in a gown "such as he was wont to wear being Bishop." He had trimmed his beard, washed himself from head to foot, and prepared for death as he would have prepared to go to the Court of his Queen. Latimer went in an old frieze coat, his head bound with a handkerchief and covered with a large cap; underneath his prison cloak the undaunted old man wore a long new shroud. The costume of one showed what they had been, of the other to what they were reduced.

They were bound to the stake, and as the flames crackled beneath them Latimer cried, "Be of good comfort, Master Ridley—play the man—we shall this day light such a candle by God's grace in England as I trust shall never be put out."

"Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit." "Lord, receive my spirit,' cried Ridley, in Latin. "O Father of Heaven," said Latimer on the other side, "receive my soul."

Cranmer should have died with them—their courage and faith would have strengthened his. Every effort was made to induce him to recant; at last, alone, tempted, tried, life, precious life, promised to him, Cranmer fell, and signed one, two, three, six recantations! Bonner published them with malicious joy.

Lord, what is man! Lead us not into temptation! Hold up our goings in thy paths that our footsteps slip not!

Nothing could save him—the Queen was resolved on his death; but the rage of his enemies defeated itself. They determined he should recant publicly before he was burned. But the recantation extorted from his weakness and his

fears availed but little; there came to Cranmer on repentance, streaming from the Cross, supplies of grace and strength, and Cranmer retracted his recantation, and calmly went to the flames. The right hand which had signed the fatal documents he plunged first in the fire. "That unworthy right hand!" he repeatedly exclaimed; it was the first part of his body consumed, and Cranmer restored, forgiven, victorious, was added to the noble army of martyrs, March 21, 1556.

XXIX. Elizabeth ascended the throne Nov. 17, 1556, and the Reformed Faith was re-established.

Cranmer.

As the name of Archbishop Cranmer is associated with the English Reformation in the title of this Lecture, a few sentences concerning his life and character appear to be necessary.

Thomas Cranmer was born July 2, 1489; was sent to Cambridge at the age of fourteen years. In due time he graduated, and became Fellow of Jesus' College. He surrendered his Fellowship on his marriage; but on the death of his wife, he was re-elected.

He became Divinity Lecturer, and was frequently chosen one of the University Examiners for Degrees. In this capacity he was famous for his requirement; not an usual one in those days, that men applying for Divinity Degrees, should know something of Scripture.

He was offered a Fellowship in Wolsey's College, at Oxford, which he declined. For his opinion, expressed to Gardiner and Fox, about the marriage of Henry and Catherine, he was summoned to Court,—was sent to Rome to defend in disputation the opinion he had formed. The opportunity, often promised, was never given.

On his way back to England, he tarried in Germany, mingled with the Reformers, partially embraced their views, and married again,—a niece of the celebrated Osiander. Warham, Archbishop of Canterbury, died; and Cranmer was raised to the Primacy; an office which he continued to hold till his degradation, not long before his death.

To form a fitting estimate of Cranmer's character at this distance of time, is, perhaps, impossible. He is, by his enemies, denounced in the strongest—by a few, in the foulest—terms; by his friends he is praised most highly, not always with discrimination.

It is, however, incontestable, that he was a man of great ability, excellent scholarship, estimable temper, gentle manners, and forgiving disposition. "He used hospitality," he did not amass wealth; and when adversity came upon him, his first care was to pay all his debts.

Timid, loving life, he avoided danger generally; yet, on some great occasions, he boldly declared his opinion; as when in taking the oath of Canonical Obedience, he declared publicly, he would not be bound by that oath—"to do anything contrary to the law of God, and the rights of the King;" nor refrain from any "such reforms as he might judge useful to the Church of England."

As, also, when the Six Articles were under debate, for three days he ably resisted them, both by vote and speech; though the King specially offered him permission to leave the House.

As, also, when he opposed Somerset in his Alienation of the Chantry Lands, contrary to law,—and, it will be remembered, he would not flee when Mary ascended the throne, but being accused of willingness to say mass before the Queen, he protested his faith in one of the boldest papers ever written in critical circumstances.

Cranmer did not disown fallen friends; he supplicated the King for Anne Boleyn and for Cromwell; and when Somerset fell, he was still his friend. He also laboured earnestly to save More and Fisher.

On the other hand, it is certain, that when Henry required to be divorced, Cranmer was always one of the instruments. When Edward wanted to alter the succession, to which Cranmer was pledged,—Cranmer hesitated, opposed, but submitted. When Somerset was ambitious, Cranmer was flexible. There was what Burnet calls, "a too awful subjection" of his mind to his earthly ruler. His participation in persecution must be put to the credit of the intolerance of the times.

Over Cranmer's fall, let charity cast a veil! Inflexible constancy is to be admired, but it costs some men far less to be firm than others. Let us be deeply grateful that we are not tried as Cranmer was tried, for we might have fallen never to recover; he stumbled that he might rise again! Let him who has never betrayed the truth, either in word or action, cast the first stone!

Let us remember Cranmer as the earnest promoter of the publication of the Bible in English—as the man who willingly lent his influence to secure the worship of God in the living language of living men—as the able defender of Protestant doctrine, and as the principal translator and compiler of the Book of Common Prayer: a book so like Cranmer that it seems to bear his distinct impress—to be the reflection of his varied character; but it has stood for 300 years (save two brief intervals), as the book of morning and evening devotion of a large portion of the English people, and this fact tells most powerfully for its adaptation to the purposes for which it was designed. "Having been composed at a period when old and new beliefs were contending for supremacy, it contains some remnants of opinion which,

perhaps, have no longer a place in our convictions; but the more arduous problems of speculation are concealed behind a purposed vagueness, which shrinks from definition; and the spirit of the Prayer-book is the spirit of piety, more than of theology; of wisdom, more than of dogma." *

CONCLUSION.

There are a few general remarks in reference to the great change we have been considering.

The first is well stated by Guizot:—"It recalled religion to the bulk of the laymen, to the world of the faithful; previously religion, so to speak, was the exclusive domain of the clergy—of the ecclesiastical order, who distributed its consolations, and almost solely possessed the right to speak of it. The Reformation caused religious doctrine to re-enter general circulation, and it re-opened the field of faith to believers, into which they had lost their right to penetrate."

Second. "It banished, or nearly so, religion from politics, it restored independence to the temporal power, at the very same moment that religion re-entered, so to speak, into the possession of the faithful." The clergy ceased to be ministers of State; "they parted from the government of Society." †

Third. Good learning was promoted. To do this, says Hallam, there was "no more necessary step than to put down bad learning, which is worse than ignorance, and which was the learning of the monks, as far as they had any at all." "The loss of a few schools in connection with the monasteries was well compensated by the foundation of others on a more enlightened plan, and with much better instructors." ‡

* Froude's History.

† Guizot's History of Civilization.

‡ Hallam's History of Literature.

"There were more grammar-schools," Knight says, "founded in the thirty years before the Reformation" (the transition period), "than in the 300 years preceding."

Fourth. The agents in the English Reformation were not generally fully conscious of the work they were doing: they unsettled ancient foundations; they laid others, used many of the old materials; but the superstructure was not complete in a day. The Reformers were builders rather than architects.

There is encouragement here for patience, hope, and faith. If the foundation be the Bible, men can afford to build slowly.

Practical men—men who accomplish great works—are not usually much ahead of their generation; they have a little more sagacity, a little more fearlessness, a little more determination,—that is all. Your great thinkers accomplish small things for their own age; but their thoughts fructify in practical minds, and when the time comes they are clothed in deeds of power. Edmund Burke and Adam Smith were far more influential through Sir Robert Peel than they ever were in their lifetime.

Fifth. The interest awakened in the people in behalf of the reformed religion, is well stated by Hallam.

"The abolition of saint worship, the destruction of images, the sweeping away of ceremonies, fasts, penances, and absolutions, the free circulation of the Scriptures, the communion in prayer by the native tongue, the introduction, if not of a good, yet of a more energetic and attractive style of preaching than had existed before; and besides this, the eradication of monkery, which they despised; the humiliation of ecclesiastical power, which they hated; the immunity from exaction, which they resented; these are what the north of Europe deemed its gain, by the public esta-

blishment of the Reformation, and to which the common name of Protestantism was given."

Sixth. One momentous result of the Reformation, was the assertion of the right of private judgment. It was asserted by the Reformers till they became powerful, but the age was not enlightened enough to allow even them to concede it in all cases. Luther did what he could to repress the Anabaptists, Calvin silenced Servetus, Cranmer was accessory to the burning of Joan of Kent. It is a hard lesson to learn, that any one has a right to differ from ourselves, and have his judgment respected.

Yet when the usurped authority of Rome, the terrible tyranny over body, soul, and spirit, was overthrown, this right of private judgment gained expansion, to the infinite benefit—notwithstanding some associated evils—to the infinite benefit both of clergy and laity, to the advantage of every department of influence, political, religious, literary, and scientific; it stamped greatness on humanity, but greatness freighted with responsibility.

Seventh. One lesson to be taught from our subject is, that the struggle was not only with the Papacy, but with deep inwrought intolerance of the human heart. On this point I entreat you to listen to the words of Dr. William Smyth. "Pliny, Louis IX., (before the Reformation,) Melancthon, Ridley, and Cranmer, (after the Reformation,) if there be any characters in history that in every other respect but this of intolerance, are the ornaments of their nature, they are these. If these are not favourable specimens of mankind, none can be found; vigorous in their understanding, cultivated in their minds, gentle in their natures, conversant with the world and its business, refined and pure, and perfect, as far as in this sublunary state perfection can be found. These are certainly most awful lessons.

"I cannot enter into any discussion of the different degrees of intolerance which different sects have exhibited. It is possible, it might naturally be expected, that the Protestant would be less deeply criminal than the Papist: but I cannot now stay to appreciate their relative criminality, or point out its causes. I speak of the guilt of all—of mankind, of human nature, of the inherent intolerance of the human heart—be the bosom in which it beats of whatever character or description—Pagan or Christian, Protestant or Roman Catholic.

"Much improvement has no doubt taken place in society on this momentous subject; much since the first breaking out of the Reformation. As in the solitude of the prophet Elijah, the Lord passed by, and a great and strong wind rent the mountains, but He was not in the wind; and after the wind, an earthquake, but the Lord was not in the earthquake; and after the earthquake, a fire, but the Lord was not in the fire; and after the fire, a still, small voice, and the Lord was in that voice: so, in the solitude of the human mind, from the moment the spirit of religious inquiry has reached it, and the Lord has passed by, the visitations of intolerance have succeeded, and there has been the dispute of the polemic, and the embattled field of the warrior, and the stake of the persecutor—the wind, and the earthquake, and the fire—and the Lord was not in them; and at last the mild and benevolent precepts of the Gospel—the still, small voice has been slowly heard, and it is perceived the Lord is in that voice.

"Blessed be the Lord of Mercy that thus far an advancement in religion, a new Reformation, has been at length accomplished! It is no longer supposed that to persecute is to please God; the rights of conscience are acknowledged at least, and there is here some hope and some victory over the powers of darkness.

"The misfortune still is that men honour the doctrines of toleration with their lips, while they seem not aware that their heart is far from them. The principles of intolerance, that is, the principles of their nature, still maintain their hold, though they may be awed and tamed and civilized, and reduced to assume forms less frightful and destructive in these later ages.

"Uncharitable insinuation, mutual accusations, mutual contempt, and ignorance of the arguments and tenets of each other; these, in both the superior and inferior sects, have supplied the place of the virulence and fury of earlier times."

Eighth. My task is done—imperfectly, incompletely; how imperfectly none can know but those who have read much and thought much of the History of the Reformation —how incompletely none can be conscious but those who have accumulated piles on piles of material which neither time nor space could permit them to use; but I have done what I could in the few stray hours which fall to the lot of every one, no matter how busily employed.

And I have my reward, in increased acquaintance with the men associated with the greatest event in modern history, and in a deepened abhorrence of that intolerance which sometimes disfigures Protestantism, but which is inwrought in Popery.

True religion, before the Reformation, was like Lazarus wrapped in cerecloth, bound in grave clothes, laid in the grave; it was a cave and a stone lay upon it. Revived learning came and the stone was removed; the Book of God appeared, and there issued a voice of omnipotent power from its hallowed leaves, the voice roused the dead, and in tones of majesty, the echoes of which we hear even now, it exclaimed, "Loose it and let it go."

The Reformation was long in coming, but it came at last

—in the magnificent language of Froude; "The time of reckoning was at length arrived; slowly the hand had crawled along the dial plate; slowly, as if the event would never come; and wrong was heaped on wrong, and oppression cried, and it seemed as if no ear heard its voice till the measure of the circle was fulfilled, the finger touched the hour, and as the strokes of the great hammer rang out above the nation, in an instant, the mighty fabric of iniquity was shivered into ruins."

Church Song,

IN

Its Relations to Church Life.

A LECTURE

BY

THE REV. HENRY ALLON.

Programme.

HEBREW MUSIC.

- "*Yigdol.*"
- ROSSINI'S adaptation of the same from "*Mosè in Egitto.*"

AMBROSIAN PERIOD.

- "*Conditor alme siderum.*" ("Advent Evening Hymn." No. 35.)
- "*Veni Redemptor gentium.*" ("Liguria." No. 195.)

GREGORIAN PERIOD.

- 1st Tone. (*Magnificat.* No. 75.)
- 5th Tone. (*Psalm* cxxxvi. No. 48.)
- 8th Tone. (*Psalm* cl. No. 58.)
- 9th, or Peregrine Tone. ("*O Saviour of the world.*" No. 97.)
- Sanctus from the "*Missa de Angelis.*" (No. 95.)

MEDIÆVAL LATIN.

- "*A solis ortus cardine.*" 5th Century. ("Ravenna." No. 329.)
- "*Lucis Creator optime.*" 7th Century. ("Nicea." No. 315.)
- "*In natali Domini casti.*" Circa 14th Century. ("Gethsemane." No. 144.)
- "*Quem pastores laudavere.*" 14th Century. ("Bethlehem." No. 106.)

LUTHERAN.

- PAUL SPERATUS, 1524. "*Es ist das Heil uns kommen her.*" ("Dettingen." No. 240.)
- LUTHER, 1525, "*Aus tiefer Noth schrei ich zu dir.*" ("Coburg." No. 176.)
- LUTHER, 1530, "*Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott.*" ("Worms." No. 17.)
- HANS SACHS, 1526. "*Wach auf in Gottes Name.*" ("Silesia." No. 142.)
- HANS LEO HASLER, 1601. "*O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden.*" ("Lutzen." No. 119.)
- HEINRICH SCHEIDEMANN, 1604. "*Wie schön leuchtet der Morgenstern.*" ("Morning Star." No. 25.)
- ANONYMOUS, 1648. "*O Gott, du frommer Gott.*" ("Munich." No. 165.)
- JOHANN CRÜGER, 1653. "*Nun danket alle Gott.*" ("Wittemburg." No. 89.)
- J. G. EBELING, 1666. "*Die güldne Sonne.*" ("Dresden." No. 180.)
- Lutheran Sanctus. (No. 92.)

FRENCH PROTESTANT.

- CLAUDE GOUDIMEL, 1565. *Psaume* lxvi. ("Navarre." No. 169.)

ENGLISH PROTESTANT.

- TALLIS. "*Veni Creator.*" ("Tallis." No. 59.)
- TALLIS. ("Canon." No. 12.)

MODERN.

- ALCOCK'S CHANT / DR. BLOW'S CHANT } *Psalm* xcv. (No. 33.)
- HANDEL. ("Kedron." No. 266.)
- BEETHOVEN. Sacred Song. ("*Incarnation.*" No. 257.)
- DR. GAUNTLETT. Selections from the Apocalypse, arranged to various Chants. (No. 80.)
- DR. GAUNTLETT. "*Lo, the storms of life are breaking.*" ("Maldon." No. 88.)
- DR. GAUNTLETT. "*O worship the King.*" ("Houghton." No. 246.)

The Musical Illustrations, with the exception of the first two, are printed by permission from the "Congregational Psalmist."

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

I CANNOT address you to-night without first alluding to the mysterious dispensation of God's providence which has quenched in a moment the joy of an entire nation, and has brought us hither as with the sorrow of a domestic bereavement upon every heart. God has taken from us a Prince who came to us a stranger—commended only as the chosen husband of the Queen—but whose personal wisdom and goodness soon won for him, for his own sake, a universal esteem and affection. No man ever lived amongst us in more exalted respect—in more spotless reputation—in more exemplary goodness. Of noble and modest worth—of intellectual breadth and culture—he was a wise and patriotic counsellor of the Queen, in whom all men had perfect confidence: he was a virtuous and exemplary husband and father, making the highest home in the land its brightest example of conjugal happiness and domestic virtue, and constituting it a home of most precious teachings and influences for those who are now our princes, and may be our rulers. In accomplishments, wisdom, and patriotism —in all that was virtuous, religious, and affectionate, the Prince whom we mourn to-day was everything that the people of England could wish in the husband of their Queen and the father of their princes. Nor after

twenty-two years' experience of him would there be so much as a qualifying wish or suggestion, had the choice to be ratified to-day. Next to the Queen herself he commanded the respect and love of the nation. Happy is the people to whom God gives such Princes. Generations hence our national obligations to Prince Albert will still be felt.

The personal loss and sorrow of our beloved Queen are too sacred for me to speak of here. May the God of pity comfort and strengthen her! Could human sympathy avail for her consolation, she may feel assured that no such sorrow has touched the heart of this generation—making strong men bow their heads and weep, and turning Sabbath congregations into scenes of lamentation that could not be repressed. Throughout this broad realm of England, is there a heart that has not felt a tender reverence for her great sorrow, or a knee that has not bowed in earnest prayer that the "Husband of the widow and the Father of the fatherless" will be her Almighty help?

As a tribute of respect to the Prince, whom we all so deeply and sincerely mourn, the chorus "Happy and blest are they," from Mendelssohn's St. Paul, will now be sung.—

(Sung by the Choir.)

CHURCH SONG,

IN ITS RELATIONS TO CHURCH LIFE.

THE volume which has "Church Song" upon its title-page is a very ample and a very diversified one.

It includes the *History* of church song—its archæology and development, and the way in which it has expressed and affected the church life of successive generations.

It includes the *Science* of church song, applying to it the art-canons of lyrical poetry, and of worship-music.

It sets forth the *place and use* of church song; its fitness and power of awakening and embodying our heart of worship before God; of appealing to deep instincts, and powerful sympathies of our nature; of elevating us to our highest possibilities of devoutness and love; and of uniting us to those who worship with us, by the mystic bonds of a common act of praise.

I purpose to-night to make merely some excerpts from this multifarious volume, necessarily more in the form of casual paragraphs than of connected history or continuous discussion. I shall pursue a very practical and a very earnest purpose, by laying under contribution whatever of historical illustration, or of suggested expediency, may tend to awaken within you a vivid conviction of the importance of church song, as affecting the holiness and the joy of our spiritual life. I shall

endeavour to instruct you, and shall hope to interest you; but I shall make no attempt merely to amuse you. A mere musical entertainment might be better furnished elsewhere.

Rhythmical song is the instinctive utterance of all strong emotion. "Music is the bridge from the sense to the soul." If you were to hear the American Indian bewail his dead, or excite himself to furious hate against his adversary, you would hear a rude recitative—a wail, or a muttering, clothing the imaginative language of a natural poetry.

Song indeed is the language of nature itself,—from the lark, that "blithe spirit,"

> "That from heaven, or near it,
> Pours its full heart
> In profuse strains of unpremeditated art"—

to the archangel that stands nearest the throne, and leads the mighty praise of heaven. Every pure and noble thing that God has made shouts forth its joy in song—

> "In every burst of sympathy,
> In every voice of love."

Like light, song is the gladness of all things: the whispering forest has its music, and the rippling brook its melody; the great sea utters its unresting praise, and the vast temple of nature is full of the song of the viewless winds. And who shall say that it is imagination only that speaks of the "music of the spheres?"

Is it other than our ignorance which sings:

> "What though in solemn silence, all
> Move round this dark terrestrial ball;
> What though no real voice nor sound,
> Amidst their radiant orbs be found;
> In reason's ear they all rejoice,
> And utter forth a glorious voice;
> For ever singing as they shine—
> The hand that made us is divine."

Is not Shakspere a better divine than Addison?

> "There's not the smallest orb that thou behold'st
> But in his motion like an angel sings,
> Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins."

We are all familiar with the power of popular song over popular feeling. Thomas Lord Wharton, the author of the foolish song, "Lillibullero," used to boast that he had "sung James II. out of three kingdoms." Who does not know what an important part the Jacobite ballads of Scotland played in the last struggles of the Stuarts; and the "*Marseillaise*," in the French Revolution? It is well known that when on foreign service, their "Ranz des Vaches" so affected the Swiss, that they deserted and hastened to their native mountains; so that, according to Rousseau, the playing of these melodies was forbidden on pain of death.

And in religious excitements and revolutions popular hymnody has always exerted the greatest influence. The purification of the Temple by Hezekiah, and the great revival under Ezra, were both marked by an eminent restoration of choral song. The followers of Wycliffe and of Huss were nicknamed "Psalm-singers." Luther found music a better recipe for getting rid of the devil, than the ready projectile,—his inkstand; "for the devil," said he, "is a saturnine spirit, and music is hateful to him, and drives him away." And the Huguenots of France and the Covenanters of Scotland often betrayed themselves to their enemies by their irrepressible psalm-singing;—while in early Methodism the hymnody did as much as the preaching. Congregational singing, indeed, seems inseparable from eminent religious life; wherever there are religious earnestness and joy there will be religious song. For praise is the very highest exercise of our spiritual life. More effectually than any other thing it appeals to

the holiest feelings and touches the profoundest sympathies. *Preaching* is merely the address of one man to another; *Prayer* is the interested approach to God of a needy suppliant; but *Praise* is the worship of a self-forgetful adoration.

And it is God's blessed order of things that we are benefited the most, when in loving self-forgetfulness we praise Him; we are elevated by the thought which fills us—transfigured by the glory upon which we gaze; so that, like mercy, praise is .

——— "twice bless'd;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes;"

and, like charity, "it never faileth," for praise is the religion of heaven. The grace that comes from God streams into loving, self-forgetful souls; it is the blessing, not of what we get, but of what we become; not of a thing put into our hands, but of a transformation wrought in our hearts. In prayer we receive, in praise we become, and it is greater to become than to receive.

And it is beautiful to observe how the appointments of God's service harmonize with natural laws. In preaching we *speak*; that which has to be explained, and argued, and urged—must be spoken. In prayer we *plead*, use the language and the tone of precation. But in praise, we *sing*, mould our thoughts to poetry, and our tones to music. Poetic song is the natural expression of praise, —the spontaneous form of adoration, thanksgiving, and joy. Just where other forms of speech are the most inadequate, song is the most sublimely strong.

It was, I think, Sir Philip Sidney, who first said, "Let me make the ballads of a people, and I do not care who makes their laws;"—an epigrammatic and exaggerated way of putting a great truth; and with due allowance for the epigram, I would venture to say, "Let me

determine the psalmody of a church, and I do not care who preaches its sermons."

It is impossible to exaggerate the practical importance of a rich and cultured worship-music. It is true, that we worship a spiritual God, who requires of us only a spiritual service; but it is true also, that we who worship are sensuous as well as spiritual beings, and that we are largely dependant upon our sensuous nature for the excitement of spiritual feeling. If we read the Bible, we are greatly influenced by the beauty of David's poetry, the splendour of Isaiah's eloquence, and the intellectual force of Paul's reasoning. If we hear sermons, we are affected by the eloquence as well as by the orthodoxy of the preacher. If we pray, our devotions are winged by the fitness and tenderness of the words that we employ. So, if we sing, we are affected by tune as well as by words.

We need not analyse this too severely. We may accept that as practically the best, which the most inspires our entire nature. Granted—that poetry and music are but the form, and that thought and feeling are the spirit of praise. A whole burnt-offering requires not only the sacrifice, but the wood and the fire to enkindle it. It is enough that we are excited and thrilled, body and soul, and that we rapturously pour out our praise before God, "with all our heart, and soul, and strength." We ourselves hardly suspect how much our spiritual fervour and joy are dependant upon the fitness and beauty of our vocal praise. What a colour it gives to every service! What a tone to every feeling! How everything else is imbued by its subtle spirit,—chilled, or jarred, by its unfitness, or made to glow with fervour and beauty by its magic power! Excited and exalted by rapturous song, how easy it is to pray! how pleasant to preach! how profitable to hear! Our sympathies are excited; the emotional

effect of our song is spread over all things; our souls are harmonized and vivified, we hardly know how. More than anything else such song "makes the Sabbath a delight."

"It is," says Southey, "one of the advantages of devotional singing, that those who bear a part in it affect themselves." And Manton quaintly tells us how it affects our fellow-worshippers. "One bird," says he, "sets all the flock a-chirping." While George Herbert tells us how it may affect those who may not have our spiritual sympathies:

> "A song may catch him whom a sermon flies,
> And turn delight into a sacrifice."

"Music," says Addison, "when thus applied, raises noble hints in the mind of the hearer, and fills it with great conceptions. It strengthens devotion, and, advancing praise into rapture, lengthens out every act of worship, and produces more lasting and permanent impressions in the mind than those which accompany any transient form of words that are uttered in the ordinary methods of religious worship."

Nay, the early influence of good church song abides with us through life, investing the worship of our childhood with a beauty and a glory, instead of with a repulsiveness and a penance. Snatches of pious song will come back to us in maturer years, like Alpine echoes, softened and purified by distance, and with subduing and sanctifying power.

In this active utilitarian age, especially, when our religious life is practical rather than devotional, benevolent towards men rather than emotional towards God, working outwards rather than upwards, it is more than ever necessary that we culture the heart of praise—the hallowing and elevating influences of worship.

I have no sectarian theory of worship to maintain; I have no clique to vindicate—no school to recommend. I do not

presume to say what distinctive mode of worship is ritually right or wrong. I take my stand upon an eclectic and catholic basis, disposed to think, that in such matters, whatever *does* best, *is* best. With an impartial eye, therefore, and a sympathetic heart, I would "prove all things, and hold fast that which is good."

I would not test church song by its mere poetry and music. These may be of the very highest artistic excellence, and yet for all purposes of worship be but "as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal;" they may possess only the intellect, and the sensibilities. A man may have the most exquisite enjoyment of both, and his heart of worship remain untouched. Neither would I test church song by mere ecclesiastical usages or traditions, either episcopal or nonconforming, for these are often as unreasoning and injurious as the traditions of the Pharisees.

But I would test church song by its practical fitness for inciting and expressing true worshipping feeling,—by its power, experimentally proved, of appealing to that which is highest and holiest in our spiritual life, of making us forget self, and think about God, of making the love of evil depart out of us, and of producing godliness within us. That may be the best form of worship for one congregation, which is not the best for another. Why not recognise in congregations differences of character, education, habit, and ability? Why should all congregations worship alike? Why not approve, in each, that which is the most conducive to its own worshipping joy?

The only uniform canon that I would impose is,—that, whatever the form selected, it be the worship of the people, the united vocal praise of the whole congregation, a form of song in which every worshipper can easily and heartily join. We do not sing when we merely listen to a choir, any more than we preach when we merely listen to a

sermon: the song or the sermon may affect us, but it is the act of another, and not our own. God cannot be worshipped vicariously; and few perversions of worship are more incongruous, than for a congregation to be listening while a choir is performing,—than for a worshipper, with his heart full of praise, to be unable to give utterance to it, from inability to join in the singing, or else to be checked in his attempt to do so by the sexton's well-known rebuke: "Stop, sir, stop! we do all the singing here ourselves!" In nonconforming churches, church song is the only congregational act. The people are preached *to*, and prayed *for*, surely they are not to be sung *to* as well.

Whether, therefore, it be choir or precentor, organ or unaccompanied voices; whether the rustic pompositics of the village church, or the artistic slovenliness of the town cathedral; whether the barbarous vocalization of the "Denmarks," and "Polands," and "Calcuttas," of the last generation, or the skilful combinations of Handel and Mendelssohn in this; in these things let every church be "fully persuaded in its own mind." I would "lay upon it no greater burden than this necessary thing," that from a service of worship every form of song be resolutely excluded in which every worshipper cannot join. Worship is a sacrifice to God, not to musical art.

Worship-song is no peculiarity of revealed religion; it is the instinctive prompting of nature.* Homer and Hesiod wrote hymns to the gods,—the earliest divines of Greece as well as its earliest poets. Orpheus was a priest-musician. A chief part of the religion of the Egyptians was singing hymns to their gods. The Muses were chiefly employed in the service of the gods, and some of them derived their

* "If I were a nightingale, I would do as a nightingale; and if a swan, as a swan; but since I am a rational creature, I ought to praise God; this is my work, this I will do."—*Arrianus, the Stoic Philosopher.*

names from their song.* We do not wonder, therefore, that the Bible is full of recognitions of worship-song, and that it makes such bountiful provision for its exercise. Amongst the Jews, the very use of poetry and music seems to have been restricted to Divine worship, probably because their theocracy demanded that every rejoicing should be a thanksgiving to Jehovah.

"It is especially in Judea that we see Devotion and the Muse dwelling together in unity, twin sisters that God hath joined, going up to His house in company, worshipping hand in hand at the throne, weeping at the altar, and bowing in silent adoration before the glorious cloud flashing in awful brightness before the holiest place."†

Hence, the newly-liberated life of the people found its first great outbreak in Miriam's magnificent song on the shores of the Red Sea, which is our earliest specimen, not only of choral, but of antiphonal song; for Miriam and the women sang on the one side, and were answered by Moses and the men on the other.

Beyond all question, the Temple Service of the Hebrews was the most magnificent choral-worship that the world has seen. As arranged by David and Asaph, the choir appears to have consisted of some four thousand singers and players. One of the fathers tells us, that because of the number of singers and the elevation of Mount Zion, the sound of their song could, on great occasions, be heard at a distance of ten miles! Such a choir, surpassing that of our greatest modern celebrations, and leading the rejoicing song of an assembled nation, must have been overpowering indeed.

The historian especially records how, at the dedication of Solomon's Temple, the Lord Jehovah responded to the invocation of worshipping song:

* Melpomene, Polymnia, Terpsichore, &c.
† Milner's Life of Watts, p. 256.

"It came to pass, as the trumpeters and singers were as one, to make one sound to be heard in praising and thanking the Lord; and when they lifted up their voice with the trumpets and cymbals and instruments of music, and praised the Lord, saying, 'For he is good; for his mercy endureth for ever;' that *then* the house was filled with a cloud, even the house of the Lord; so that the priests could not stand to minister by reason of the cloud; for the glory of the Lord had filled the house of God."*

That church music was formally taught in the Jewish schools is clear, from 1 Chron. xxv. 7: "The number of them with their brethren that were instructed in the songs of the Lord, even all that were cunning, was two hundred fourscore and eight." And that Jewish song became very celebrated throughout the East, is obviously implied in the ironical request of the Babylonians, that their poor captives would "sing them one of the songs of Zion."

The great glory of the Jewish service, however, was its Psalms—the wonderful collection of sacred songs, which for a thousand years was the expression of its praise. Not that the book of Psalms was at any time the ritual psalter of the Jewish Temple; it is rather a collection of Hebrew poetry, containing the Temple Psalms, but containing also many pieces neither meant nor fitting to be sung. The book of Psalms as we possess it was a long and gradual accumulation, and was not finally completed until after the captivity.

Hippolytus, writing in the third century, assigns it as a reason why the Jews affixed no author's name to the book of Psalms, "that the compositions were not written by one; but Esdras collected those of several authors, as the traditions inform us, in the time after the captivity, when he united the psalms of different writers, or rather songs in

* 2 Chron. v. 13, 14.

general (λογους); for they are not all psalms. In consequence, some of them have the name of David prefixed to them, some that of Solomon, others that of Asaph. There are also some by Jeduthun, and, besides, some by the sons of Korah, also by Moses. Now, the compositions of all these men collected together will not be called the Psalms of David alone by any one who understands the matter."*

In its completed form, it is a precious fount of devotional expression and joy—"a kind of epitome," says Augustine, "of the whole Scripture;" "the choice and flower," says Hooker, "of all things profitable in other books."

By far the larger portion of the Psalms, however, was contributed by David, "that great chorister of God."† And the wonderful thing is, that spiritual utterances, so true, so profound, so ample, should come out of an age so crude in its theology, so dim in its religious light. How little these Jewish prophets knew concerning God—his nature, his purposes, his love! How stern their dispensation; how ritual their worship; how carnal their age! And yet how full of religious light and love are these Psalms! How wonderfully they express the deep religious heart of humanity! They fathom the lowest depths—they scale the loftiest heights of man's spiritual soul. We of this nineteenth Christian century have no expressions for our various religious experiences so adequate as David's. When we pray the most intelligently we use his words: when we praise the most rapturously we seize his harp. He speaks for us, as no one else has spoken, the great mysteries of our life, the great struggles of our soul, all that we can remember, experience, or hope—a penitence that our sorrow

* Hippolytus on the Psalms, quoted by Bunsen,—"Hippolytus," Vol. I., 284-5.

† Bishop Hall.

can never surpass, an ardour that we can but feebly emulate, a rapture that we can but faintly share. Who, with all the revelation of the New Testament, and with all the culture of nineteen Christian centuries, can say that his spiritual experiences have outgrown David's Psalms—that he has risen above their height, expatiated beyond their range, explored beneath their depth? If we hesitate to use them, it is that they go beyond our experience rather than fall short of it. When, in the worship of the church, can it be said, that the "prayers of David the son of Jesse are ended?" *

Homer was coeval with David; Homer, too, sang religious hymns, which have come down to us;—the religious heart of Paganism, side by side with the religious heart of Theism! Who even thinks of comparing them? The one has become mere archæology and fable: the other, in still gathering power, stirs the deepest pulse of the world's heart, and is the most adequate expression of its every-day experiences. I work—I struggle—I pray—I pass through

* "They [the Psalms] discover secrets, Divine and human;—they lay open the holy of holies of both God and man, for they reveal the hidden things belonging to both, as the life of the one is developed in the other. The Psalms are the depositories of the mysteries, the record of the struggles, the wailing when worsted, the pæans when triumphant, of that life. They are the thousand-voiced heart of the Church, uttering from within—from the secret depths and chambers of her being, her spiritual consciousness—all that she remembers, experiences, believes—suffers from sin and the flesh, fears from earth or hell, achieves by heavenly succour, and hopes from God and his Christ. They are for all time. They never can be outgrown. No dispensation while the world stands, and continues what it is, can ever raise us above the reach or the need of them. They describe every spiritual vicissitude; they speak to all classes of minds; they command every natural emotion. They are penitent, jubilant, adorative, deprecatory: they are tender, joyous, majestic; low as the whisper of love; loud as the voice of thunder; terrible as the almightiness of God!"—*Binney's "Service of Song,"* p. 27.

the daily vicissitudes of modern thought, and feeling, and action, and David's Psalms are more precious to me than Charles Wesley's Hymns!

Whence this marvellous vitality—this perennial fitness? Partly it is through the wonderful *character* of the man—the fresh, strong, manly understanding—the tender, sympathetic, womanly heart that were in him! Partly it is through his varied *experience*—his eventful and romantic life. Solomon wrote a thousand and five songs—only two of them* have passed into sanctuary use. They are not the Solomons, nor the Melancthons of an age who write the songs that stir a people's heart; but the Davids and Luthers,—men of deep, passionate souls and great heroic lives. We need songs for battle-fields and confessionals—for triumphal processions and death-beds! And these are not drawing-room products; they gush forth out of men's great agonies: they are songs of men of mailed breasts and gauntleted hands—men of battle-fields, and storms, and shipwrecks—"Out of the depths they cry unto God." But chiefly these Psalms are so vital because, *religiously*, all men are alike; theologically they may differ, that is, in their notions of objective truth, but religiously they are alike, that is, in their experiences of subjective feeling; and therefore it is that all men can pray and praise alike—therefore it is that the songs which came out of David's heart may come out of ours. His Psalms are so catholic because they were so personal.

What a mighty and blessed influence these Psalms would exert upon the religious life of the semi-civilized Jews! When we think how Homer moved the heart of Greece—how Tasso moved the heart of Italy—how Burns moves the heart of Scotland, we can easily imagine how David would

* Psalms lxxii. and cxxvii.

move the heart of Palestine—how his songs would inflame its patriotism and excite its piety; for with the Jew patriotism and piety were one; and the religious song of the temple would be the patriotic song of the battle-field, and the social song of the home. At that period of their national development especially, how could God have educated his people better than by raising up for them a David to make songs for them!

God has not given us a Christian David. No book of inspired song contributes to the Canon of the New Testament. Who amongst its writers could have strung David's harp? The reason of this difference is, that in the Old Testament Psalms, God had made an adequate provision of inspired song for the religious life of humanity. Who thinks of these Psalms as the Psalter of the Jewish Church merely? Do we not instinctively feel that they have a broader character—a more catholic use than this—that they are as much Christian as they were Jewish song? David's harp has survived his throne; the Psalmist is more renowned than the Monarch.

The question, therefore, arises—How, in our Christian worship, are these Hebrew Psalms to be used? We venture to reply—Such of them as are merely poems are to be read as poems, just as we read the book of Job. But are we to read such of them as are lyrical songs? Do we read hymns? Do we read prayers? "Singing," says Law, "is as much the proper use of a psalm, as devout supplication is the proper use of a form of prayer; and a psalm only read is very much like a prayer that is only looked over."* David composed his Psalms for musical use only. He did not say, "O, come let us read unto the Lord a new poem," but, "O, come let us sing unto the Lord a new song." Hence, of his Psalms, fifty-seven are inscribed as "delivered to the chief

* Law's Serious Call, ch. xi.

musician." We may get a certain benefit from reading a psalm, just as we may from reading a hymn, but when we sing it, the benefit is tenfold. Who does not feel the difference between quietly reading the hymn, "Come let us join our cheerful songs," and singing it to a bright exulting melody, in which music speaks as well as words? The one is like the weary monotony of a dull orthodox preacher; the other is like the divine inspiration of one upon whose lips men hang breathless, and whose words are things of life and joy. Just imagine the worshippers of heaven *saying*, not singing, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain." A true lyric indeed hardly *can* be read. Try to read such a Psalm as the 95th, or the 103rd, and you will inevitably rise into a chant. Psalms are not mere edifying scriptures; they are the expression of the innermost life of worshipping men. And therefore it is, that, although often suffering from unmusical fellow-worshippers, and deeming him blessed who has no sense of tune, I have ever felt disposed to adduce good old Fuller's words as their excuse:

"Lord, my voice by nature is harsh and untunable, and it is vain to lavish any art to better it. Can my singing of psalms be pleasing to thy ears, which is unpleasant to my own? Yet though I cannot chant with the nightingale, or chirp with the blackbird, I had rather chatter with the swallow; yea, rather croak with the raven, than be altogether silent. Hadst thou given me a better voice, I would have praised thee with a better voice. Now what my music wants in sweetness, let it have in sense—singing praises with the understanding. Yea, Lord, create in me a new heart (therein to make melody), and I will be contented with my old voice, until in thy due time, being admitted into the choir of heaven, I have another, more harmonious, bestowed upon me."*

* Good Thoughts in Bad Times. Personal Med. v.

It will be admitted, then, that psalms are to be sung; but how are they to be sung? Some persons have an invincible repugnance to the singing of the free unmetrical version of our English Bible. These glorious songs of inspiration must be subjected first to the rude manipulations of some Thomas Sternhold, or Nahum Tate, or Francis Rous; or, if he will forgive the invidious fellowship, of Dr. Watts;—the inevitable result of which must be, a beautiful thing marred; a good thing spoiled; a divine thing made human; an irreverent emendation of the royal David, by mechanical versifiers. Talk of the protest of Wesley, or Montgomery, against those who for any purpose should presume to alter their hymns,—how would not David have protested, had he ever imagined that, in order to adapt them to metrical tunes, his glorious songs would be stretched on the Procrustean bed of a Thomas Sternhold! And this, when there exists for our use a form of tune the most simple, the most practicable, and the most devotional, which will enable us to sing them as David wrote them. I would put it to any one, which is the more reasonable in itself, the more just to the Royal Poet, the more reverent to inspired Scripture,—to manipulate these inspired songs into iambic metres, in order to adapt them to our tunes, or to adopt the form of tune which preserves them in their primitive integrity?

A chant is simply a musical recitation suited to the rhythm of Hebrew poetry;—a musical tone, with the simplest inflections; the measure of which is the natural length of the syllables to be uttered. Good chanting is simply good reading; the time, the emphasis, the grouping of the words precisely the same. Chanting is not the chattering, breathless, helter-skelter, the decapitated words, the crushed-out sense, the huddled-up confusion, in which all meaning of the words is subordinated to the notes of the

music, which one so often hears in cathedral services, to the utter destruction of all worship, and distress of all devout worshippers. Hymns might be sung in the same manner, and with just as much reason; as, indeed, the last generation did sometimes sing them; but we should not call it hymn-singing, nor because of it refuse to sing hymns ourselves; we should rather correct the abuse by insisting that hymns be sung properly and reverently. Even were chanting as difficult as it is easy, it would still be a duty to learn it, if thereby only we could qualify ourselves to sing the inspired songs that God has provided for us.

Surely, then, we are not to be deterred from doing a proper and an edifying thing by a mere name; nor to regard the word chant as a minor designation of Antichrist!

I hold, therefore, that all debatings about worship-music, whether it should be chanted psalm, or metrical hymn, are simply absurd. By the vail of tradition or of prejudice, they cover up the true point at issue, and make the very worship of God a badge of sectarianism. If it be conceded that both psalms and hymns are to be sung, the question is resolved. If it be a psalm that we sing, we sing it to a rhythmical tune;—if a hymn, we sing it to a metrical tune. Both are chants, for "*chanting*" is simply singing, whatever may be the structure of the music adopted.

In our uninspired hymnody, God has given us a precious possession of devotional wealth, the inheritance of many generations. It has enriched our worship, expressed our religious emotions, been the bond of our Church praise, and the joy of our pious homes. It has strengthened us in great duties, solaced us in great sorrows, and cheered our dying beds. Next to the Bible, the greatest loss that the Church could sustain would be the loss of its hymnody. Germany could do better without Luther's sermons, than

without his songs. England could spare all that her Doctors have written, better than her Evangelical hymns; there can be no comparison between the religious power of dead books and of living songs. Sabbath after Sabbath, in ten thousand worshipping assemblies, and in ten thousand times ten thousand homes, Bishop Ken, and Dr. Watts, Dr. Doddridge, and Charles Wesley, Cowper, and James Montgomery, speak as living men to living souls. "Being dead, they yet speak."

But precious as our hymns are, we may not exalt their religious power above that of the inspired Psalms;—sanctioned as these are by a millennium of worship in the Jewish temple; by the worshipping use of our Lord and his Apostles; by the almost exclusive use of the Christian Church for 400 years, and by their perpetuated use to the present day; for from the day in which they were written to the present day, there never has been a time when they were not the worship-song of the almost universal Church.

Concerning the *music* of the Jewish Church—much of it probably David's own composition—we have no authenticated traditions; the very meaning of the musical accents of the Psalms being uncertain. It would, however, almost certainly be perpetuated from generation to generation; that is, the music used in Solomon's time would probably be that which our Lord and his disciples used when they sang the lesser Hallel on "the night in which He was betrayed;" and this again would almost certainly be preserved in the Christian Church to the time of Ambrose and Gregory.

No certain traditions of their temple music have been preserved by the Jews themselves. With their temple their ritual came to an end, and in their synagogues sacred song was silenced, until Messiah should come.* The synagogue

* Burney's Hist. of Music, Vol. I. p. 251.

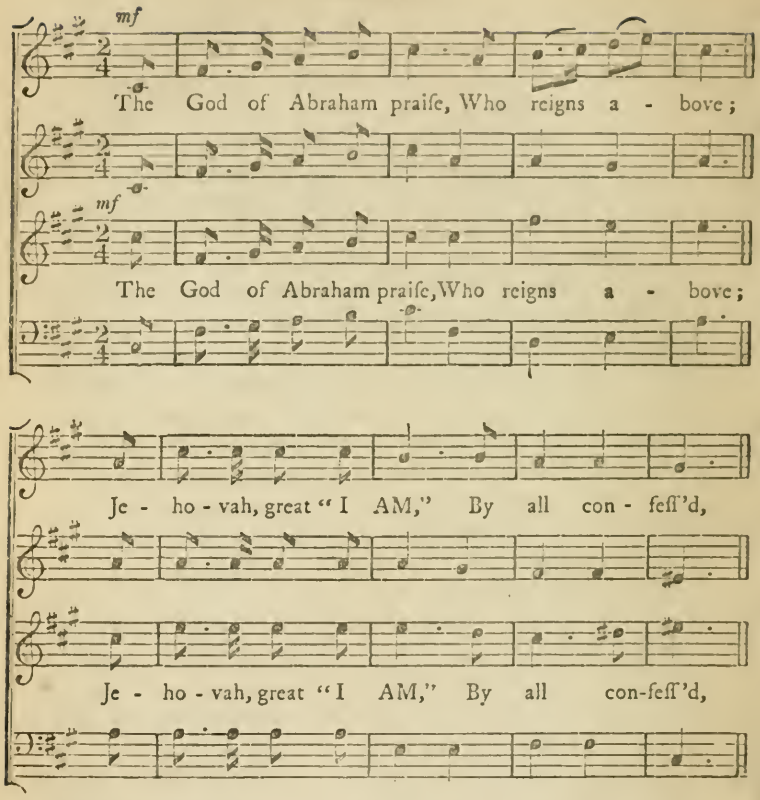
music that we now hear is comparatively a modern innovation. Hence scarcely two synagogues have the same music. If, therefore, we possess any traditions of Jewish music at all, we possess them in the Gregorian tones, a supposition more than probable.

Two or three melodies are found in our modern Tune Books, which are said to be of ancient Hebrew lineage; one is the tune "Ramah," the "Yigdol Elohim Hai," the "Hymn for the Dying," which is said to date from the temple service; another is the tune "Leoni," another "Yigdol," affirmed to be of equal antiquity. It may be so; but we are compelled to say that there is no proof. No vestige of Hebrew music can be found in any ancient book; prior to the 15th or 16th century, the synagogues had no written music—their melodies were handed down *memoriter* from precentor to precentor—each clothing them with the embellishments of his age, or school, or personal taste. As we possess them, the melodies that I have referred to are unmistakeably modern in their form, but it may be, that beneath this there is a substance of very high antiquity, only there is no proof. I will ask our friends to sing to you the version of the tune "Leoni," which, as arranged by Mr. Verrinder, is used in the West London Synagogue, and which is said to have derived its name from Leoni, a celebrated bass singer, who introduced it into the synagogue in Duke's-place, about the year 1780.*

The presumed antiquity of this melody has led Mr. Costa to introduce it into his "Eli," as a chorus of the Jewish people; and Rossini to introduce a magnificent adaptation of it into his "Mosè in Egitto," where it is given as a wail of the oppressed Israelites. But in Rossini's hand "the thing becomes a trumpet." His adaptation of it will now be sung as a marvellous instance of the transmuting

* "Yigdol" was here sung (see over, pp. 256, 257).

"YIGDOL."



power of genius, even when working in but common clay.

(Sung from No. 123 of "The Musical Times.")

We have no account of the introduction into Christian worship of uninspired hymns. In his famous letter to Trajan, written in the beginning of the second century,

Ancient Hebrew Melody. Harmonized by C. G. VERRINDER.

f

The Lord of end - leſs days, And God of Love.

The Lord of end - leſs days, And God of Love.

dim. *p*

We own the ſa - cred Name, For e - ver bleſt.

dim. *p*

We own the ſa - cred Name, For e - ver bleſt.

Pliny says of the Christians, "They are accustomed to sing alternately between themselves, and to praise Christ as a God." Eusebius says, "Whatever psalms and hymns were written by the brethren from the beginning, celebrate Christ the Word of God, by asserting his divinity."*

* Euseb. Eccl. Hist. v. 28.

Indeed the Early Fathers are full of allusions to Christian song.

In their persecutions, especially, and when driven into the "dens and caves of the earth," their hymns were the solace of the Christian saints, their strength and their joy, in the weariness of their conflict. "They did not," says Theodoret, "like the captives of Babylon, hang up their harps upon the willows; for they sang praises to their Creator in every part of his empire." *

The few Christian hymns of the first three centuries were, of course, written in Greek, and after the models of the Greek poets; that is, they were rhythmical, and not metrical, demanding for their use in singing, a chant, and not a metrical tune.

Only four of the Greek hymns have been preserved to us, very interesting and precious relics of the Psalmody of the Early Church. Of these, three are appended to the venerable Alexandrine MSS. of the Scriptures.

The earliest, and the greatest, was the Morning Hymn of the Early Church, the magnificent "Gloria in Excelsis," a version of which is introduced into the communion service of the Episcopal Church. It was called by the Greek Church the "Angelical Doxology," from the fact of its commencing with the nativity-song of the angels, "Glory to God in the highest." It is probably as old as the apostolic times, and is supposed to be the hymn alluded to by Pliny. Some liturgical writers attribute it to Telesphorus, a Bishop of Rome, in the second century.

The second is another morning hymn of only three verses; one of them, "Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us this day without sin," introduced afterwards into the "Te Deum." The third is the Evening Psalm of the Early Church, composed from verses of Psalms.

* Theod. Eccl. Hist. iv. p. 25.

The fourth is the Candle Hymn of the Greek Christians, called by Basil the "Hymnus Lucernalis," and of which he says that it was "so ancient, that he knew not who was the author of it."* It was sung at the setting of the sun, as the "Ave Maria" is now sung in Italy; and is found in very ancient MSS.†

There is also an Eastern hymn attributed to Clemens Alexandrinus, and commonly found in his works,—a free metrical version of which may be found in the New Congregational Hymn Book. (Hymn 975.)

The "Ter Sanctus," or Seraphic Hymn, likewise introduced into the Communion Service of the Episcopal Church, belongs, also, to the first Christian centuries, and is found in almost all the ancient liturgies; but it is little more than the Trisagion of the Seraphim in the sixth chapter of Isaiah.

These are the only fragments of Greek Hymnology that have come down to us.

The Syrian church possessed a richer hymnody and an ampler music. In Ephrem Syrus, a priest of Mesopotamia, it found a Christian poet of rich imagination and fervid piety, who wrote more than Solomon himself;—a selection of whose hymns has been translated by Dr. Burgess. A host of imitators followed him, and the Syrian church is said to possess a hymnology of 12,000 or 14,000 hymns.

The great Latin "Te Deum" belongs to the close of the third century; the hymn of all hymns, full of the loftiest thoughts, glowing with rapturous fervour, and expressed in words that a seraph might use;—the sublimest of uninspired compositions. "It is at once," as has been beautifully said, "a hymn, a creed, and a prayer; or rather, it is a creed taking wing and soaring heavenward; it is faith seized with a sudden joy as she counts her treasures, and laying them at

* Bingham, B. XIII. c. v. § 6.

† See Bunsen's Hippolytus, III. p. 135.

the feet of Jesus in a song; it is the incense of prayer, rising so near the rainbow round the throne as to catch its light, and become radiant as well as fragrant; a cloud of incense illumined into a cloud of glory."*

Its origin is lost in impenetrable obscurity; all that can be said about it is, that higher than the fourth century we cannot trace it. The tradition of its origin is, that in sudden inspiration it gushed forth from the lips of Ambrose as he baptized Augustine in his cathedral at Milan; or according to another form of it, that, simultaneously inspired, Ambrose and Augustine sang it antiphonally. The probability is, that, like that other glorious Latin hymn, "Urbs beata Jerusalem," the root of which is found in the meditations of Augustine, and its latest flower, in the "Jerusalem, my happy home," of our modern hymn-books, it grew out of earlier fragments, fused, however, at length, in one great burning heart, and moulded by the faith and love and genius of one great master hand. Greatly do those churches impoverish their worship, which exclude these divine compositions; they are neither the possession of a sect, nor the badge of a creed, but the glorious inheritance of the whole Catholic Church of Christ.

Amongst patristic notices of the Hymnology of the first three centuries, we find Tertullian urging marriages with believers, on the singular ground that "Psalms and hymns may be harmoniously sung by the happy pair, who can provoke one another to sing the better to their God;"† otherwise, says he, "What would the unbelieving husband sing to the wife, or the wife to the unbelieving husband?"

Jerome tells us that "in Christian villages little else was heard but psalms, for which way soever you turn yourself, either you have the ploughman at his plough singing

* Voice of Christian Life in Song, p. 19.

† Epistle to his Wife, II. c. 8.

Alleluias, the weary mower refreshing himself with a psalm, or the vine-dresser chanting forth somewhat of David's . . . the little ones not able plainly to pronounce their words could yet sing an Alleluia in praise of the Saviour." *

The one paramount characteristic of these early hymns is their worshipping, eucharistic character,—their great heart of self-forgetting, rapturous praise. And this is the more remarkable, inasmuch as they sprang to birth in the martyr age of the Church, while Christianity was as yet a feeble, struggling, illicit thing. How unlike the sentimental hymns of our modern luxurious worship, when, "delivered from the fear of our enemies," we consecrate our peaceful enjoyment to singing a minute anatomy of our own moods and passions, instead of a self-forgetful praise of God! Surely it is one thing to sing hymns about ourselves, and it is another to sing hymns about God. There is a wonderful feeling of worship in these early songs; not a shade of sorrow saddens them, not a feeling of struggle embarrasses them;—"the smell of fire has not passed upon them," the wonder of redemption fills and absorbs the worshipper. "Mortality is swallowed up of life."

The early heretics, sagaciously calculating the power of popular song, made large use of it in propagating their doctrines. In the second century, Bardesanes, a Gnostic teacher in the Syrian Church, endeavoured to supersede the Psalter, by substituting one of his own, containing also 150 Psalms, in which his Gnostic doctrines were subtly insinuated. The people soon began to sing themselves into Gnosticism, just as by the use of Mr. Keble's "Christian Year" some people now sing themselves into Tractarianism. This brought forth the melting and melancholy hymns of Ephrem Syrus, in which sound doctrine was clothed in

* Epist. to Marcellus, p. 17.

beautiful poetry, and the Psalms of Bardesanes were soon sung into disuse.

In the third century, Paul of Samosata, who denied the Divinity of our Lord, is said to have largely beguiled the hearts of the faithful by his captivating hymns and music.

Augustine tells us, that in the fourth century the Donatists, adapting their hymns to common airs of a wild and passionate character, inflamed their enthusiasm as with the sound of a trumpet.

Arius, also, during the prevalence of his heresy, wrote ballads to well-known and seductive melodies, feeling that the hymns of the Church were a greater barrier to his doctrines than her creeds or her doctors. Torch-light processions were organised. The streets of Constantinople were made to echo with Arian hymns. The people were excited to the utmost enthusiasm. Arianism seemed to triumph everywhere. But orthodoxy had its poets as well as its divines. Gregory, of Nazianzen, wrote poetry, which Grotius and Valckenær call classical. Chrysostom was a golden-mouthed poet, as well as preacher. Arius had clothed bad doctrine in good poetry; the orthodox bishops clothed sound doctrine in still better poetry. Their hymns did far more than their sermons, and Arius was utterly discomfited.

The lesson is a very instructive one to those with whom it rests to provide the hymnology of the Church.

The name of Ambrose represents a great epoch in the history of church song. He was the true father of Christian church hymnology, the constructor rather than the mere reformer of it.

Ambrose was Bishop of Milan from the year 374 A.D. to the year 397 A.D., the period when the vernacular song of the Church passed out of the second of the inspired languages, into the language of the great empire of the West,—from the fervid and flexible language of Æschylus, into the cold

and rigid language of Virgil. Ambrose was by far the greatest of the Latin hymnologists. His hymns, some of them derived from Eastern sources, were constructed after the models of the Latin poets. They were therefore, for the most part, metrical, having lines of equal length, and mostly four in each verse, but without rhyme. Hence six and eight syllable iambics,—as in Sternhold and Hopkins, Tate and Brady, and Dr. Watts, have been the predominant and narrow forms of Western Psalmody. It was a critical period in the history of the Church. Ambrose was to old Paganism in the Roman Empire what Luther was to old Popery in the German;—it had "waxed old, and was ready to pass away." Theodosius suppressed heathen worship, and Ambrose had to lay the national foundations of the new Christianity. Cosmos was emerging from Chaos; and the task of Ambrose was to blend together the conflicting elements of the old Greek and the new Gothic.

Some thirty Latin hymns bearing his name have come down to us. Of these, however, the Benedictine editors admit only twelve as indisputably genuine.

Isidore, Archbishop of Seville, complains that the music of the Church had been corrupted by the introduction of heathen melodies, and of a theatrical style of singing.* So does Jerome, who says, "We are not like comedians to smoothe the throat with sweet drinks, in order that we may hear theatrical songs and melodies in the church."†

These, therefore, would be amongst the musical abuses that Ambrose would have to reform,—a process that it has been necessary to repeat many times since. In his musical constructions he probably took the old chants of the Church as his materials. He first introduced into the Western church the Antiphonal singing of the East.

* Isidore Pelus, B. I. ep. 90.
† Comm. on Ephes. B. III. ch. v.

The Ambrosian song was of course unisonous, and unaccompanied by any instrument, singing in harmony not being introduced until the eleventh century, and organs not until the seventh. Part harmony, indeed, seems to have been suggested by the accompaniment of the organ.

Of the many interesting notices of the Psalmody of Ambrose, found in the writings of Augustine, I will quote but one from his "Confessions:"

"How did I weep, through thy hymns and canticles, touched to the quick by the voices of thy sweet-attuned church. The voices flowed into mine ears, and the truth distilled into my heart, whence the affections of my devotion overflowed, tears ran down, and happy was I therein."*

And in one of his sermons Ambrose himself says:

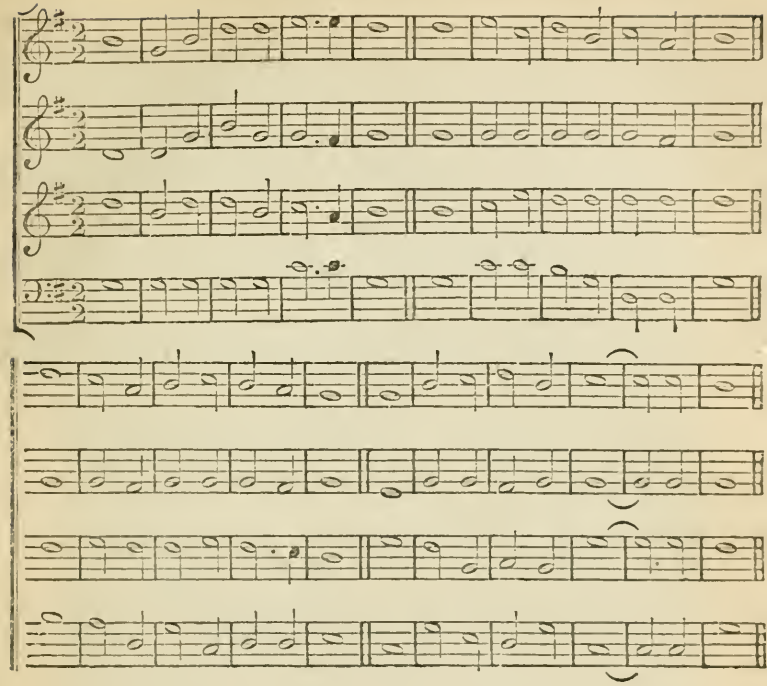
"They say the people are misled by the verses of my hymns. I frankly confess this also. Truly they have in them a high strain above all other influence. For can any strain have more of influence than the confession of the Holy Trinity, which is proclaimed, day by day, by the voice of the whole people? Each is eager to rival his fellows in confessing, as he well knows how, in sacred verse—his faith in Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. Thus all are made teachers, who else were scarce equal to being scholars."

He says that "the effect of the responses of the psalms—the singing of men, women, maidens, and children—is like the breaking of the waves of the sea."

I will put before you two specimens only of Ambrosian song. The first is the well-known "Conditor alme siderum," the melody of which is said to have been that of a heathen offer-song, to which Ambrose supplied sacred words:

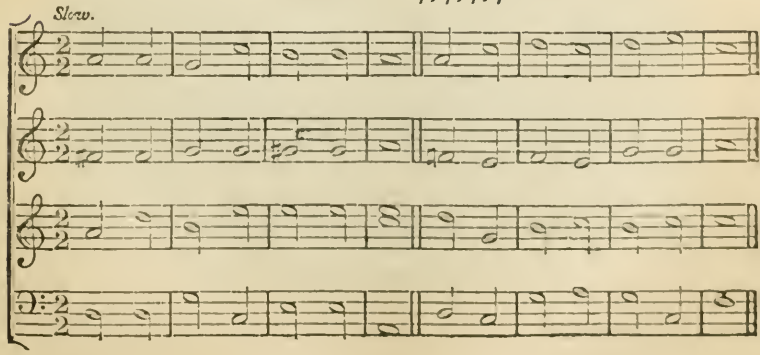
* Confess. B. IX. § 14, and following sections; also B. X.

ADVENT EVENING HYMN.—L.M.

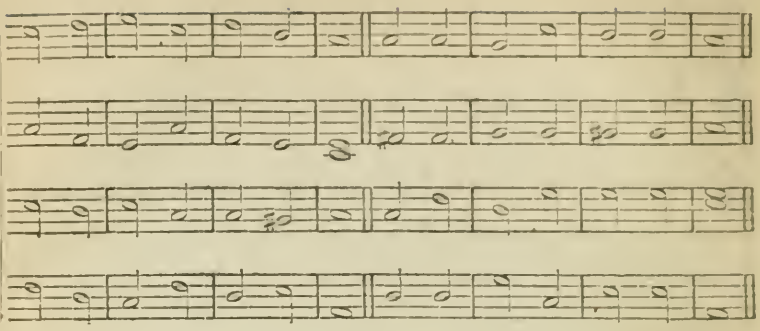


The other is the immortal hymn, "Veni Redemptor Gentium:"

LIGURIA.—7, 7, 7, 7.



AMBROSE.



The characteristics of the early Latin hymns are plainness and force. Less imaginative and sympathetic than the Greek, they are, perhaps, more majestic and demonstrative ;—they work their spell upon you by the simple force of their statements, and the fire of their earnestness. There is an austere simplicity about them,—a severe objective character which is in striking contrast with the sensuous subjective hymns of Bernard and other later Latin hymnodists. "It is as though building an altar to the living God, he [the Hymnodist] would observe the Levitical precept, and rear it of unhewn stones, upon which no tool had been lifted."*

The next great epoch of Church song is represented by Gregory the Great, the first Pope of that name, elected in the year 590 A.D. He, too, stands upon a border land,—"the last of the classical doctors of the church." Politically, his is the point of transition from the old Roman to the new Teutonic civilization; ecclesiastically, from the ages of simplicity and spirituality to the ages of ritualism and superstition. Gregory himself, however, was the last of the good rather than the first of the bad. He was one of the

* Trench's Sacred Latin Poetry, pp. 81-2.

greatest and best of the Popes, a faithful preacher, a profound thinker, a great reformer, and a holy man. In other times, he would have been, if not a Luther, at any rate a Cranmer. His name has a peculiar interest to us, from the re-conversion of our island to Christianity under his pontificate.

Gregory was more a musician than a poet. He began his career, while secretary to Pelagius II., by instituting the singing of litanies through the streets during the raging of a plague.

The mode of singing established by Ambrose, the designations of which* indicate their Eastern origin, consisted of four modes or scales, according to which, all ecclesiastical compositions were to be arranged. These were called the Ambrosian tones. The word "tone" is simply our modern word "tune;" it is derived from a Greek word signifying tension. Hence, when a physician would brace a patient's nerves, he gives them a "tone," by giving him a "tonic." The vibration of a string in a state of tension emits a sound,—the sound of its tension, hence called a "tone." From the same source our word "tenor" is derived; the tone or tune in old church psalmody being always given to the tenor voice. Hence, too, our words "intoning," "intonation," etc. In music, however, the tone is not the mere single sound, but the tune—the mode or system of sounds according to which the melody is constructed.

The four tones or modes which Ambrose had fixed, were pure or simple tones—hence called "authentic." † These having become corrupted, were restored by Gregory to their primitive simplicity, and to these he added four subordinate tones—hence called "plagal," or appended tones.‡ And

* Dorian, Phrygian, Lydian, and Myxolydian.

† The 1st, 3rd, 5th, and 7th tones.

‡ The 2nd, 4th, 6th, and 8th tones.

to these eight Gregorian tones, as they came to be called, a ninth was afterwards added—an irregular form of the eighth—and perhaps the most beautiful of them all. This tradition affirms to have been the old Temple chant to the Lesser Hallel or Passover Psalms. Others, however, affirm it to be of French origin—hence it was called in Italy, the "Peregrine," or Foreign Tone.

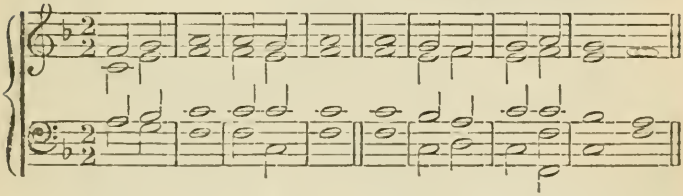
These eight tones, therefore, are simply eight modes or models of musical composition: and all ecclesiastical music constructed according to them, whether of thirteen centuries ago, or of yesterday, is called Gregorian music.

Gregory began his work of reformation by collecting all the fragments of Church music that he could find, and arranging them according to these eight models. He caused an order of service to be written out, consisting of Psalms, Responses, and Masses, some of which are still extant, and from which the service of the Romish Church is derived. He utterly banished the "Canto Figurato," or florid song, as being too light for ecclesiastical uses, and established the "Canto Fermo," or plain song. He founded a singing school, which continued to exist in Rome 300 years after his death, as did also the whip wherewith he corrected his refractory pupils, and the bed upon which his infirmities compelled him to recline during the singing lesson. I may just add that Gregorian music was introduced into Britain by Augustine, Gregory's missionary, and became the source of all our ecclesiastical music. It was also introduced into Germany by Boniface, and became the great fount of Lutheran melody. The works of the great masters—Handel and Mendelssohn especially—are pervaded by it. It has its reason and necessity in the very nature of things, therefore it has never been surpassed, and can never be superseded. As well attempt to divorce the tone of precation from prayer, as the principles

of Gregorian music from worship-song. Hence no people rejecting it has ever had a music.

We will take two or three of the Gregorian tones, as specimens of their wondrous richness, simplicity, and devoutness. The first is the "first tone," commonly called "Tallis' Chant," which some of you may recognise in Handel's grand phrase, "The Lord gave the word." We will sing to it the Magnificat, to which Marbecke set it in his service book:

Cheerful. LUKE I. GREGORIAN, 1st tone, 2nd ending.



1 My | soul doth magni-| fy the | Lord, || And my spirit hath re-|joiced in | God my | Sa..viour,

2 For | he hath regarded the low estate of | his hand-| maiden; || For behold, from henceforth all gener-| ations shall | call me | bless..ed,

3 For | he that is mighty hath done to | me great | things; || And | ho..ly | is his | name.

4 And his | mercy is on | them that | fear him || From gener-| ation to | gen..er-| a..tion.

5 He hath | shewed strength | with his | arm; || He hath scattered the proud in the imagi-| na..tion | of their | hearts.

6 He hath | put down the mighty | from their | seats, || And exalted | them of | low de-| gree.

7 He hath | filled the hungry | with good | things; || And the rich | he-hath sent | empty a-| way.

8 He hath | holpen his | ser..vant | Israel, || In re-| mem..brance | of his | mer..cy;

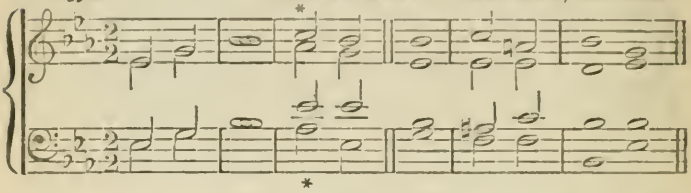
9 As he | spake | to our | fathers, || To Abraham and | to his | seed for | ev..er.

GLO..RY | BE TO THE FATHER, AND | TO THE | SON: || AND | TO THE | HO..LY | GHOST:

AS IT | WAS IN THE BEGINNING, IS NOW, AND | EV..ER | SHALL BE: || WORLD | WITH..OUT | END. | A..MEN.

Next, the Fifth Tone, one of the brightest and most exulting of the Gregorian modes, familiar to you from the old Lutheran choral, "Sleepers! awake," introduced by Mendelssohn into his "St. Paul:"

Joyful. PSALM CXXXVI. GREGORIAN, 5TH TONE.



*** When the first half-verse ends with a monosyllable, the chant closes on the note marked *.

1 O give | thanks unto the Lord, for he is | good; || For his mercy en-|dureth for | ev..er.

2 O give | thanks unto the God of | gods; || For his mercy en-|dureth for | ev..er.

3 O give | thanks unto the Lord of | lords; || For his mercy en-|dureth for | ev..er.

4 To | him who alone doeth great | won..ders; || For his mercy en-|dureth for | ev..er.

5 To | him that by wisdom made the | hea..vens; || For his mercy en-|dureth for | ev..er.

6 To | him that stretched out the earth above the | wa..ters; || For his mercy en-|dureth for | ev..er.

7 To | him that made great | lights; || For his mercy en-|dureth for | ev..er.

8 The | sun to rule by | day; || For his mercy en- | dureth for | ev..er.

9 The | moon and stars to rule by | night; || For his mercy en-|dureth for | ev..er.

10 Who re-|membered us in our | low estate; || For his mercy en-|dureth for | ev..er.

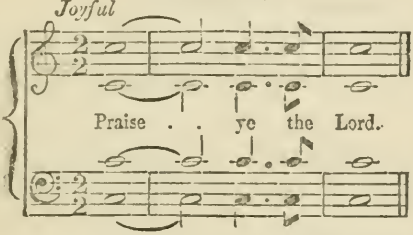
11 And | hath redeemed us from our | en..emies; || For his mercy en-|dureth for | ev..er.

12 Who giveth | food to all | flesh; || For his mercy en-|dureth for | ev..er.

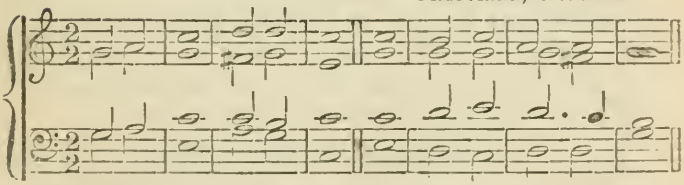
13 O give | thanks unto the God of | hea..ven; || For his mercy en-|dureth for | ev..er.

Both these are authentic or simple tones. Next, therefore, let us take a Plagal tone,—the eighth of the Tones, which some of you may recognise in two of Handel's choruses in his Samson, "Fixed in his everlasting seat," and "Let their celestial concerts all unite:"

PSALM CL.



GREGORIAN, 8TH TONE.



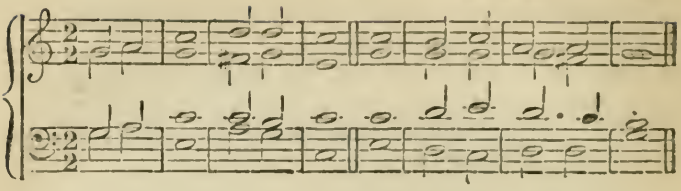
1 Praise | God in his | sanc..tu-|ary; || Praise him in the | firma..ment | of his | power.

2 Praise | him for his | migh .. ty | acts; || Praise him according | to his | excel..lent | greatness.

3 Praise | him with the | sound - of the | trumpet: || Praise him with the | psal..te-|ry and | harp.

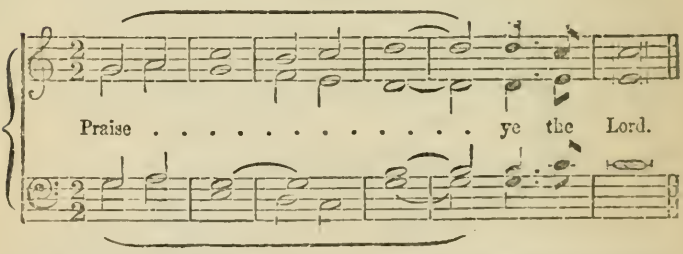
4 Praise | him with the | timbrel and | dance: || Praise him with stringed | in..stru-|ments and | organs.

GREGORIAN, 8TH TONE.



5 Praise | him upon the | loud | cymbals: || Praise him upon the | high | sound..ing | cymbals.

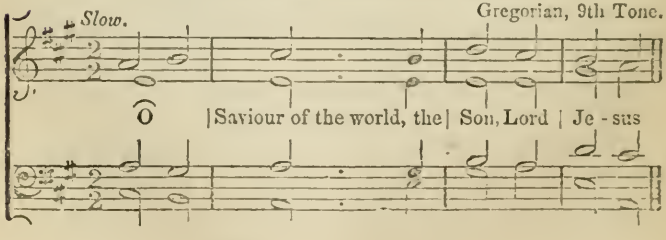
6 Let | everything | that hath | breath, || Praise | .. .. | .. the | Lord.

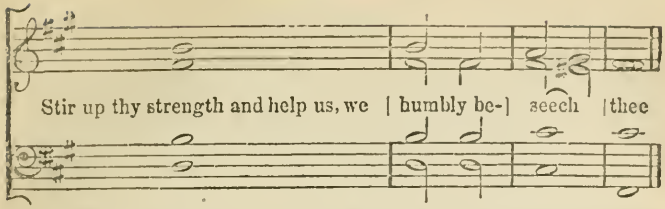


And next the Peregrine Tone, which, if the tradition be correct, that it was the Temple chant to the Passover Psalms, would be the chant sung by our Lord and his disciples on "the night in which he was betrayed:"

O SAVIOUR OF THE WORLD.

Gregorian, 9th Tone.





By thy | cross and precious blood ' thou | hast re- | deemed us : || Save us and help us, we | humbly be- | seech | thee.

Thou didst | save thy disciples ' when | ready to | per . . ish : || Hear us and save us, we | humbly be- | seech | thee.

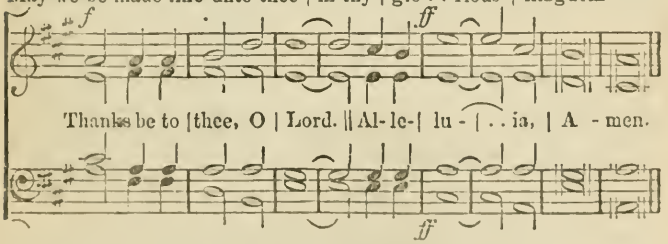
Let the | pitifulness ' of | thy great | mer . . cy : || Loose us from our sins, we | humbly be- | seech | thee.

Make - it ap - | pear that thou art our Saviour ' and | mighty de - | liv . . erer : || O save us, that we may praise thee, we | humbly be - | seech | thee.

Draw | near, according to thy promise, ' from-the | throne - of thy | glo . . ry : || Look down and hear our crying, we | humbly be- | seech | thee.

Come a - | gain, and dwell with us,' O | Lord, Christ | Je . . sus : || Abide with us for ever, we | humbly be- | seech | thee.

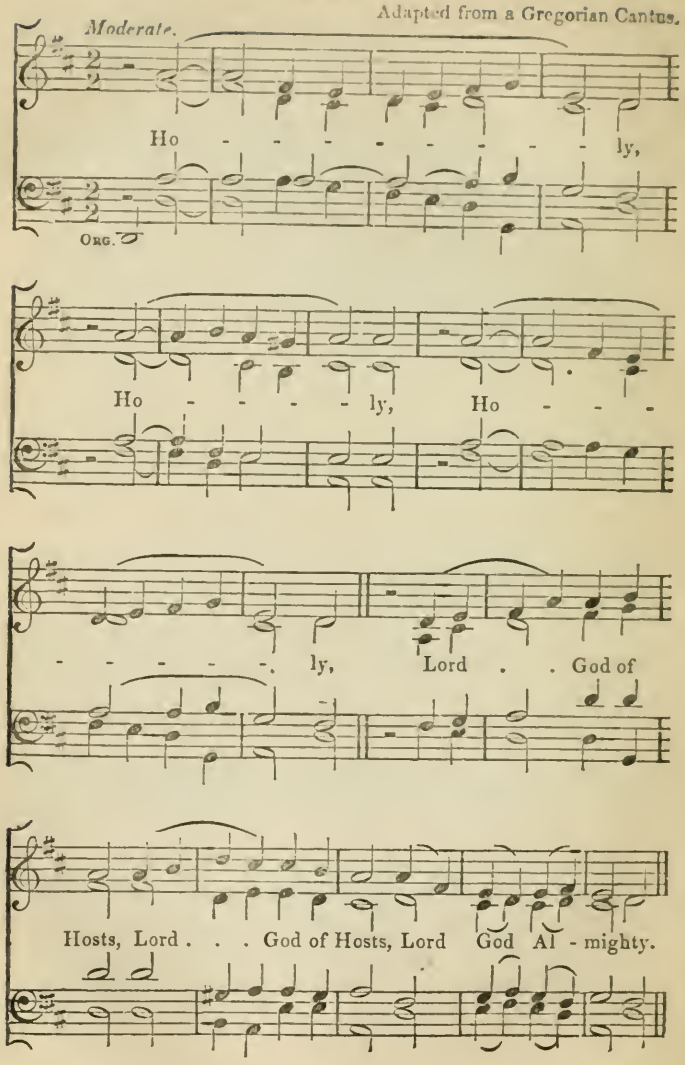
And | when thou shalt appear ' with | power and great | glo . . ry : || May we be made like unto thee | in thy | glo . . rious | kingdom.

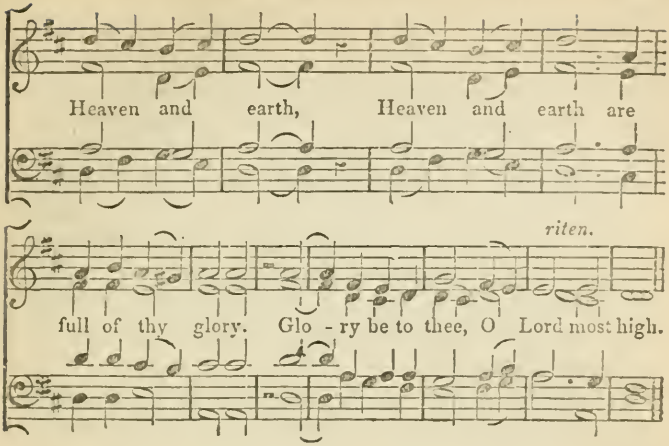


To these illustrations of Gregorian music, I will add a magnificent Sanctus, adapted by Dr. Gauntlett, from the "Missa de Angelis," one of the simple Masses of the tenth or eleventh century, constructed upon the Fifth Tone:

SANCTUS.

Adapted from a Gregorian Cantus.





Between Gregory and Luther a thousand years elapsed—years of darkness, degradation, and shame,—the period in which Monasticism and Mariolatry culminated to their zenith. And yet during this period some of the grandest of the Latin hymns were produced. The eleventh and twelfth centuries, especially, produced a rich harvest, compared with which all that preceded were but as first-fruits, and all that followed, as gleanings.

To this period belong the "Veni Creator," attributed to Charlemagne;—the "Pange Lingua" of Venantius Fortunatus;—the grand hymn of Bernard, "Jesu dulcis memoria,"—the source of Paul Gerhardt's passion hymn. "O Haupt voll blut und wunden," ("O sacred head, once wounded,") and of John Newton's hymn, "How sweet the name of Jesus sounds;"—the still finer hymn of Bernard, of Cluny, "Hic breve," extending to 3,000 hexameter lines, each having a triple rhyme; a fragment of which, beginning "To thee, O dear, dear country," has found its way into our hymn books through a noble translation in Mr. Neal's "Mediæval Hymns and Sequences."

But by far the greatest of the mediæval hymns is the "Dies Iræ" of Thomas Celano, one of the three great hymns which Sir Walter Scott said might almost condone all the sins of the Romish Church. It is, perhaps, the most solemn and affecting hymn that ever was written. Its unearthly tone, its thrilling pathos, its grand, rugged diction, awe and subdue the soul; emotion swells and heaves beneath its progressive thought; you hear the archangel's trump, you are spectators of the solemn advent, you stand before the awful throne, until awe trembles into prayer, and conscious sinfulness constrains penitent confessions and passionate pleadings.

Its cadence haunts you for days. Even to those who do not understand it, the very Latin is impressive.—Listen!—

> "Tuba mirum spargens sonum,
> Per sepulchra regionum,
> Coget omnes ante thronum!
>
> Mors stupebit, et natura,
> Quum resurget creatura,
> Judicanti responsura!"

The words suggest their own meaning and music.*

* Its metre, so grandly devised, of which I remember no other example, fitted though it has here shown itself for bringing out some of the noblest powers of the Latin language,—the solemn effect of the triple rhyme, which has been likened to blow following blow of the hammer on the anvil,—the confidence of the poet in the universal interest of his theme, a confidence which has made him set out his matter with so majestic and unadorned a plainness, as at once to be intelligible to all! These merits, with many more, have combined to give the *Dies Iræ* a high place, indeed one of the highest, among the masterpieces of sacred song.—*Trench's Sacred Latin Poetry*, p. 273.

The readers of Göthe will remember with what thrilling effect some lines of it are introduced into the "Faust."

Dr. Johnson tells us that Lord Roscommon, one of its translators, died with two lines of it upon his lips. And we all remember the affecting record of Lockhart, that in the melancholy wreck of Scott's noble intellect, he was heard to murmur some of its lines.

More frequently, perhaps, than of any hymn, translations of it have been attempted. Daniel gives a Hebrew, a Greek, and four German translations; and Dean Trench speaks of a volume by Lisco containing fifty-seven translations, all German, with the exception of one French, and one Romaic. Sir Walter Scott imitated it in two fine stanzas in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel." The only English version of it worthy of being read, is one by Dr. Irons in the "Hymnal Noted," which is scarcely inferior to the original. It preserves the wonderful effect of the Latin metre, and most successfully reproduces the unearthly and thrilling feeling of the entire hymn:

DIES IRÆ.

THE DAY.

Day of Wrath! O Day of mourning!
See! once more the Cross returning,—
Heaven and earth in ashes burning!

THE COMING.

O what fear man's bosom rendeth,
When from heaven the Judge descendeth,
On whose sentence all dependeth!

THE TRUMPET.

Wondrous sound the trumpet flingeth,
Through earth's sepulchres it ringeth,
All before the throne it bringeth!

THE RESURRECTION.

Death is struck, and nature quaking,—
All creation is awaking,
To its Judge an answer making!

THE BOOK.

Lo, the Book, exactly worded!
Wherein all hath been recorded;—
Thence shall judgment be awarded.

THE JUDGE.

When the Judge His seat attaineth,
And each hidden deed arraigneth,
Nothing unaveng'd remaineth.

THE SINNER.

What shall I, frail man, be pleading?
Who for me be interceding?—
When the just are mercy needing.

FREE GRACE.

King of majesty tremendous,
Who dost free salvation send us,
Fount of pity! then befriend us!

THE INCARNATION.

Think! kind Jesu, my salvation
Caused Thy wondrous Incarnation;
Leave me not to reprobation!

CRUCIFIXION.

Faint and weary, Thou hast sought me,
On the Cross of suffering bought me;—
Shall such grace be vainly brought me?

ABSOLUTION.

Righteous Judge of retribution,
Grant Thy gift of Absolution,
Ere that reck'ning day's conclusion!

CONTRITION.

Guilty, now I pour my moaning,
All my shame with anguish owning;
Spare, O God, Thy suppliant, groaning!

HUMILITY.

Thou, the sinful woman savest ;—
Thou, the dying thief forgavest ;
And to me a hope vouchsafest !

PRAYER.

Worthless are my prayers and sighing,
Yet, good Lord, in grace complying,
Rescue me from fires undying !

HOPE OF HEAVEN.

With thy favour'd sheep, O place me !
Nor among the goats abase me ;
But to Thy right hand upraise me.

FEAR OF HELL.

While the wicked are confounded,
Doom'd to flames of woe unbounded,
Call me ! with thy saints surrounded.

SURRENDER TO GOD.

Low I kneel, with heart submission ;
See, like ashes, my contrition,—
Help me, in my last condition !

REQUIEM.

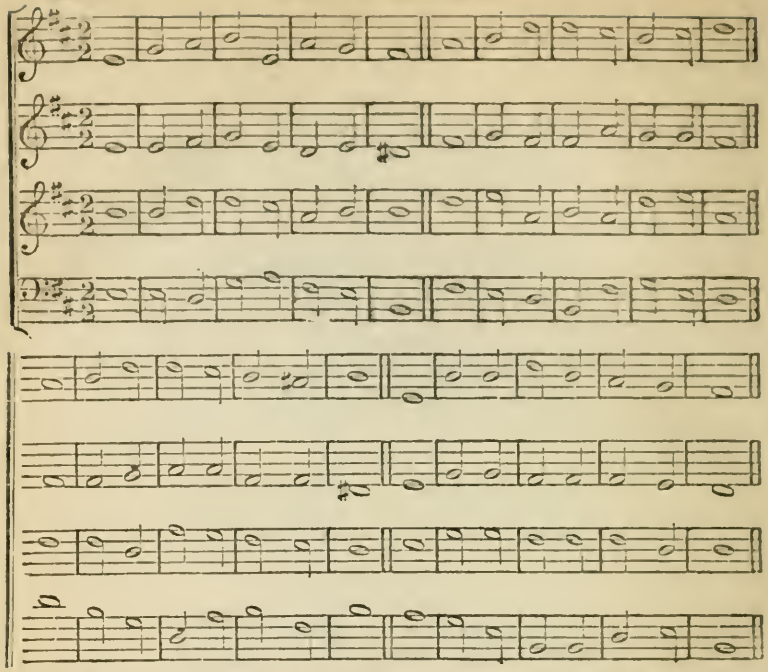
Ah ! that day of tears and mourning !
From the dust of earth returning,
Man for judgment must prepare him ;—
Spare ! O God, in mercy spare him !

REQUIEM.

Lord, who didst our souls redeem,
Grant a blessed Requiem !
Amen !

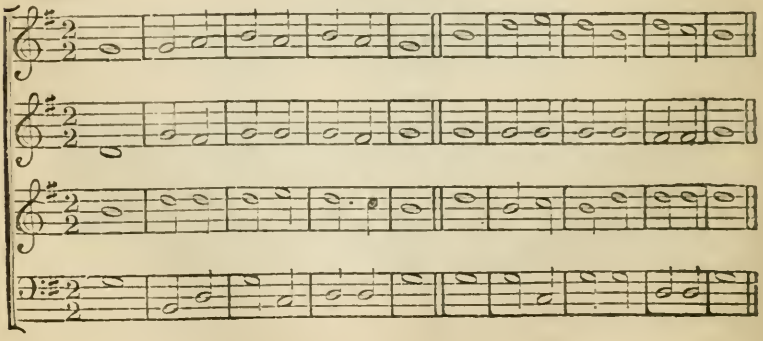
You shall hear one or two specimens of the melodies of this mediæval period, introduced, however, by the fine melody of the "A Solis ortus cardine," a hymn of the 5th century, attributed to Cœlius Sedulius, a native of Scotland, who became Bishop of Achaia :

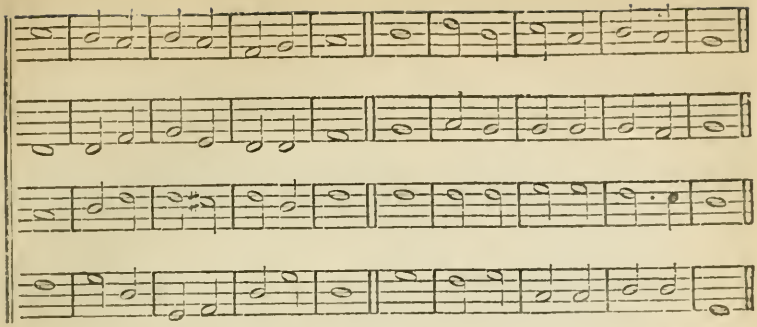
Moderate. RAVENNA.—L.M.



We will take next the "Lucis Creator Optime," which is attributed to Gregory the Great—a hymn which, chanted by the Jesuit missionaries before the Emperor of China, so charmed him, that he gave them permission to preach in his empire:

Moderate. NICEA.—L.M.





You shall now hear an adaptation of the "In Natali Domini," a beautiful melody of the 14th century:

GETHSEMANE.—6 lines, 7s.

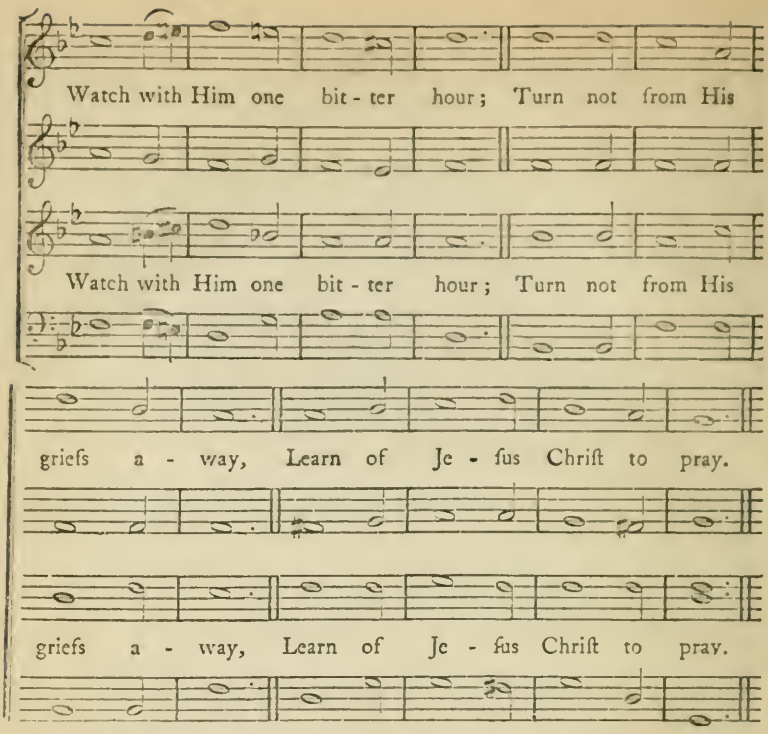
Plaintive.

Go to dark Geth - ſe - ma - ne, Ye that feel the

Go to dark Geth - ſe - ma - ne, Ye that feel the

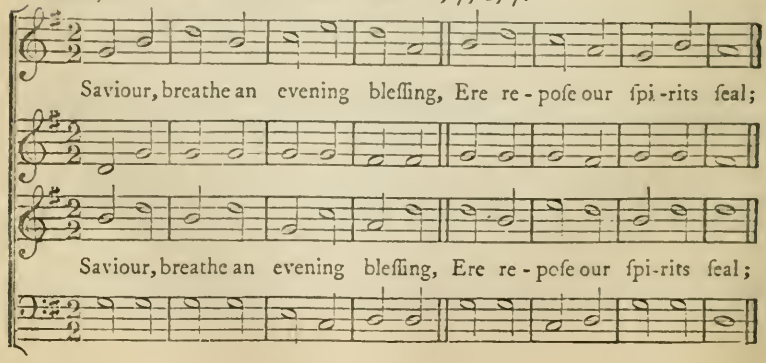
tempt - er's pow'r; Your Re - deem - er's con - flict ſee,

tempt - er's pow'r; Your Re - deem - er's con - flict ſee

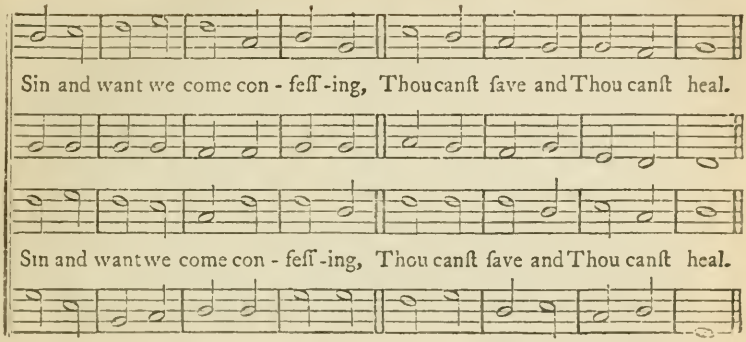


And last an adaptation of the exquisite melody of the "Quem pastores laudaveri," also of the 14th century, and which, if it were not the source of Handel's Pastoral symphony, by its purity and sweetness reminds us of it:

Cheerful. BETHLEHEM.—8, 7, 8, 7.



Latin Melody of the 14th Century.



An interesting relic of the mediæval hymns is found in the burial service of the Episcopal Church; the solemn and beautiful sentences beginning "In the midst of life we are in death," being derived from a Latin antiphon of the 9th century, said to have been composed by "Notker, the Stammerer," Abbot of St. Gall, A.D. 845, while watching some workmen building a bridge over the Martobel, at the peril of their lives. It became a popular battle song, and was also used on many occasions as an incantation; which led the synod of Cologne in 1316 to decree that no one should sing the "Media Vita" without permission from the Bishop. One of Luther's best hymns is constructed upon it.

We come next to the period of the Reformation. During the long dark night of papal corruption, church singing had gradually become a scholastic art, refinements were introduced, and complicate music adopted. And above all, the prevalence of the Gothic element in the West made the Latin a dead language; although it was absurdly retained in the services of the Church. Congregational singing, therefore, was wholly extinguished. As early as the 4th century, a canon of the Council of Lao-

dicea directed that "none but canons and the choir who sing out of parchment books, should presume to sing in church." * In the 11th century, Gregory VII. withdrew the permission for a vernacular service on the ground that "such general and loud singing would corrupt science." Church singing, therefore, became a thing that might thrill the passions, but that silenced the understanding, and left the religious heart untouched. But wherever spiritual life revived, the spirit of song brake forth. The darkness had been very dense, the spiritual chaos very great, but at length the Spirit of the Lord brooded upon it; light and life brake forth, and Luther appeared,—God's great apostle to the 16th century.

Luther's attention was soon directed to the power of popular psalmody. The occasion was this: sitting one day in his study at Wittemberg, greatly depressed, he heard a street-singer singing a hymn; it profoundly affected him, even to tears, and suggested to him the thought of trying to spread the reformed doctrines by means of popular hymnology; and he forthwith began to select and compose evangelical hymns and congregational tunes.

The hymn and melody thus heard by Luther were composed by Paul Speratus, a Suabian noble, one of Luther's early coadjutors. He had been converted through attending Luther's lectures at Wittemberg. He became a zealous preacher, was apprehended, and narrowly escaped martyrdom. He was the author of several evangelical hymns, which greatly helped the Reformation. The hymn heard by Luther, "Es ist das Heil uns kommen her," sang throughout Germany by street musicians, prepared the way for the Reformation in many places.

* The meaning of this prohibition is doubtful. Neander thinks that the meaning may be "that none but persons of the clerical orders should hold the post of professed church-singers."—*General Church Hist.* iii. 428.

DETTINGEN.—8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7.

Grave.

The Lord of might from Sinai's brow Gave forth His voice of

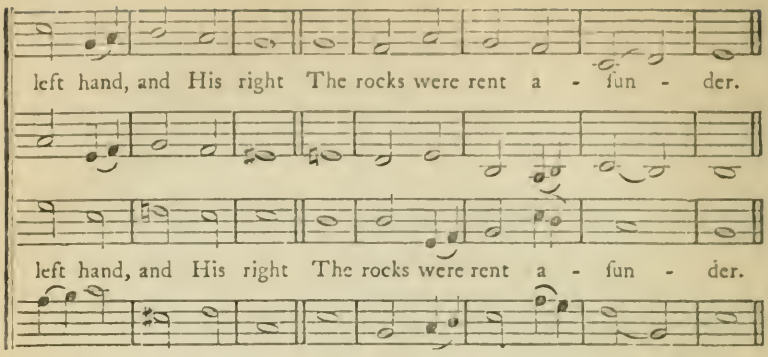
The Lord of might from Sinai's brow Gave forth His voice of

thun - der, And Iſ-rael lay on earth be - low, Outſtretch'd in fear and

thun - der, And Iſ-rael lay on earth be - low, Outſtretch'd in fear and

won - der. Be-neath His feet was pitchy night, And at His

won - der. Be-neath His feet was pitchy night, And at His



Not only was Luther passionately fond of music, but he was endowed with a great degree of musical genius; and with an unerring instinct he always selected, or adapted, or composed, melodies of the very highest character. Winterfeld has collected thirty-six: five of them adapted by Luther from the old Latin, seven taken from older German sources, —some of them secular; and the rest, so far as can be ascertained, first published in connexion with his Hymns; of these twenty at least are Luther's own composition. The great principle of the Reformation was to restore the sense of personal as distinguished from vicarious religion. It was, therefore, a first inculcation that the people were to sing and pray for themselves, and not priests for them. Instead of drowsy monks droning out Latin Litanies, which they themselves could not always construe, "young men and maidens, old men and children," with loud and rapturous voice, sang their vernacular praises to God. The morning was breaking, and it was hailed with joyous song.

Well was it for Germany that Luther could provide for her a hymnody. Had he been as unmusical as Calvin, the church-song of Protestantism in its entireness, would have been as harsh and repulsive as is that of the churches which call Calvin their founder. It was a grand thing for the

Reformation that its chief apostle was its greatest singer—that by so divine an instinct he transferred so much living song into the heart of the new church. It is beautiful to hear this Greatheart of the Church, like another David, turning all his own great experiences into song; and in words so broad and human, that, like David's, they are words for all men's experiences—for the joys and sorrows of life—for family peace, and for battle strife—for men in the market, and for men upon dying beds. Of all songs Luther's are the most martial and inspiring—they stir the soul like the sound of a trumpet; they are full of shouts of triumph, or of wails of woe, a true reflex not only of the man, but of the energetic, outbursting, struggling life of the period. The Hymns of Germany have been the bulwarks of her religious life, her creed and her Liturgy both. "Luther," said the Romanists, "has done us more harm by his songs than by his sermons."

The anecdotes that might be told of Luther's song, and the extracts that might be made from his writings, illustrating the enthusiasm and the power of it, were endless. I must reluctantly forbear quoting them, and content myself instead, with two illustrations of his hymnody.

The first is his version of the 130th Psalm, the celebrated "Aus tiefer Noth,"—a true cry "out of the depths." "Come," he would say, when he saw his friends, or felt himself despondent, "let us defy the devil, and sing the 130th Psalm; our singing distresses the devil, and hurts his feelings exceedingly."

The magnificent melody is, by some, said to be an older Bohemian choral, but Winterfeld affirms it to be Luther's own, and there is no reason for doubting this. It was sung with thrilling effect at his funeral. Mendelssohn, in his fine setting of the 130th Psalm, has harmonized it in several ways, one of which will now be sung:

COBURG.—8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7,

Slow and sustained.

Out of the deep I cry to Thee, Lord God, O hear my

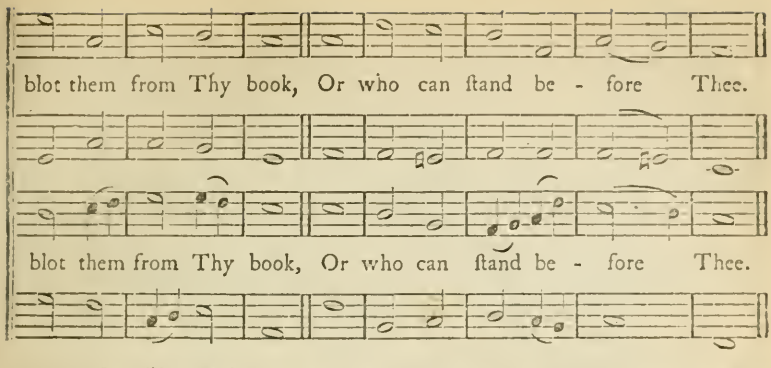
Out of the deep I cry to Thee, Lord God, O hear my

wail - ing! Thy gracious ear in-cline to me, And make my pray'r a -

wail - ing! Thy gracious ear in-cline to me, And make my pray'r a -

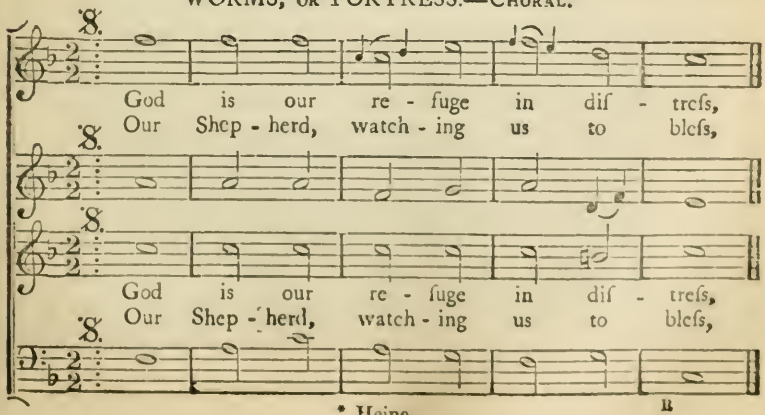
- - vail - ing. On my misdeeds in mer-cy look, O deign to

- - vail - ing. On my misdeeds in mer-cy look, O deign to

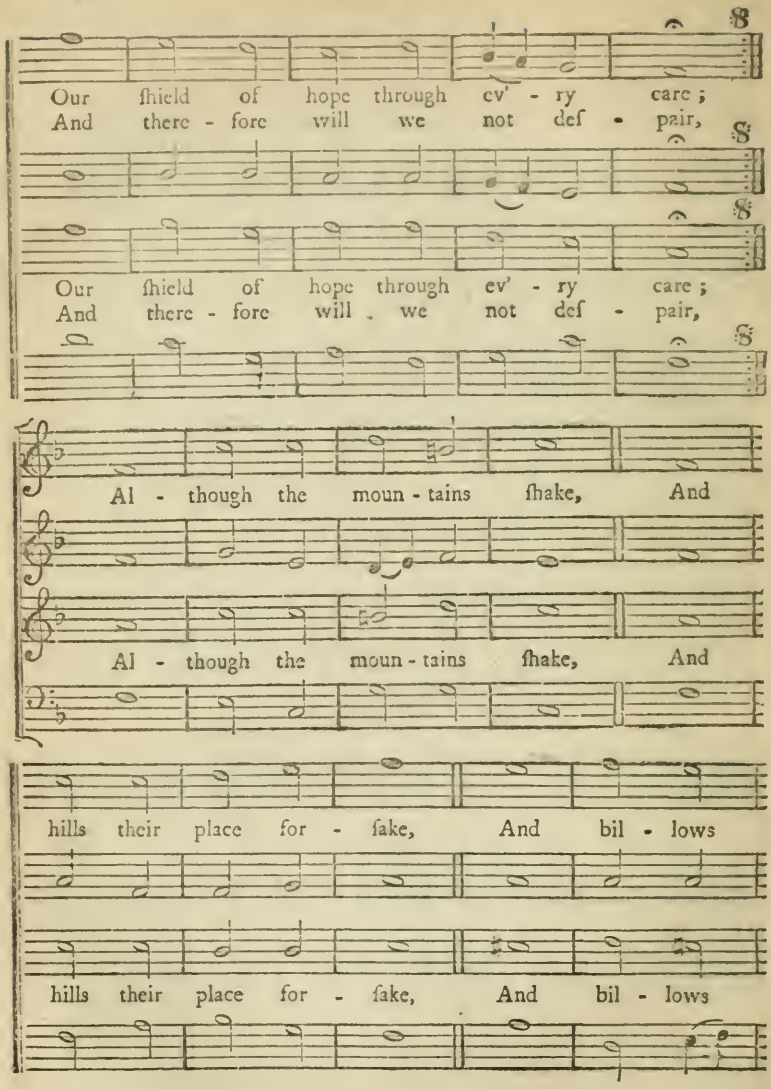


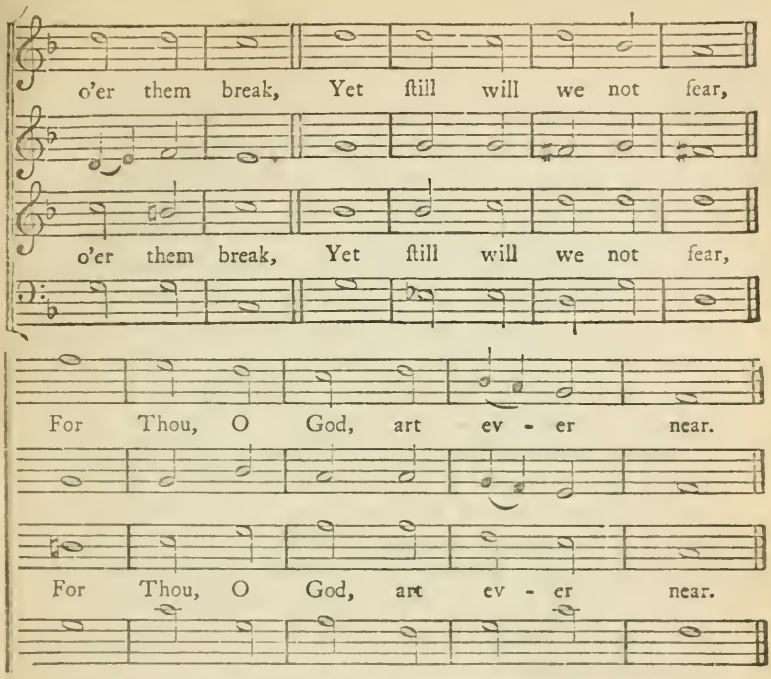
The other illustration is the still more famous "Ein feste burg ist unser Gott,"—Luther's version of the 46th Psalm; "The Marseillaise of the Reformation;"* the Liberty hymn of Germany,—sung on every great national and ecclesiastical occasion. It is said to have been composed in 1530, while the Diet of Augsburg was sitting, and Luther was hiding in the Castle of Coburg. It was the gloomiest period of his career. He had tried hard to sustain his courage; and as a means of so doing, he composed his version of the 46th Psalm, with its magnificent melody. Words and music, together, have an amazing power of inspiration in them. They are like a charge of cavalry, or a volley of rifle-bullets. Meyerbeer so appreciated this melody, that it pervades the whole of his greatest work—"The Huguenots:"

WORMS, OR FORTRESS.—CHORAL.



* Heine.


Our ſhield of hope through ev' - ry care;
And there - fore will we not deſ - pair,
Our ſhield of hope through ev' - ry care;
And there - fore will we not deſ - pair,
Al - though the moun - tains ſhake, And
Al - though the moun - tains ſhake, And
hills their place for - ſake, And bil - lows
hills their place for - ſake, And bil - lows



Like all great men, Luther had a child's heart in him. He published, therefore, in connexion with George Rhau, a book of spiritual songs for children—the first child's hymn book—composing many of the hymns and tunes himself. "We must, of necessity," said he, "maintain music in schools. A schoolmaster ought to have skill in music, otherwise I would not regard him. Neither should we ordain young fellows to the office of preaching, except they have been well exercised and practised in the school of music." Carlstadt objected to the harmonies of this book; and urged, that as there was but "one Lord, one faith, one baptism," so there ought to be but one part in singing. To which Luther replied that, "by parity of

reasoning. Carlstadt ought then to have but one eye, one ear, one hand, one foot, one knife, one coat, and one penny."

Luther did not stand alone as the poet of the Reformation, but only first. Whether through his contagious enthusiasm, or through the musical genius of the Teutonic people, a noble band of Christian singers "stood before the Lord." He, the David of the Reformation, was soon surrounded by his Asaph, his Jeduthun, his Heman, and his sons of Korah. A sudden outburst of poetic inspiration filled Germany with sacred song. German hymnology is something stupendous. The larger hymn book of the Moravian Brethren contains 3,616 hymns. In 1751, the Danish State Councillor, Von Moyer, possessed a collection of 50,000 printed German hymns, and at the present day the number amounts to 80,000.* Almost every decade from the Reformation has had its hymn-poet; some of whom have left 1000 hymns. Within a century and a half of the Reformation, 2000 chorals are known to have been composed.

It is, of course, impossible to characterize this wonderfully rich and precious inheritance of the German churches. I will, simply, put before you four or five specimens of the best of the Lutheran chorals, most of which are now happily becoming popular in England.

The first is by Hans Sachs, the Nuremberg shoemaker—a kind of poetic Bunyan of the Reformation—whose 6000 poems and songs did as much to spread the Evangelical doctrine as Luther's sermons. Like Bunyan's, too, his homely and racy genius, which the supercilious Rationalism of the last century sneered at, has just now won a fresh homage through the admiring appreciation of Wieland and Göthe. He died about the year 1567.

* Dr. Heinrich Alt's Christliche Cultus. Berlin, 1851.

SILESIA.—8 lines, 7s and 6s.

Moderate.

In time of tri-bu - la - tion, Hear, Lord, my fee-ble cries;

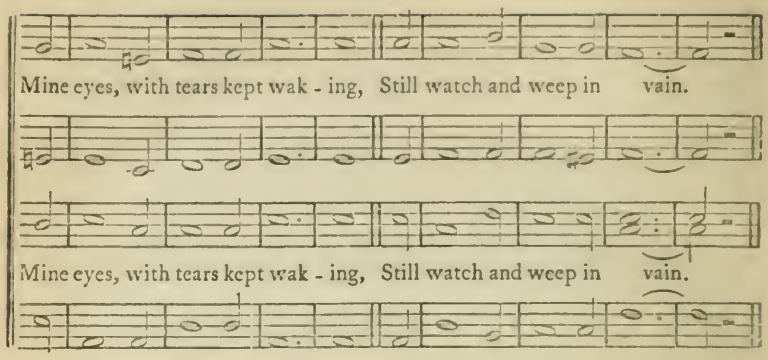
In time of tri-bu - la - tion, Hear, Lord, my fee-ble cries;

With humble ſup-pli - ca - tion, To Thee my ſpi - rit flies.

With humble ſup-pli - ca - tion, To Thee my ſpi - rit flies.

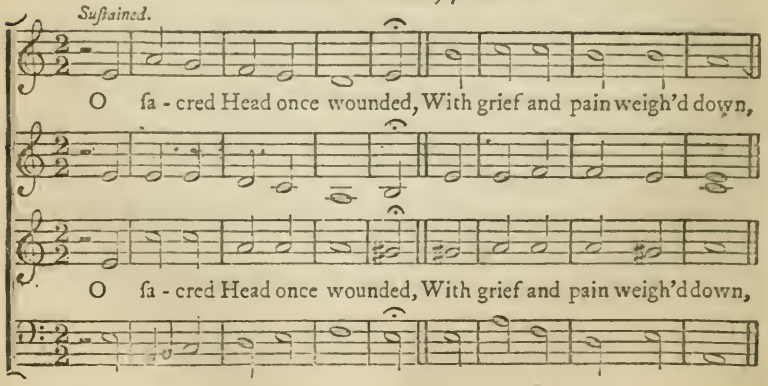
My heart with grief is break-ing, Scarce can my voice com-plain;

My heart with grief is break-ing, Scarce can my voice com-plain;



The following anonymous choral is of great grandeur and beauty; it is the melody of Paul Gerhardt's Passion Hymn, "O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden." Gerhardt died in the year 1675. He is the Bernard of German Hymnology—the author of its best and most popular hymns, Luther's alone excepted. Carlyle tells us, that this melody was sung at the funeral of Frederick William of Prussia, at his own request:

LUTZEN —8 lines, 7s and 6s.



How ſcornful - ly ſur - round - ed With thorns Thine on-ly crown;

How ſcornful - ly ſur - ronnd - ed With thorns Thine on-ly crown;

How pale art Thou with an - guiſh, With ſore a - buſe and ſcorn;

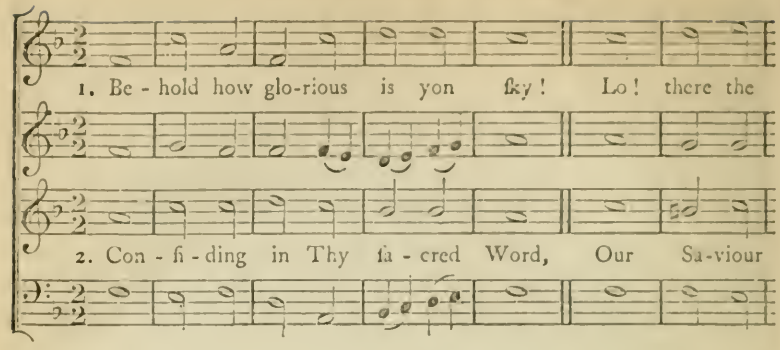
How pale art Thou with an - guiſh, With ſore a - buſe and ſcorn;

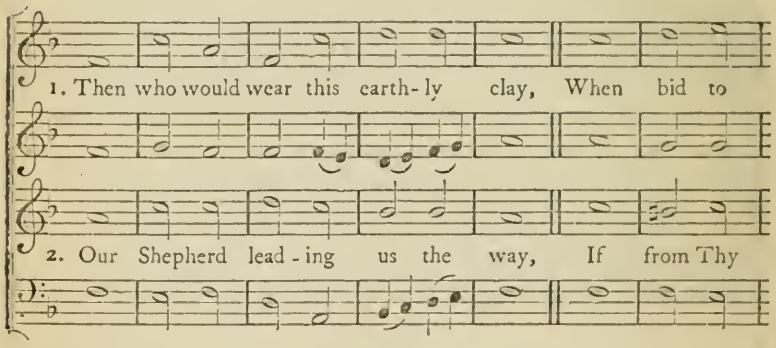
How does that viſage lan - guiſh, Which once was bright as morn.

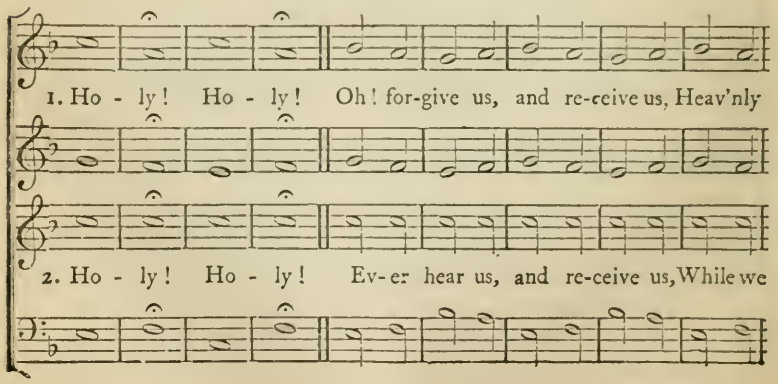
How does that viſage lan -guiſh, Which once was bright as morn.

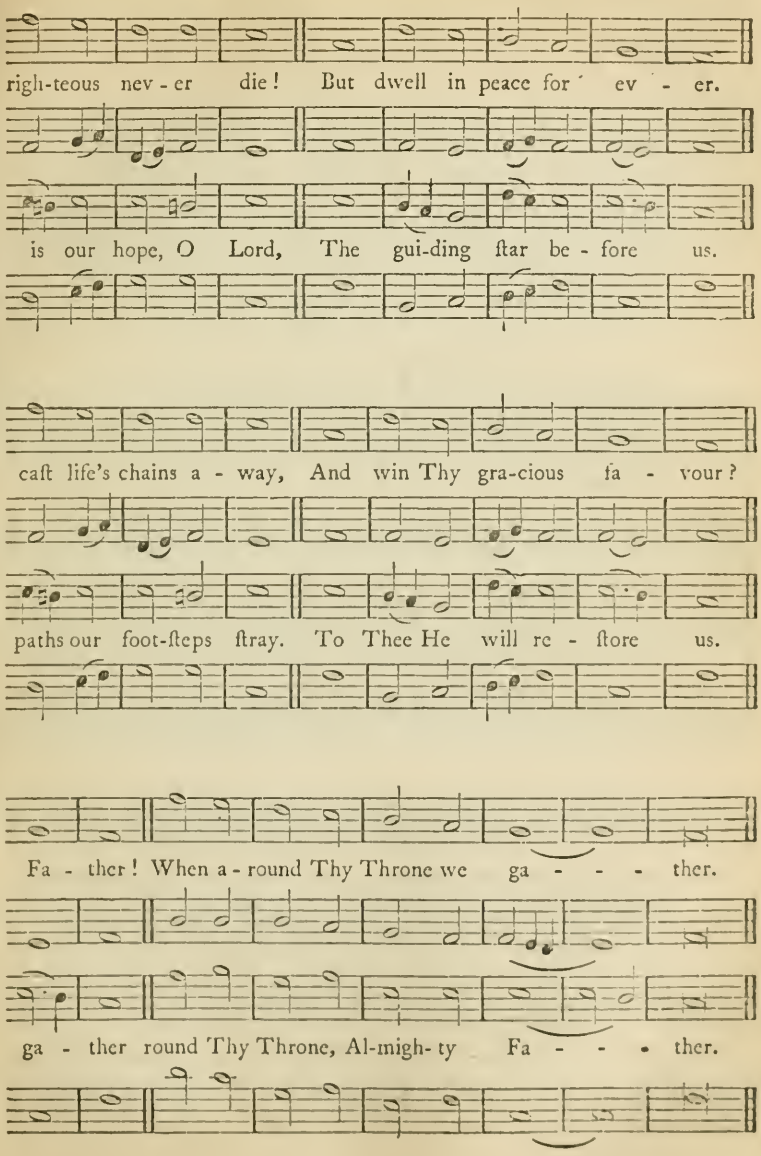
We will take next a very beautiful and well-known choral by Heinrich Scheidemann, organist in Hamburg, about the year 1604. It was sung in the chapel of St. James's, at the marriage of the Princess Royal:

MORNING STAR.—CHORAL.








righ-teous nev - er die! But dwell in peace for ev - er.
is our hope, O Lord, The gui-ding ſtar be - fore us.
caſt life's chains a - way, And win Thy gra-cious fa - vour?
paths our foot-ſteps ſtray. To Thee He will re - ſtore us.
Fa - ther! When a - round Thy Throne we ga - - - ther.
ga - ther round Thy Throne, Al-migh- ty Fa - - - ther.

Who that has heard Mendelssohn's "Elijah" does not remember the beautiful and serene quartet, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord?" It is not, however, generally known, that this is one of the many old German chorals which Mendelssohn has introduced into his great works. This is the form of it in the German Choral Books:

MUNICH.—7 6, 7 6, 7 6, 7 6.

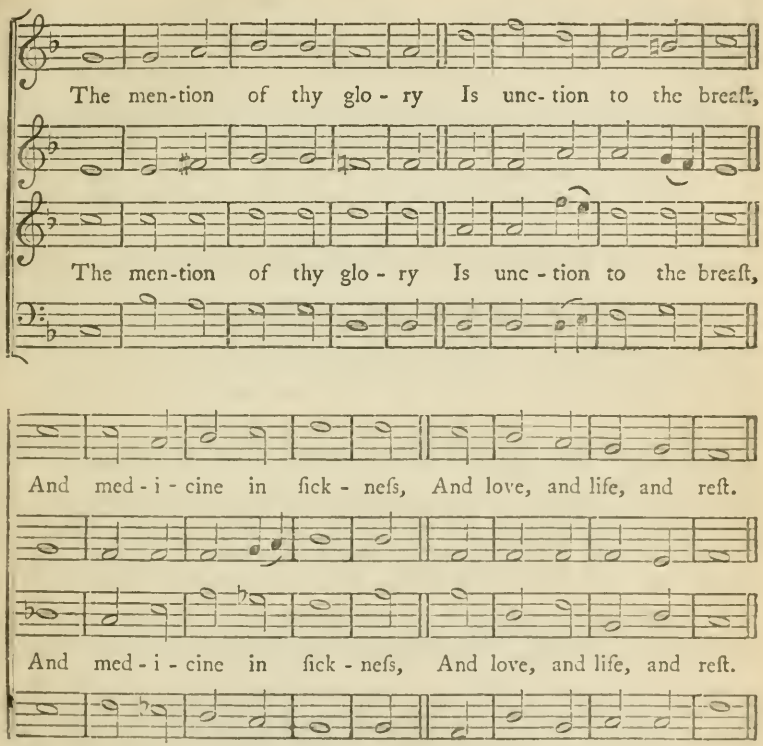
Cheerful.

To thee, O dear, dear coun- try, Mine eyes their vi - gils keep,

To thee, O dear, dear coun-try, Mine eyes their vi - gils keep,

For ve - ry love, be - hold- ing Thy hap - py name, they weep.

For ve - ry love, be - hold - ing Thy hap - py name, they weep.



The "Nun danket alle Gott" is said to be the best known tune in the world. It is sung in all the Protestant countries of Europe. It is by Johann Crüger, Kappel Meister, of the church of St. Nicholas, Berlin, who died in the year 1662. Mendelssohn has made us familiar with this also, by the fine use which he has made of it in his "Lobegesang:"

WITTEMBURG.*—P.M. Choral

Joyful.

1. Let all men praiſe the Lord, In worſhip low-ly bend-ing;
2. Glo-ry and praiſe to God, The Fa-ther, Son, be giv-en,

1. Let all men praiſe the Lord, In worſhip low-ly bend-ing;
2. Glo-ry and praiſe to God, The Fa-ther, Son, be giv-en,

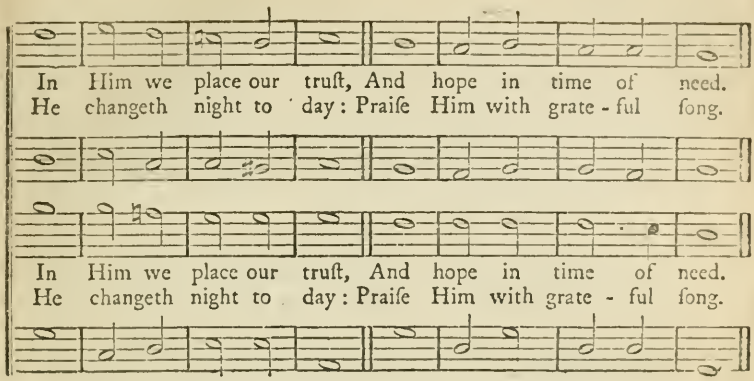
On His moſt Ho-ly Word, Re-deem'd from woe, de-pend-ing.
And to the Ho-ly Ghoſt, On high en-thron'd in hea-ven;

On His moſt Ho-ly Word, Re-deem'd from woe, de-pend-ing.
And to the Ho-ly Ghoſt, On high en-thron'd in hea-ven:

He gra-cious is, and juſt, From childhood us doth lead,
Praiſe to the Triune God! With pow'r-ful arm and ſtrong,

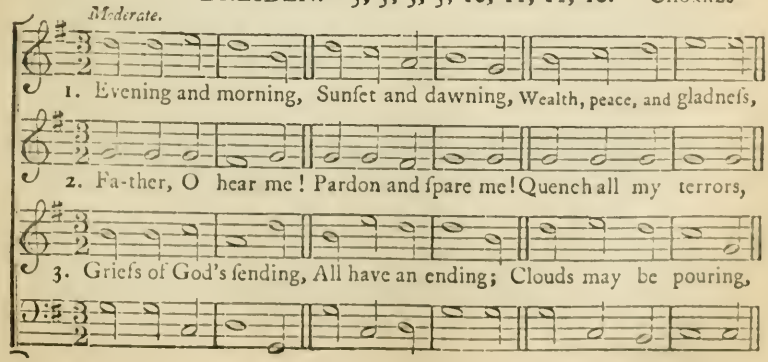
He gra-cious is, and juſt, From child-hood us doth lead,
Praiſe to the Triune God! With pow'r-ful arm and ſtrong,

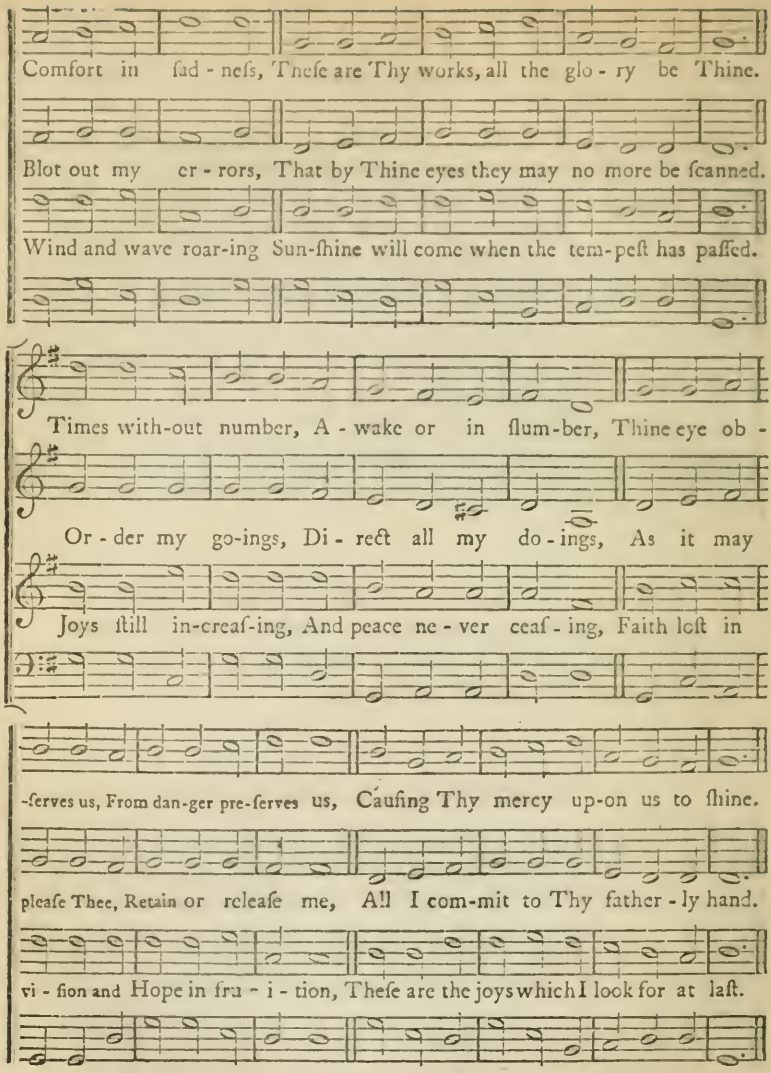
* The 1ſt verſe may be ſung in uniſon, the 2nd in harmony.



Take one more specimen, a light and graceful choral by Johann Ebeling, music director in Berlin, about the year 1666. He was an intimate friend of Paul Gerhardt, and wrote music to some of his hymns:

DRESDEN.—5, 5, 5, 5, 10, 11, 11, 10. CHORAL.





We will conclude our notice of Lutheran music with a very fine Sanctus of the Lutheran Church, arranged by Sebastian Bach:

SANCTUS.

Slow and sustained. Lutheran Sanctus, arranged from BACH.

Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, art thou, Lord God of

ORG.

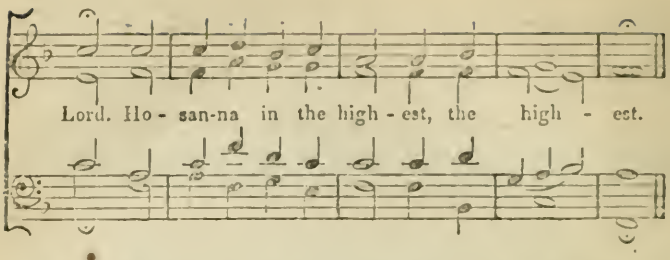
Hosts: Heaven and earth are full of the ma-jes-ty of thy

glo - ry. Glo - ry, glo - ry, be to thee, O Lord most high.

f

Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na to the

f



A few words must suffice for our notice of the Psalmody of the French Protestant Church, with its interesting Huguenot associations.

Calvin was utterly destitute of musical sensibility, as every page of his works and every element of his character indicate; he was too much of a theological formula to have much of the genius of song. And this unhappy defect has deprived his writings of the broad human sympathy which so characterizes Luther's, and has entailed upon all the churches that bear his name such musical asceticism and poverty. In no Calvinistic country—American, Scotch, Dutch, and so far as it is Calvinistic, English,—is there a church-song. The musical Luther has filled Germany with rich church hymnody; the unmusical Calvin has so impoverished Puritan and Presbyterian worship, that its rugged, inartistic, slovenly psalmody has become a by-word and a needless repulsion; for surely there is no piety in discords, nor any especial devoutness in slovenliness; our nature craves something better than the traditional psalm-singing of the inharmonious "meeting-house." Our affinities are with whatever is best, whether in eloquence, poetry, or music.

And yet, strange to say, it is to Calvin that we owe the introduction of metrical psalmody into the reformed churches of France.

Clement Marot was Court poet and groom of the chamber to Francis I. He was a man of brilliant talents, and a gay Anacreontic poet. He had been suspected of the Protestant heresy, and had fled to Ferrara, where he encountered Calvin. He ventured to return to Paris, when his friend Vatable, Professor of Hebrew poetry, suggested that he should employ his muse in versifying some of the psalms. He eagerly caught at the suggestion, and prepared and published, and dedicated to the king, versions of fifty-two psalms, written in the metres which he had been accustomed to employ in his ballads. The effect upon the volatile French people was magical. Marot's Psalms were received as a "gay novelty," and became the rage of the day. All classes sang them to their popular ballad tunes. Each member of the Royal Family chose his favourite psalm: Francis I., being a sportsman, chose the 42nd; Henry of Navarre chose the 43rd, and sang it to a dance of Poitou; Catherine, the Dauphiness, being in great grief because she was childless, chose the 130th.

The Cardinal of Lorraine became alarmed lest this popular mania should make the people too familiar with Scripture; as a counteraction, therefore, he contrived to get some of the obscene odes of Horace and Tibullus translated into French verse, that they might be sung instead of Marot's Psalms.

Marot, finding the suspicion of heresy still clinging to him, fled to Geneva, and there increased the number of his versions to seventy; but being, I suspect, somewhat more of a Tom Moore than of a Dr. Watts, he found Geneva, under Calvin's sumptuary laws, a very uncongenial place; he soon, therefore, left it, and shortly after died.

Calvin, who saw the religious value of what Marot had attempted, requested his friend Theodore Beza to complete the version. He then engaged the best musicians that he could find to adapt or compose fitting tunes for it. Of

these musicians Guillaume Franc was by far the best. He wisely adopted the ecclesiastical music of the Latin Church, adding some melodies of his own composition, amongst them one to the 134th Psalm, since so well known as the "Old Hundredth."

The completed Psalter, with the music thus provided for it, was published in Strasburg, in 1546. At first it was popular amongst Romanists, as well as amongst Protestants, but unfortunately Calvin put it into the appendix to his catechism. This identified it with Protestantism, and Marot's Psalms at once became a badge and criterion of heresy.

Although they have continued in use in French Protestant churches to this day, the general baldness and poverty of these melodies have kept them from ever becoming popular. There is no great pulse in them; they appeal to no tender sensibilities, to no strong passions; they are mere artists' work. The Protestants of France, therefore, like ourselves, are endeavouring to improve their psalmody, and of this endeavour the "Chants Chrétiens" is the present, and, on the whole, a satisfactory sign. France had no cantiques prior to those of Benedict Pictet, in 1704; her chief sacred hymnodist hitherto has been Cæsar Malan.

The progress of the Reformation in France, as everywhere else, was greatly aided by Psalm-singing. But, destitute of a Hymnodist, her singing was restricted to her Psalter, which has, therefore, become very greatly endeared by its associations. Not only was it as it were part of God's inspired word—not only was it the form in which the Protestants had learnt to worship—not only was it a record of deep, rich, and varied religious experience, full of captivating energy and tenderness, but it was in wonderful harmony with their own militant experience. David's circumstances were theirs—they were persecuted by their

enemies—they were hunted in the wilderness—they raised their furtive song amid the solitary rocks and fortresses of the desert;—like David, they "fled as a bird to their mountain," or were betrayed by their "own familiar friend;" —"out of the depths they cried unto God." No wonder that the Psalms became so popular and influential.

"This one ordinance of Psalm-singing contributed mightily to the downfall of Popery and to the propagation of the gospel in France. It took so much with the genius of the nation, that all ranks and degrees of men practised it in the temples and in their families. No gentleman professing the reformed religion would sit down at his table without praising God by singing."*

Teachers of worship-music sprang up everywhere; singing-meetings were held in private houses; Psalm-singing was heard in the public promenades, and was the entertainment of pic-nics and boating parties. The melodies were simple, and the harmonies equally so, so that all could learn them; the people were delighted with an exercise which, without pandering to evil passions, gratified their taste; and thus this "impetuous fury of Psalm-singing" spread everywhere. Not even the bitter persecutions to which the Huguenots were subjected could silence them; with their enemies like bloodhounds upon their track, they would never omit their Psalms, and were often thus betrayed, when otherwise they might have escaped.†

* Quick's Synodicon, Introd. v.

† Louis XIV. prohibited singing among the French Protestants. Devotional singing, whether in public worship, in the streets, in fields, or in private houses, was forbidden. The order to this effect was not only published in the usual manner, but a printed notice was served upon each Protestant housekeeper. A mechanic at Castres somewhat confused the Roman Catholic functionaries by returning his copy of the said notice with the following verse written upon it:—

In one of his delightful books* M. Bungener makes one of the Huguenot Pastors thus express the inspiring power of their Psalms:—

"Ah, how these rude chants of our ancestors go to the heart at such times! The Psalms are our epic, but an epic more deep and real than was ever written or sung by any people; an interminable poem, of which each one of us in his turn becomes the author; a sacred treasure of personal and individual remembrances—joys, sorrows, desires, heaped up with national associations; not a verse, not a strophe, but is quite a history or a poem. *This* was sung by a mother beside the cradle of her first-born; this other, one of our martyrs sang on his way to death; *this* is the Psalm of the Vaudois returning in arms to their country; *this* that of the Camisards marching to battle; *this verse* is one that the balls of our enemies interrupted; *that other* is one of which a father, when expiring, murmured the half, and went to finish it with the angels. Oh! our psalms, our psalms! who could ever express in human words what your language is to us—in our solitudes, on that soil red with blood, and under the vault of that heaven from whence *they* look down upon us, who have prayed and wept and sung before us!"

As a single specimen of the Melodies of the French Protestants we will take Claude Goudimel's setting of the 66th, 98th, and 118th Psalms.

Goudimel, one of the harmonizers of the Psalter, was one of "the noble army of martyrs;" he was music-director at Lyons, where he renounced Romanism and became a Pro-

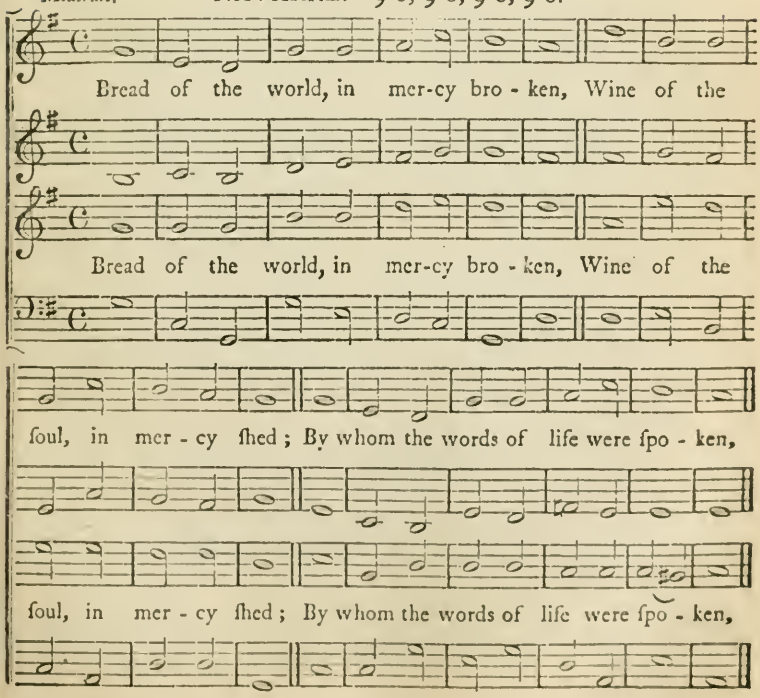
"Jamais ne cesserai
De magnifier le Seigneur;
En ma bouche aura son honneur
Tant que vivant serai."—Ps. xxxiv. 1. Life of Claude Brourson, p. 14, note. Lond. 1853.

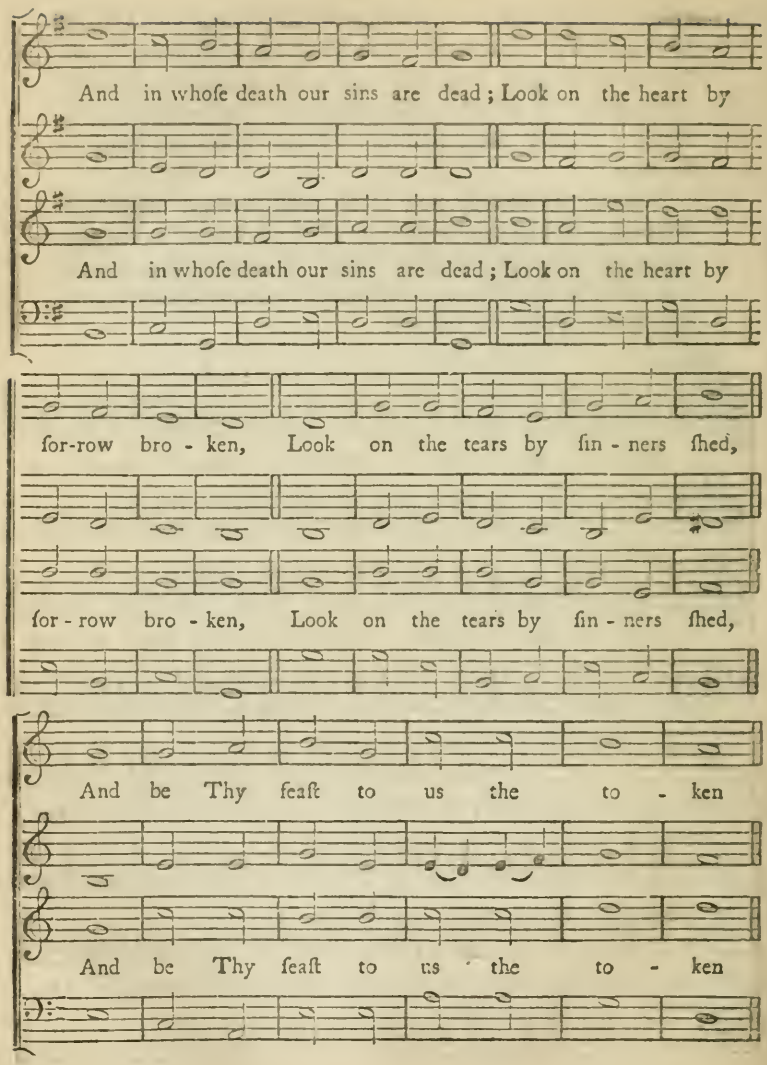
* France before the Revolution, Vol. I. p. 110.

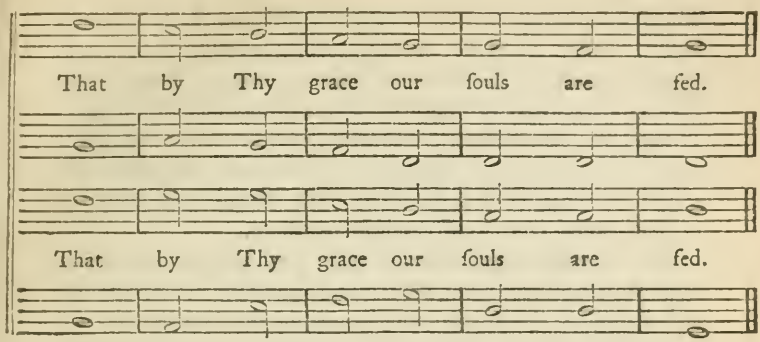
testant. On "Black Bartholomew's Day," August 24, 1572, he was brutally massacred because of his Huguenot Tunes. He was dragged from his house in Lyons, shamefully treated in the streets, then beheaded, and cast into the Rhone; a holy man, and one of the best musicians in France.

Besides the melody now to be sung, several others are attributed to him; the well-known "Audi Israel,"—the Ten Commandments Tune, called "Ely" in modern tune books, and which is in all the early English Psalters, is ascribed to him by Dr. Filitz and others:

Moderate. NAVARRE.—9 8, 9 8, 9 8, 9 8.




And in whoſe death our sins are dead; Look on the heart by
And in whoſe death our sins are dead; Look on the heart by
ſor-row bro - ken, Look on the tears by ſin - ners ſhed,
ſor - row bro - ken, Look on the tears by ſin - ners ſhed,
And be Thy feaſt to us the to - ken
And be Thy feaſt to us the to - ken



I will conclude this lecture with a few notices of our own English Protestant psalmody.

The first attempt to provide a psalmody for the English Reformation was Bishop Coverdale's "Goostly Psalms and Spiritual Songs," published in 1539. It contained metrical versions of fifteen psalms, and of twenty-six other parts of scripture, &c., with music derived chiefly from Genevan sources.

About eighty metrical versions of the entire Book of Psalms, and about twice that number of portions of it, have since appeared in the English language.

Psalm-singing was the universal characteristic of the Reformation. Writing in 1560, Bishop Jewel tells Peter Martyr, that "it was a common thing for 6,000 persons to be singing together at Paul's-cross."* Bishop Burnet tells us that "Psalms and hymns were sung by all who loved the Reformation; it was a sign by which men's affections to it were measured, whether they used to sing them or not." And Calderwood speaks of thousands of people singing psalms in four-part harmony in the streets of Edinburgh.

The singing of the early Protestants, however, was

* Zurich Letters, 1st Series, p. 71.

almost exclusively limited to metrical versions of the psalms, and of other portions of Scripture, generally of a very rough character. Neither to England nor to France did God give a Luther to create for it an evangelical hymnody. It was 200 years before the Protestant churches of England were favoured with a poet of the sanctuary, whose hymns might be sung before the Lord; Dr. Watts may fairly be regarded as the father of English hymnody.

The version of the Psalms, that first became identified with the Protestantism of England, was that of Sternhold and Hopkins. Sternhold was groom of the bedchamber to Henry VIII. and to Edward VI. He composed his psalms without any thought of church use, simply to supersede, if possible, the lascivious ballads of the court. He commenced his work in 1549, but died in the same year, having completed only thirty-seven of the psalms; the rest were done by Hopkins and others. "They were," says old Fuller, "men whose piety was better than their poetry, and they had drunk more of the Jordan than of Helicon."

They were, in truth, sad libellers of good king David. The fame of the entire version, indeed, rests upon two verses in the 18th Psalm:

> "The Lord descended from above,
> And bow'd the heavens most high;
> And underneath his feet he cast
> The darkness of the sky.
>
> "On cherubs and on cherubims
> Full royally he rode;
> And on the wings of mighty winds
> Came flying all abroad."

I do not profess to understand the distinction between "cherubs" and "cherubims;" but, with this exception, the verses may fairly claim to be poetry; the marvel is, how

they came there. But this is the only quotation that any one ventures upon, in commendation of these sad sinners against true poetry. "The merit of faithful adherence to the original," says Montgomery, "has been claimed for this version, and need not be denied; but it is the resemblance which the dead bear to the living."

Strype, in his "Annals," tells us, that in September, 1559, this version being authorized with the revised Prayer Book of Edward VI., was first used at morning prayer, at St. Antholine's, London. "The bell beginning to ring at five, when a psalm was sung after the Geneva fashion, all the congregation—men, women, and boys—singing together." It was a memorable occasion, the first Congregational Protestant psalm-singing in England. It was the smiting of the rock, from which, ever since, streams of song have flowed, to refresh and gladden the church in the wilderness.

Another rhyming copartnership was effected in 1696; and Tate and Brady did what they could to improve upon Sternhold and Hopkins; but it was the substitution of negative platitudes for rude incongruities; and, therefore, it did not supersede Sternhold and Hopkins.

The version of Francis Rous, Provost of Eton College, appeared in 1643. It was adopted by the Scottish Presbyterians as their national psalter. It is more akin to Sternhold and Hopkins than to Tate and Brady, having a certain rugged vigour about it, but boasting no poetic excellence save such as was unavoidably transfused into it from David's original. It is quaint and racy, and makes sad work of scansion; still, with all its ruggedness, it has, perhaps, above all other versions, admirably preserved the spirit of the old Hebrew bards.

In 1719, Dr. Watts published his version of the Psalms: or, as he more accurately described it, "The Psalms of David *imitated* in the language of the New Testament;"

and because they are Christian imitations, rather than literal versions, they are so precious to Christian worshippers.

Another version appeared at the same time, by Sir Richard Blackmore, an aged and retired physician; but this is known to us now, chiefly, by Swift's caustic satire:

> "He took his muse at once and dipped her
> Full in the middle of the Scripture;
> What wonders then this man grown old did—
> Sternhold himself he out-Sternholded!"

The rage for metrical versions of Scripture, just after the Reformation, was very great, and produced some ludicrous effects.

In 1553, Christopher Tye, a celebrated court musician, thought to edify the king by a metrical version of the Acts of the Apostles set to music: the title was as follows:

"The Actes of the Apostles, translated into Englyshe Metre, and dedicated to the Kynge's most excellent Maiestye, by Christofer Tye, Doctor in Musyke, and one of the Gentylmen of Hys Graces most honourable Chappell, with Notes to eche Chapter to synge, and also to play upon the Lute, very necessarye for Studentes after theyr Stuyde, to fyle theyr Wyttes, and also for all Christians that cannot synge, to reade the good and godlye Storyes of the Lives of Christ and his Apostles."

Dr. Tye did not, however, proceed further than the 14th chapter; and no wonder when this is a specimen of his performance:

> "In the former Treatyse to thee,
> Dere friend Theo-phi-lus,
> I have written the ve-ri-te
> Of the Lord Christ Jesus.
> Which he to do, and eke to teache,
> Began, until the day
> In which the Sprite up him did feache,
> To dwell above for aye."

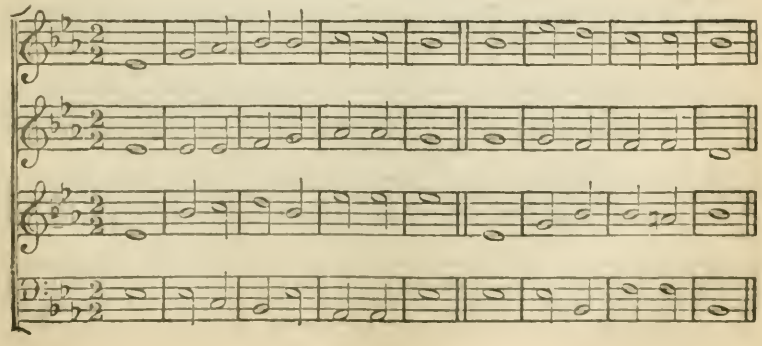
Again:

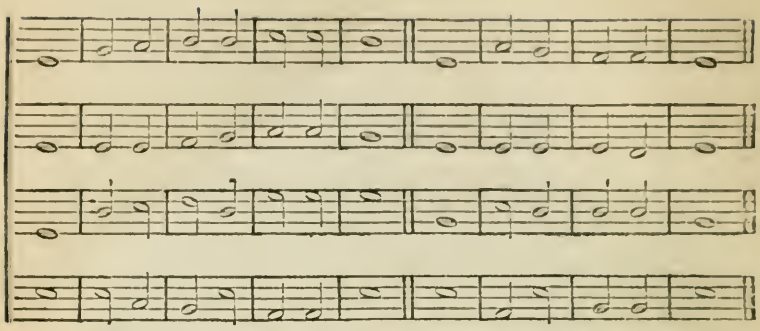
> "It chaunced in Iconium,
> As they oft times did use,
> Together they into dyd cum—
> The Sinagoge of Jues,
> Where they dyd preache and only seke,
> God's grace then to atcheve,
> That they so spake to Jue and Greke,
> That many dyd beleve."

The first edition of Sternhold and Hopkins was published in 1562, with "apt notes to sing withal," and edited by John Daye. This was followed by the Scottish Psalter in 1579, Damon's Psalter in the same year, Denham's Psalter in 1588, Este's Psalter in 1592, and in 1621 by Ravenscroft's—the greatest of all the Psalters, and from that time to this the fount of our best psalmody. The tunes in these Psalters are derived in part from Genevan and German sources; but they seem chiefly to have been contributed by English musicians, such as Tallis, Dowland, Morley, and others. They are all of a simple, grand, ecclesiastical character; neither fugue nor repeat appears in them. We will take two specimens of them.

The first is a tune composed by Tallis, for the "Veni Creator" of Archbishop Parker's Psalter; both in melody and harmony it is perfect:

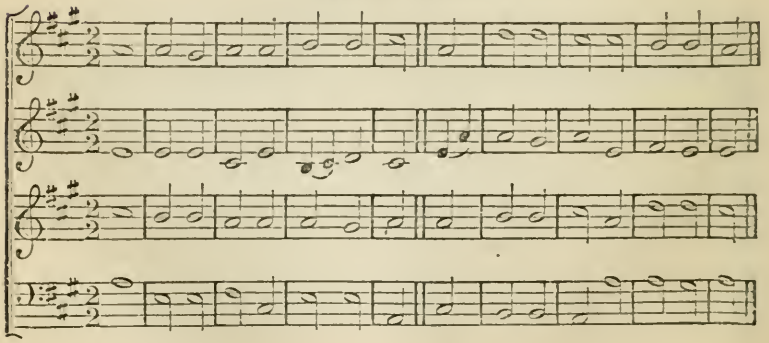
TALLIS.—C.M.

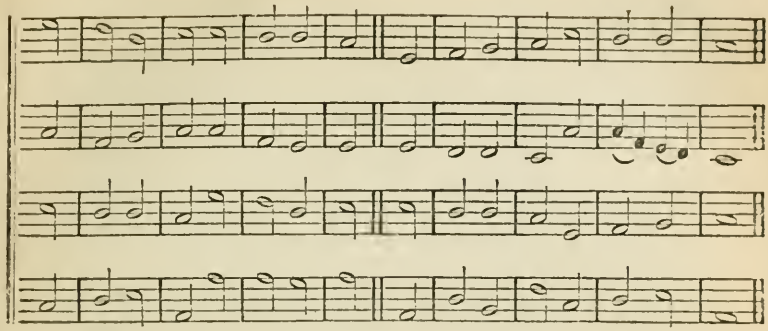




The second is also by Tallis. It is the well-known canon composed to a double long metre, also for Parker's Psalter, and reduced to four lines by Ravenscroft. Perhaps no tune has been more shamefully robbed of its classical purity and beauty. Hardly can it be recognised in the unredeemed vulgarity of its modern corruption, "Magdalen," or "Evening Hymn." It is a canon for soprano and tenor, and must therefore be sung through without pause:

CANON.—L.M.





The last century and a-half has been the Augustan age of British hymnody. Watts and Wesley, Doddridge and Cowper, Toplady and Newton, Montgomery and Conder, Keble and Lyte, with many others, have raised our church song even to the high level of that of Germany, and have supplied our congregations with an exhaustless source of worshipping inspiration and rejoicing praise.

Strange episodes, however, might be selected from the history of worship during this period. One of the strangest, perhaps, is the utter repudiation of all singing, first by the followers of George Fox, and afterwards by some of the Baptist churches. This led, in the 17th century, to a controversy in the Baptist body, which produced quite a literature of its own. Psalmody was eschewed as an "invention of man in the worship of God."

The celebrated Benjamin Keach, Pastor of the Baptist Church in Horsleydown, and author of the work on the Parables, laboured for many years with wonderful gentleness and patience to induce his bigoted flock to sing. In 1691 he published a small volume entitled—"The Breach repaired in God's worship, or Singing of Psalms, Hymns,

and Spiritual Songs, proved to be a Holy Ordinance of Jesus, and with an Answer to all Objections."

At length he so far succeeded in enlightening his church as to induce them to sing a hymn at the Lord's table, but with this concession he was obliged to be contented for six years. They were then prevailed upon to extend the practice to thanksgiving days; and there again they took their stand for fourteen years more; then in a formal and solemn manner they agreed to sing in the ordinary worship of the Sabbath, only some five or six persons dissenting. But, although it was agreed that the singing should be deferred until the close of the service, so that conscientious objectors might retire before it was begun, it proved to be such a scandal to their weak consciences, that they seceded, and formed another and an unsinging church: and for many years these seceders maintained their dumb worship; until at length a minister, whom they wished to become their pastor, made the introduction of singing a *sine quâ non* of his consent; whereupon they yielded, and began to sing. Crosby, the Baptist historian, supposes that this "was the first Baptist Church that practised this holy ordinance," but in this he is mistaken, as the very controversy proves that there were two sides to the question.* The church in Maze-pond maintained their refusal to sing so late as 1733.

Violent pamphlets on the other side were published by Isaac Marlow, Mr. Isaac, and others, in which such euphemistic epithets were applied to this most delightful of all parts of God's service as "error," "apostasy," "human tradition," "prelimited forms," "carnal worship," &c. And the controversy became so violent that the assembly of Particular Baptists took the matter up at their annual

* Crosby's History of the English Baptists, IV. 298. Ivimey's History of the Baptists, II. 374.

meeting in London in 1692, and very wisely recommended both sides to withdraw their publications, and to leave the question an open one; which advice, strange to say, they were sensible enough to take, and so the strife ended; and, left to themselves, the congregations gradually began to sing: so divine a thing is Christianity, else surely it would never have survived these follies of its friends.

The Puritans were sad ascetics in worship, and stern iconoclasts, especially of organs and Liturgical forms; one of them—Sir Edward Dering, tersely epitomized both their piety and their fanaticism, when he said, "One single groan in the Spirit is worth the diapason of all the church music in the world."

As a set-off against this, however, Henry Dodwell, a Nonjuror, at the close of the seventeenth century, wrote a "Treatise concerning the Lawfulness of Instrumental Music in Holy Offices," in which, says Macaulay, "he defended the use of instrumental music in public worship, on the ground that the notes of the organ had a power to counteract the influence of devils on the spinal marrow of human beings."* Similar prejudices, however, are to be found everywhere; they are the conservativism of men whose habits have been formed, and whose sympathies have been fixed. Mr. Thomas Bradbury, one of the Eastcheap lecturers, who used Patrick's Psalms in his own congregation, was once preaching in another place, when the announcement by the precentor of one of Dr Watts's hymns so aroused his ire, that he started up in the pulpit and shouted out, "Let us have none of Watts's whims." Mr. Romaine, again, vehemently upholds Sternhold and Hopkins, and denounces Dr. Watts.

Of the Congregational Music of our modern British churches, whether parish church or nonconformist chapel,

* History of England, III. 461.

I fear nothing can be said that is good. Indeed, until the beginning of the present century, no congregational praise worthy of the name was to be heard. Complaints of the vile singing of both church and chapel are to be found in almost every religious writer of the last century. While eloquence was demanded of the preacher, and propriety of language in prayer, good music in praise was deprecated as a device of the evil one. Byron's sarcastic description of the singing of his college chapel was scarcely an exaggeration:

> "Loud rings in air the chapel bell;
> 'Tis hushed—what sounds are those I hear?
> The organ's soft celestial swell
> Rolls deeply on the listening ear.
>
> "To this is joined the sacred song—
> The royal minstrel's hallowed strain,
> Though he who hears the music long,
> Will never wish to hear again.
>
> "Our choir would scarcely be excused
> Even as a band of raw beginners.
> All mercy now must be refused
> To such a set of croaking sinners."

The first corrupters of the old Psalter music were undoubtedly the Puritans. And yet the Puritan confession of 1571 says, "We allow the people to join in one voice in a psalm tune; but not in tossing the psalm from one side to the other with intermingling of organs."

But the chief corrupters were the early Methodists under Whitfield and Wesley. The popular hymnody of ten thousand people singing together in the open air, under great religious excitement, was not likely to be very ecclesiastical. Secular melodies were sung to very exciting hymns, and this led to the publication of tune-books, in which, with much that was good, secular and florid tunes, with infinite complexities and endless repetitions, were

inserted, and speedily became popular. Of these books, John Wesley's Foundry Tunes* was the first, and Rippon's and Walker's,—perhaps, the worst.

The kind of singing against which the old Puritans protested, the "tossing the psalm from one side to the other," was really reproduced in its very worst forms. To sing accurately, some of the tunes of the early part of this century, such as "Hampshire," "Refuge," "Calcutta," etc. to adjust fugue and preserve harmony, to insert repetitions, and prevent the parts from becoming entangled; to drive steadily four such prancing and curveting steeds, and to bring them safely to the end, all this was really a great feat, and demanded most accomplished musicians.

And yet how rapturously this kind of singing is described by Billings, the New England psalm-singer. "It has more than twenty times the power of the old slow tunes; each part straining for mastery and victory, the audience entertained and delighted, their minds surpassingly agitated, and extremely fluctuated, sometimes declaring for one part and sometimes another. Now, the solemn bass demands their attention; next the manly tenor; now the lofty counter; now the volatile treble; now here, now there, now here again. O ecstatic! rush on, ye sons of harmony."†

Perhaps we ought not too severely to lay down rules against

* Wesley himself, however, with his characteristic good sense, protested against the popular singing of his day. He speaks of "those complex tunes which it is scarcely possible to sing with devotion. Such is, 'Praise the Lord, ye blessed ones.' Such the long quavering hallelujah annexed to the morning-song tune, which I defy any man living to sing devoutly. The repeating the same words so often (but especially while another repeats different words, the horrid abuse which runs through the modern church music), as it shocks all common sense, so it necessarily brings in dead formality, and has no more religion in it than a Lancashire hornpipe."—*Works*, Vol. VIII., p. 318, octavo ed. 1830.

† Gould's Church Music in America, p. 49.

the introduction into church worship of secular melodies. It has been the practice of every age. But we may demand that nothing be introduced incongruous with devotional feeling or inseparable from undesirable associations. Hardly, for example, can one sing the tune "Prospect," without recalling the erotic glee, "Drink to me only with thine eyes," of which it is the well-known melody. One wonders again how such a tune as "Helmsley,"—an adaptation from Miss Colley's hornpipe in the opera of the "Golden Pippin," as performed at Covent Garden, in 1744, could have been sung to such words as "Lo, He comes, with clouds descending." Music is not sacred because it is sung in a sacred place. "A church tune," says Jeremy Collier, "should be a holy thing, fit for a seraph to sing, and an angel to hear."

A great and gratifying improvement, however, has been made during the last twenty-five years, to which the labours of many persons in all sections of the Church have contributed;—a cleansing of the Temple, such as Ambrose and Gregory effected, and which, in the history of psalmody, it has been often necessary to repeat,—a return to the chaste, and beautiful, and fervent people's song of the Gregorian school.

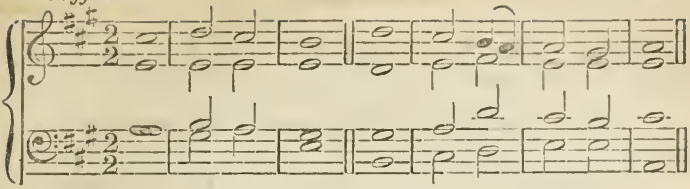
I must not, however, detain you longer, but with two or three illustrations of modern church song conclude.

The first is an illustration, not merely of the simple English chant, but of the effective way in which the objection to a uniform chant, whatever the changing sense of the psalm, may be met, by the simple expedient of changing the chant.*

Scarcely any of the great masters of sacred song have written music for congregational use,—the tunes which bear the names of Mozart, Beethoven, Handel, Haydn, etc., being adaptations from oratorios, masses, sonatas, &c.

* See Chant, pp. 91, 92.

Joyful. PSALM XCV. DR. ALCOCK.



1 O come let us sing | unto the | Lord: || Let us make a joyful noise to the | rock of | our sal-|vation.

2 Let us come before his presence | with thanks-|giving; || And make a joyful | noise unto | him with | psalms.

3 For the Lord is a | great | God, || And a great | king a-|bove all | Gods.

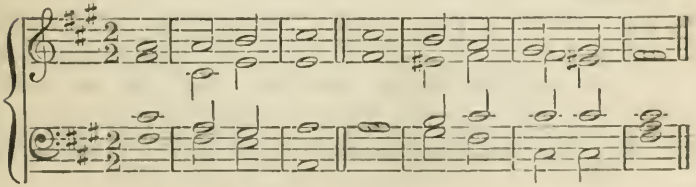
4 In his hand are the deep | places of-the | earth; || The strength of the | hills is | his | also.

5 The sea is his | and he | made it; || And his hands | form..ed | the dry | land.

6 O come, let us worship | and bow | down; || Let us kneel be-|fore the | Lord our | maker.

7 For | he-is our | God; || And we are the people of his pasture, | and the | sheep-of his | hand.

Slow. DR. BLOW.



8 To day if ye will | hear his | voice, || Har-|..den | not your | heart,

9 As in the | pro..vo-|cation, || And as in the day of temp-|ta..tion | in the | wilderness:

10 When your | fa..thers | tempted me, || Proved | me, and | saw my | work.

11 Forty | years | long || Was I | grieved with | this gener- | ation,

12 And said, It is a people that do | err - in their | heart, || And they | have not | known my | ways:

13 Unto whom I | sware - in my | wrath, || That they should not | en..ter | into my | rest.

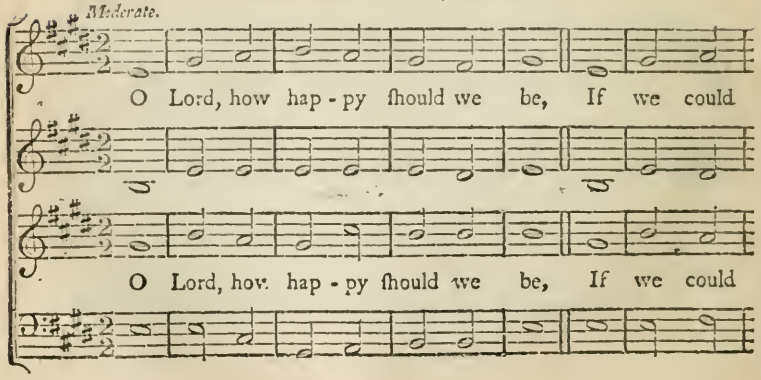
ALCOCK'S CHANT—*repeated.*

14 GLORY BE TO THE FATHER, AND | TO THE | SON: || AND | TO THE | HO..LY | GHOST:

15 AS IT WAS IN THE BEGINNING, IS NOW, AND | EV..ER | SHALL BE: || WORLD | WITH..OUT | END. A- | MEN.

Handel, however, did compose three hymn tunes as such, which were discovered by the late Samuel Wesley in the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge; they are interesting as illustrations of the way in which the mighty master treated a choral. We will take one, putting it in common time:

KEDRON.—8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.



caſt our care on Thee, If we from ſelf could reſt,

caſt our care on Thee, If we from ſelf could reſt,

And feel at heart that One a - bove, In per - fect

And feel at heart that One a - bove, In per - fect

wiſ - dom, per - fect love, Is work - ing for the beſt.

wiſ - dom, per - fect love, Is work - ing for the beſt.

Beethoven also wrote six sacred songs which, although not psalm tunes, are an approach thereto. One of them has found a place in several recent Tune Books:

INCARNATION.—L.M. 9 lines. Choral.

Bold.

1. Fa - ther of heaven! whose love pro - found A ran - som

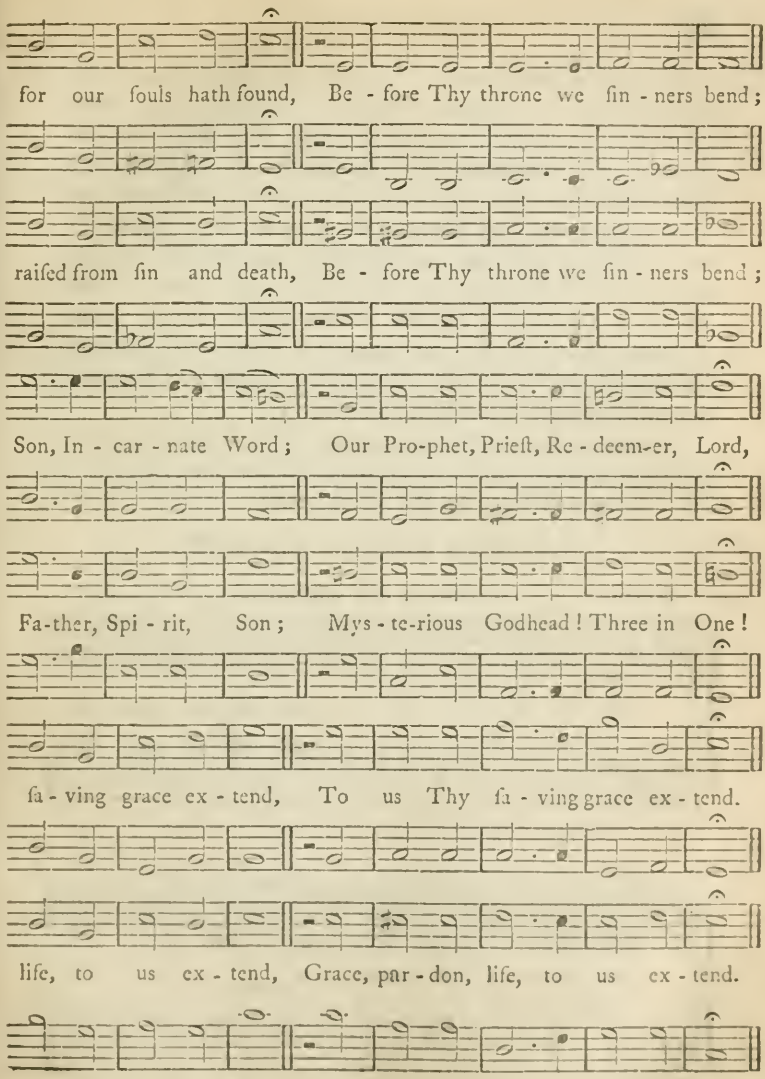
2. E - ter - nal Spi - rit! by whose breath The soul is

To us Thy pardoning love ex - tend. Al - mighty

To us Thy quickening power ex - tend. Je - ho - vah!

Be - fore Thy throne we sin - ners bend; To us Thy

Be - fore Thy throne we sin - ners bend; Grace, par-don,


for our ſouls hath found, Be - fore Thy throne we ſin - ners bend;
raiſed from ſin and death, Be - fore Thy throne we ſin - ners bend;
Son, In - car - nate Word; Our Pro-phet, Prieſt, Re - deem-er, Lord,
Fa-ther, Spi - rit, Son; Mys - te-rious Godhead! Three in One!
ſa - ving grace ex - tend, To us Thy ſa - ving grace ex - tend.
life, to us ex - tend, Grace, par - don, life, to us ex - tend.

I would gladly have put before you specimens of the compositions of Samuel Wesley, Havergal, and other modern contributors to church song; but must content myself with mentioning Dr. Gauntlett, for the last ten years organist to my own church, and who has arranged most of the music that you have heard; than whom, I venture to say, no living man has contributed more to the people's song. What Ambrose did for the early Church, what Gregory did for the Church of the sixth century, what Sebastian Bach did for the chorals of Germany, that Dr. Gauntlett has done for the Psalm Tunes of England, especially during these latter years.

As illustrations of his genius and skill we will take, first, an artistic and beautiful adaptation of Gregorian music to doxologies selected from the Apocalypse:

DOXOLOGIES FROM THE APOCALYPSE.

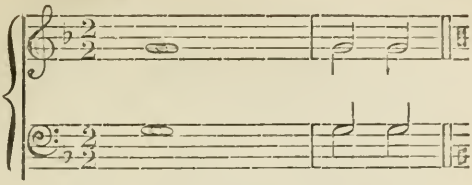
Grave. SANCTUS OF THE CHERUBIM.

Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God Al - migh - ty,

who was, and is, and is . . . to come.

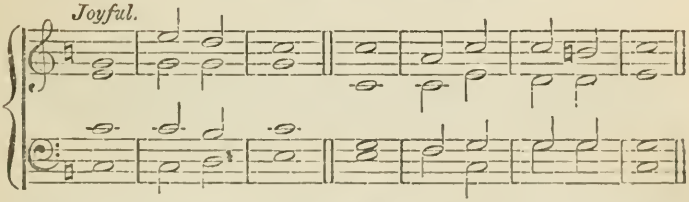
FIRST DOXOLOGY OF THE REDEEMED CHURCH.

Recitative.



And they sung a new song, say - ing.

Joyful.



Thou art worthy to | take the | book, ‖ And to | open the | seals there- | of:

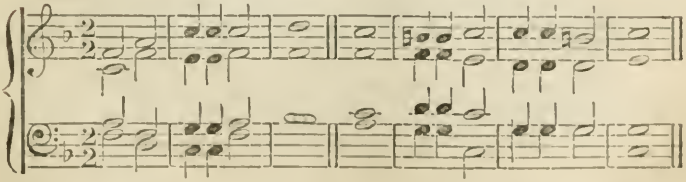
For | thou wast | slain, ‖ And hast redeemed us to | God by | thine own | blood,

Out of every | kindred, and | tongue; ‖ Out of | ev. . ery | people, and | nation;

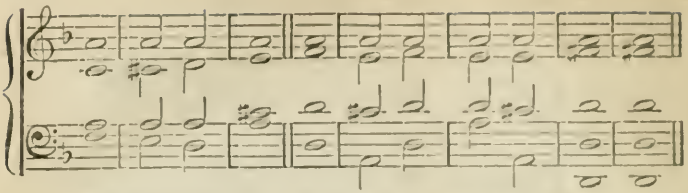
And hast made us unto our God | Kings and | Priests: ‖ And we shall | reign up- | on the | earth.

SECOND DOXOLOGY OF THE REDEEMED CHURCH.

Joyful.

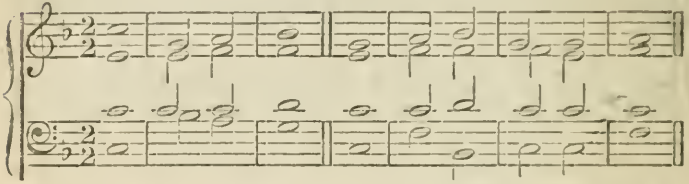


Thou art | worthy, O | Lord, ‖ To receive | glory and | honour and | power:



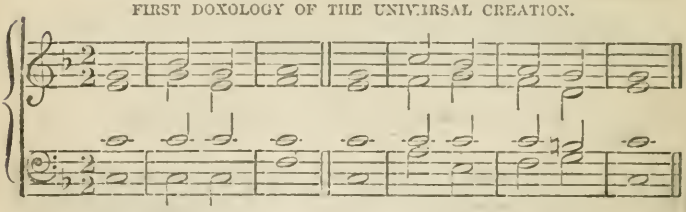
For thou hast cre- | a . . ted | all things, ‖ And for thy pleasure they | are and | were cre- | a . . | ted.

Joyful. DOXOLOGY OF THE HOLY ANGELS.



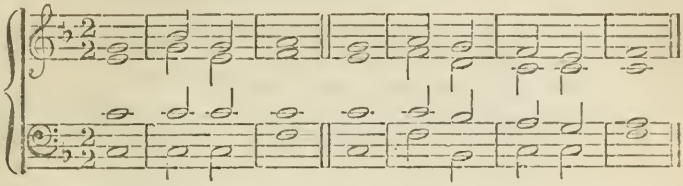
Worthy | is the | Lamb: ‖ The | Lamb | that was | slain,
To receive power, and riches, and | wisdom, and | strength; ‖ And | honour, and | glory, and | blessing.

FIRST DOXOLOGY OF THE UNIVERSAL CREATION.



Blessing, and honour, and | glory, and | power; ‖ Be unto him that | sitteth up- | on the | throne,
And | unto the | Lamb, ‖ For | ever and | ever. A- | men.

SECOND DOXOLOGY OF THE UNIVERSAL CREATION.



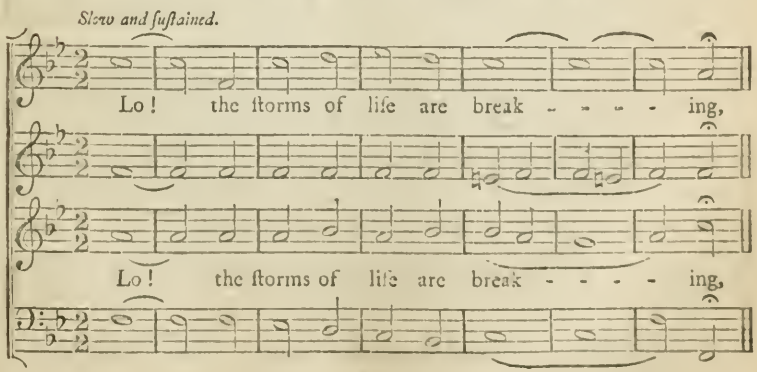
Salvation to our God who sitteth up- | on the | throne: ‖ And | unto the | Lamb. A- | men.

Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, | and thanks- | giving, ‖ And | honour, and | power, and | might;

Be | unto our | God, ‖ For | ever and | ever. A- | men.

Next, a fine tune to Dean Alford's hymn, "Lo, the storms of life are breaking," which I take, because a little out of the ordinary manner of Psalm Tunes, and yet it is perfectly practicable by a trained congregation:

MALDON.—P.M. 8, 8, 8, 6. Trochaic.



Faith - leſs fears our hearts are ſhak - - - - ing,

Faith - leſs fears our hearts are ſhak - - - - ing,

cres.

For our ſuc - cour un - der - tak - ing, Lord . . and

cres.

cres.

For our ſuc-cour un - der - tak - ing, Lord . . and

cres.

f *p*

Sa - viour, Lord and Sa - viour, help . . us!

f *p*

f *p*

Sa - viour, Lord and Sa - viour, help . . . us!

f *p*

And last, a thoroughly popular tune to Lord Glenelg's bright and eucharistic hymn, "O worship the king:"

HOUGHTON.—10, 10, 11, 11.

Moderate.

O wor - ſhip the King, all glo - rious a - bove,

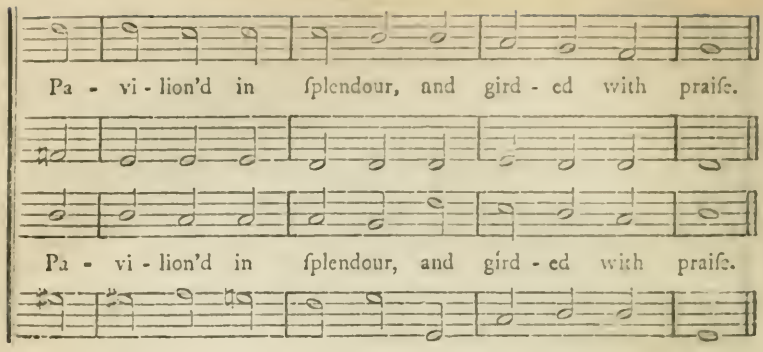
O wor - ſhip the King, all glo - rious a - bove,

O grate - ful - ly ſing His pow - er and - love,

O grate - ful - ly ſing His pow - er and - love,

Our ſhield and de - fend - er, the An - cient of Days,

Our ſhield and de - fend - er, the An - cient of Days,



In conclusion, I have but one canon of church song to insist upon. I would not prescribe either its form or its character, further than to require that it be reverent and devotional, "fit for a seraph to sing, and an angel to hear." But I do demand that it be, not a choir-song to which people must listen, but a congregational-song in which people may join,—a worship not of priests, but of the whole church. For this end I regard that as the best worship-music, which in the greatest degree combines simplicity and beauty, devoutness and fervour.[1]

"Psalms and hymns, and spiritual songs," are the chief medium of worship; from the beginning they have filled the Church on earth, and through eternity they will fill the Church in heaven; from every place they have ascended to God;—from the shores of the Red Sea; from the tabernacle in the wilderness; from the gorgeous temple in Jerusalem; from the upper room in which Christ and the eleven partook of the last supper; from little companies of the early Christians, furtively worshipping in "dens and caves of the earth;" from the cathedral of Ambrose, and the deserts of Syria; from imperial palaces, and from peasants' cottages; from gorgeous churches, and from nonconformist

meeting-houses; from the Waldenses in their fastnesses, the Huguenots in the desert, the Covenanters upon the mountain side; from family altars, and from dying beds; now a solitary note of song, and now the mighty shout of rejoicing thousands. They have been the utterance to God of all that is highest in Christian thought; of all that is holiest in Christian life; of all that is tenderest and most rapturous in Christian love. That which John was permitted to hear in the assemblies of the redeemed in heaven, the ministering angels of God have often heard in the assemblies of the redeemed on earth—a rapturous song of worshipping praise and love, and this scarcely less high, less pure, less fervent, than that; nay, so identical is the praise of salvation, that the first great song of the Christian Church on earth can hardly be distinguished from the last song of the redeemed in heaven.

"Glory be to God on high, and in earth peace, goodwill towards men. We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we worship Thee, we glorify Thee, we give thanks to Thee, for Thy great glory, O Lord God, Heavenly King, God the Father Almighty.

"O Lord, the only begotten Son Jesu Christ; O Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father.

"Thou that takest away the sins of the world; have mercy upon us.

"Thou that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us.

"Thou that takest away the sins of the world, receive our prayer.

"Thou that sittest at the right hand of God the Father, have mercy upon us.

"For Thou only art Holy: Thou only art the Lord.

"Thou only, O Christ—Thou, with the Holy Ghost, art most high, in the glory of God the Father. Amen."

Counterfeits.

A LECTURE

BY

THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

COUNTERFEITS.

I SHALL not occupy so much as a single moment with any sort of preface, except to throw myself upon your compassion, as I did aforetime, when I found myself out of place among those learned gentlemen who contribute of their intellectual wealth to the treasury of your annual lectures. Sermonizing is my peculiar delight, and although frequently compelled to attempt lecturing, and platform speaking, I have never yet been able to find myself very much at home at either occupation. However, in every good work, one would desire to have a share, and therefore, such as I have, I willingly offer you.

"To be, or not to be,"—this is *not* now the question. That controversy has had its day, and the conflict has ended in the triumph of the right; at least by all assembled here it is generally allowed, that, to be godly, to be virtuous, to be a follower of Christ, is a good thing. "To be, or seem to be,"—*this is the question* we have now to deal with. This is the struggle of the present age, when mammon and pride urge on a host of pretenders, and truth and holiness are meeting them in the fray. The battle shall continue for a little season; for a while hypocrisy may be honoured more than honesty, but we are not doubtful as to what shall be the final issue, for falsehood is too hollow to endure, and

pretence too unsubstantial to survive that trying storm which is shortly coming upon the earth.

In these days men are strongly tempted to believe that to look like a Christian will certainly be as useful as to be a Christian in heart. The clean outside of the platter puts itself in rivalry with inner purity. The merchants from the land of Sham, cry their wares and compete for patrons. If prayer be a good thing, let us march to church, with a prayer book under our arm,—will not that avail? If charity of heart be an admirable grace, our names shall figure in the guinea list of every subscription,—will not that suffice? If it be a noble thing to labour in the service of God, let us subscribe towards the support of another, who may do our duty by proxy,—will not that be as acceptable as personal effort?

If to *possess* godliness be difficult, let us take an easier method—let us at once, without fear, *profess* it. Will there not be all the advantage without the difficulty? This, I say, is a suggestion which is practically visiting thousands of hearts, and has ensnared multitudes of souls.

Listen awhile to the logic of the Demon of Counterfeit.

I will but put his reasoning into words, that simple ones may know the fiend and his communication when next he assails them. We have all of us heard his whispers in our ear, and there are some who have gone further, for they have been cajoled by his arguments, and subdued by his skill. "Hearken," saith he, "young man. To seem to be converted will answer every purpose. Does religion win respect? So will the very appearance of religion. Men's eyes will be charmed with gilding, as surely as with massive gold, and they will admire skilful graining as much as costly woods. Would you gain a position of trust; would you win the confidence of an employer? Plainly enough, true piety will procure you these, but as that is troublesome,

pretend to be religious, and you may gain the position quite as readily; you will be able to answer all the good man's demands, and to his pious questions you can give the orthodox, stereotyped reply. Or if to be zealous brings sure honour among honourable men, seem to be so, and you will have their approbation almost as certainly. In the judgment of their charity they will believe you to be sincere, and without suspicion they will receive you with open arms. You shall ride upon the shoulders of the applauding crowd like a victor, though you have never handled sword or shield: you shall wear the garland, though you have never wrestled with the foe. Fair-Speech is a fine town, and has much traffic with Jerusalem; be but a dweller in Prating-Row, and you shall have the confidence of the unsuspecting Israelites. Keep your lip in order and tune your speech after an orthodox fashion, and none shall refuse your company." Thus speaketh the demon, "To seem to be will answer all the purpose of being." But hear ye the word of warning, ye who are charmed by the siren. Oh, ye simple, turn not aside and be not ensnared with her devices, for the end of these things is death. "Be sure your sin will find you out."

"But," saith the evil one, "remember how much cheaper is the sham than the real. Save your cost, if less expense will serve the same ends. If sculptors have produced statues of marble, fill up your niches with plaster; they will not cost so much by a hundredth part, and as they will answer all the purpose, and economy should be the order of the day, by all means patronize the mould and the clay, and leave chisels and Carrara to fools. It is troublesome," says the demon, "to repent; it is painful to pluck out right-eye sins or to tear off right-arm lusts. To be born again—to pass from death unto life, is a mysterious process. It is a superhuman work,

and needs the might of the Holy Spirit. Be not frightened into these stern realities; imitate them, and prosper. Pretend to be all that these would make you, and you will win all that they can give you, without the trouble, without the pain, without the sadness and the exercise of mind which the genuine thing might cost." How many there are who have been tempted by this short cut through By-path Meadow, and have perished on the forbidden ground. Oh, fond delusions, what legions have ye slain! Hypocrisy, thy victims are more numerous than the martyrs of truth! Those lamps without oil have left many in eternal darkness. It were better, O man, to spend thine all upon the needful oil than to venture to the wedding without it. Yet the counterfeit will always have some admirers, from its cheapness in the market. One must dig deep in dark mines for gold and silver; the precious treasure must be brought from far across the seas; it must be melted down, it must pass through many assays, and the dies must be worked with ponderous engines before the coin can be produced; all this to the sluggish many is a heavy disadvantage. Hush! hearken! steal silently up stairs; the Spirit of Deceit invites you to her chamber; a little plaster of Paris, a fire, a crucible, molten lead, the mould, and there's your money, sir, without troubling Peru, Potosi, California, or the Mint. Slink out and change your fine new shillings, and your fortune's made without the ignoble waste of sweat and labour. But be quiet, for a detective may be near, a coarse-minded minion of unpoetic law, who may cruelly block up your road, or even lead you into prison. Short cuts to wealth have brought many to the hulks; and, let me add, there are short cuts to godliness which have brought many to perdition!

"It looks as well," whispers the demon; "quite as well, and sometimes better." It is a well-known fact that cups

fashioned of massive silver have not the same glittering appearance as plated goods. Even vessels of solid gold frequently pale in lustre when put side by side with those which are but thinly coated with the precious metal. All gold does not glitter, and "all is not gold that glitters." Artificial piety droops not, but the fair lily of true grace often hangs its head. True faith is sometimes marred with unbelief; the most hallowed flame of love at times grows chill. Like ships at sea, true Christians have their storms, but mere professors, like pictured galleys on the canvass, ride on an unruffled ocean. Life has its changes; 'tis death that abideth the same. Life has muscle, sinew, brain, spirit, and these vary; but the petrified limbs of bony death lie still until the worm has devoured the carcass. Life weeps as well as smiles, but the ghastly grin of death relaxes not into anxiety or fear. It is because of these changes that piety sometimes loses its lustre, and we find the child of light walking in darkness. He writes bitter things against himself, and mourns in secret before his God. Clouds and darkness are round about him, and that sacred, high, unclouded noon which is his proper state, is eclipsed for a season. It is not so with the hypocrite; he is not stirred and moved. Moab hath no changes; he is "settled upon his lees;" he has not been emptied from vessel to vessel. They are not in trouble as other men, neither are they plagued like other men. They have no afflictions in their life, and they have no bands in their death. They can keep their souls at perpetual ease, for their presumption is as a dead calm. As no weather can give ague to marble, as no variation of temperature can bring fever to wood or iron, so to these men the events of life, the temptations of prosperity, or the trials of adversity, bring little change. They can mount, and climb, and leap, even better than the truly godly, and where the righteous limp *they* run, and

where the godly walk *they* fly. Modesty never stops their mouth, humility never checks their boastings, and therefore their foolish hearts dream that to seem to be is even better than to be. At any rate, since the appearance of the counterfeit is not inferior to common eyes, it will always have its admirers among the shallow, the showy, the fickle, and the false. Let us, however, learn wisdom, and refuse the gaudy cheat, preferring truth in russet to lies in purple.

Then the demon adds an argument which he thinks will surely subdue all objections: "It will last as long." It is true there is a dark hour coming when it will crumble and moulder into ruins, but a little spice of infidelity sprinkled on the conscience can conceal that source of trembling. "You can keep it up," saith he, "for many and many a day; play your cards well, and the keenest observer shall fail to detect you, and you will win the game. See that ye walk circumspectly and avoid the appearance of evil, and you may hide the reality of evil behind your back, and carry the lie privately in your right hand. See to it, see to it," says the evil one, "that ye be but watchful, and, when eyes are on you, exceedingly careful, and even more zealous and more scrupulous than certain really excellent men may be, and you will keep it up; you will last through the heyday of your youth; you will be able to play the masquerade all through your manhood, and you may encircle your hoary hairs with the halo of saintship, notwithstanding that your heart is as black as the night of hell. It will, with careful mending, last a lifetime; and why not,—since it is more glittering and cheaper, and answers every purpose, —why not take the pretence and leave the reality to more scrupulous souls? You know," saith the evil one, "that this is the way with the world. They say, 'Our forefathers built with stone, but we may build with brick, and the walls need not be very thick so long as they will last our time.

Our forefathers gave God freehold soil on which they built His house of prayer, but we are thriftier, and are content to offer leasehold; it will last our time, and it will do as well. Where ancient builders used marble in the sanctuary, let us employ the grainer;—it will do as well. Why be too honest in our offerings? Is it not said of this age of temple builders—

> "'They make a front just like St. Paul's,
> Or like Westminster Abbey,
> And then, as if to cheat the Lord,
> They leave the back part shabby?'"

This is the style of the age, and the Demon of Deceit bids us fashion the architecture of our life after the same design. Gingerbread and tinsel will suit the soft age of charity. Paint and varnish have some durability. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof: why anticipate the times of fading and decay? Unless the counterfeit should fall into rough hands, or get nailed upon the counter, it will not melt, and will be but little the worse for wear when it has gone through many hands. The pretender's fragile web often lasts out the whole of a summer's day, and catches flies all the while, which is to him an all-important item. But truly, O son of man, be not thou too credulous, for often the candle of the wicked is put out in a moment, and woe to him when God taketh away his soul!

Once more we have heard the tempter whisper winningly, "Pretence is more suitable to the age. This is not the age for bigots." Time was when a man felt he was right, and did not believe that the opposite opinion could be other than false and wicked. The man said "Yes" in the depths of his heart; and in rough but simple honesty of reasoning he thought that "No" must be a lie. Modern professors know better than this. In these times contradictory things are accepted as true. "Yes" and "No"

may both be right! We can both swear to the same articles, and mean contrary things, and yet both be honest men! Strange feats are now performed in the theatre of doctrine. Our forefathers would fail to comprehend us. So broad, so extensive does the charity of the age seem likely to become, that Mahometan and Buddhist may reasonably expect to be welcomed as true believers by the followers of Christ. If men who cavil at inspiration shall be recognised as Christian ministers, we shall soon see atheists accepted as preachers of Christ, and deists received with open hands as evangelical divines. You may say, "Never!" but to the unsophisticated mind of an *ungermanized* believer, accustomed to call spades spades, and to speak of things in Saxon terms, it seems a natural and inevitable goal. If certain things be truths, and their opposite errors, I know where I am; but when I am bewildered with objectives and subjectives, standpoints, and points of view, I confess I am in a maze; and I think those babes, to whom Christ declares that heavenly things are revealed, must be in a maze too. We see at this hour things which were, and are, plain, naked heresy, labelled as "*Orthodoxy looked at from another point of view.*" We are told that, if a man contradicts us point-blank, nevertheless our statements are precisely the same, only that, from our peculiar idiosyncrasy, we have different ways of expressing ourselves. Now the counterfeit is the man for such an age as this—at least so the demon tells him. "You will give," saith he, "no obnoxious rub to your neighbour. You will never speak bitterly for the truth, because you do not love it well enough. You will never grow angry with an opponent, because you have nothing to be angry about. You will wear no uncomely points and jagged edges, which can come into unceremonious collision with your fellows. Your words can be smoother than butter, and you may dip your

foot in oil. To turn your sail a little, according to company, is very easy, and you can tack about as the wind changes. Religion is to the counterfeit but a matter of broad and narrow gauge; so long as he can keep the train going, and speed towards the terminus, it does not matter. In the old covenanting age, when men signed the articles of their faith with blood, counterfeits were in the way, and were disdainfully kicked out of the chair of honour. In those times, when men jostled with side and shoulder for the right—when men said, "No, in God's name, we must earnestly contend for the faith, and not for an hour will we give place to the enemies of the Lord. God has committed the truth to our keeping, and we will keep it or spill our hearts' blood. With burning hands we will grasp it at the stake; on the rack and in the dungeon we will hold it fast; and in the agonies of death we will preserve the treasure in our bleeding hearts, hoping to bear it with us to the skies!"—then, we say, counterfeits were in the way; but now it is an easy age; and my Lord Turnabout, and Mr. Anything, and that other gentleman whose great grandfather was a waterman, looking one way and rowing another, will be much in demand.

Pliable, malleable men—men who go to be moulded, fashioned, and shaped! Do you know Mrs. Feigning's opinion of them? Such nice men in all company! Such delightful persons in the drawing-room—never raise a controversy! The very men for editors of twist-about periodicals; just the chosen conductors of those daily newspapers whose want of principle is their principal means of sale; just the persons, in fact, who are up to the times, and scorn the fetters of consistency or truth. What clever fellows! Just the men for Master Feigning to mark and follow. See how swimmingly they proceed. If you want an instance, there is our esteemed friend, Sure-to-get-on, Esq., M.A. None

of your old, stereotyped notions for him; he has thrown them all away into the barbaric past. Honesty he thinks an anachronism and earnestness pretence. Why, sir, he distances all competitors. Yes, Mrs. Feigning, we admit it; he *is* a clever man, and he is too often the man of the day; but when that day shall come for which all other days are made, where will he be, and where will his admirers be found?

Now it is fair to admit that there is something in all this reasoning of the great deceiver; that is to say, there is just enough in it to make it take, for take it does among not a few. It is not harsh to say, there are, alas! too many in our Israel who dissemble in their hearts—who hide iniquity in their bosoms, and flatter with their mouths; men who have a name to live, and are dead—who justify themselves before men, but God knoweth their hearts. The leaven of the Pharisees still ferments in the mass; the mint and the cummin are tithed, and the weightier matters forgotten; the high seats in the synagogue are loved, and the closets neglected; the sepulchres are whitewashed, and the rottenness reeks within. Not yet is the chaff winnowed from the wheat, nor the dross consumed from the gold; still the wolf wanders in sheep's clothing, and false prophets wear rough garments to deceive. These are wells without water, clouds that are carried with a tempest, to whom the mist of darkness is reserved for ever. Jesus, in the Apocalypse, cries to us, "I know the blasphemy of them which say they are Jews, and are not, but are the synagogue of Satan." Let us hear and examine ourselves. Let the conscience of any present who shall stand convicted, reprove them, and lead them to repentance, lest having a form of godliness, and denying the power, they should grow worse and worse—deceiving and being deceived.

Have we no time-serving young men here, who, if they

should find themselves in an establishment where piety is the rule, would cheerfully glide with the stream, but if, on the contrary, they should find themselves in another house where practices of trade—where the mandate of the master would compel them, as they say, to lay aside their scruples, would they breast the current and swim against the torrent? Thank God! we have thousands, both of masters, workmen, employers, traders, who would not do the wrong thing, even though a sin were needed to prop the heavens; but still we must allow, for we see daily disclosures of the gloomy fact, that there is a remnant according to the election of hypocrisy who only have the name to be honest and to be upright, but who are not so, concerning whom the last great day shall reveal, that they spake lies in hypocrisy, having their conscience seared with a hot iron. Young men, you think my language strong; remember from what book I quote, and be persuaded that I utter but the truth. Demon of Counterfeit, I would fain cast thee out; therefore do I cry aloud and spare not; but thy voice is more powerful than mine. Thou hast prevailed to convert more thousands than any minister among us. Thou hast swayed with the charm of thine eloquence tens of thousands of hearts, and thou hast led captive many mighty men with thy soft and persuasive accents. Oh, for an Elijah to pour full torrents of scorn upon thee! Rise, ye noble confessors, and launch your thunders at this foul abomination! Knox, Luther, Athanasius, Chrysostom, from your tombs, being dead, yet speak, and charge us to be true!. Let every manly, noble, holy, divine thing protest against fraud, hypocrisy, dissimulation, deceit, and counterfeit; and you, young soldiers of the Cross, dash right and left at the ever-present evil, and the angels of God and the Lord of Hosts himself shall fight with you against the common foe of earth and heaven!

Ye are wearied with the logic of counterfeit; let your minds pursue another most necessary train of thought, by which I hope still to stab the foe. In this age we are in special danger of being overcome by the spirit of pretence, for this is a time when deception may work with greater power and on a more extensive scale than in centuries gone by. This will be evident enough if we remember how different are these balmy days from those boisterous times when the Christian Church first ventured on her stormy voyage. Then, to avow one's self a follower of Christ, meant to leave house, and home, and children, and wife, and lands, yea, and to renounce one's life also. Then Paul could truly say, "If in this life only we have hope, we are of all men most miserable." No such self-denials are now incurred by Christian discipleship, The cross is no more viewed as the gibbet of a malefactor. Though the Gospel still provokes enmity, and believers still bear the reproach of Christ, yet the old instruments of persecution are abandoned, and we ride in chariots of ease, where our predecessors were trodden like mire in the streets. The world loves not the strangers who seek another country, but it has ceased to show its hatred in the old rough method with which it displayed its hostility in ancient times. A man may be a Christian to-day, thank God, in a whole skin. No fear of the rack, or of the dungeon now. Nay, it is a little the other way. Beyond a doubt some men make a good thing of their religion. Their profession of godliness may even advance their business; may throng the avenues of their shops; may gain credit and depositors for their banks, or shareholders in their joint-stock companies. No doubt the advantage, in our large towns at least, would be fully as much on the side of profession as on the side of non-profession. There may be some quarters where vice may bring patronage, and impiety may increase trade; it is, however, safe to say that such

cases are very rare. We honestly confess that the scale is just now turning the other way. These, then, are times when it is the more likely that men will counterfeit a godliness which they have not, having grace in admiration because of the advantage which it offers. There was an age of chivalry, when no craven courted knighthood, for it involved the hard blows, the dangerous wounds, the rough unhorsings, and the ungentle perils of the tournament; nay, these were but child's play: there were distant eastern fields, where Paynim warriors must be slain by valiant hands, and blood must flow in rivers from the Red-cross knights. Then men who lacked valour preferred their hawks and their jesters, and left heroes to court death and glory on the battle-field. This genial time of peace breeds carpet knights, who flourish their untried weapons, and bear the insignia of valour, without incurring its inconvenient toils. Many are crowding to the seats of the heroes, since prowess and patience are no more required. The war is over, and every man is willing to enlist. When Rome commenced her long career of victory, it was no pleasant thing to be a soldier in the Roman egions. The power which smote the nations like a rod of iron abroad, was a yoke of iron at home. There were long forced marches, with hunger and cold and weariness; heavy armour was the usual load when the legionary marched at lease; but "ease" was a word he seldom used. Rivers were forded; mountains were scaled; barbarians were attacked; proud nations were assailed; kingdoms were subdued. No toil too stern for the scarred veteran, no odds too heavy, no onslaught too ferocious, no arms too terrible. Scarcely were his wounds healed, ere he was called to new fields; his life was battle, his home the tent; his repast was plunder; his bed the battle-field, and the eagle's bloody talons removed all need of sepulchre for his slaughtered body. But after-

wards, when Rome was mistress of the world, and the prætorian cohorts could sell the imperial purple to the highest bidder, many would follow the legions to share their spoils. It is not otherwise to-day. Into the triumphs of martyrs and confessors few are unwilling to enter: in a national respect to religion, which is the result of *their* holiness, even ungodly men are willing to share. *They* have gone before us with true hearts valiant for truth, and false traitors are willing to divide their spoils.

It has been clamorously averred by those who hate godliness, that there were many hypocrites in Cromwell's time. I dare say there were, but who were they? Sirs, they were the very gentlemen who were so much at ease in the reign of that prince of profligacy, Charles the Second. You see, gentlemen, in a moral and godly age, profession will pay, but in a loose, debauched court it would have been a losing game; and, therefore, it is not at all improbable that the worldly-wise men turned their coats to suit the season; but, mark! it was the sinner who played the hypocrite, and assumed a religion to which he was a stranger, for the saint had no need to do it, since he already had the jewel then so much esteemed. The reign of Charles II. was a weeding time, for then the godly man was robbed of his emoluments,—thrust into the common jail, or driven into exile; very few played the hypocrite then. When Cromwell was at the head of affairs, rogues went to their place, and God's servants had their right positions; then things were ordered with integrity; and I do not doubt that knavish popish priests pretended to be evangelical, that they might keep their livings, and that scandalous sinners thought it well to adopt the whine of the Puritan, and to wear his garment; that they might have honour among men. So is it now by no means unlikely that we shall be inundated with hypocrites, because

these are halcyon days, when virtue wears the robes of honour. While we thank God for our peace, and liberty—while we devoutly bless Him that intolerance is now condemned by the universal voice of man, yet we must be on our watch-tower, lest the very absence of persecution should breed that greater plague, the leprosy of hypocrisy and false profession. Many soar up like the eagle, not that like him they may look at the sun, but that like him they may see their prey beneath them, and may be able to pounce upon it with a greater certainty; and doubtless there are some who mount to heights of profession, that they may with more fell and sure swoop seize their gains in the talons of their professed godliness.

Again, there is a second reason why we may expect to see many counterfeits of godliness in these times. Thank God, we are beginning to awake. We are not quite so cold now as we were six or seven years ago. Our churches have opened one eye, and there is a little twitching on the lid which cheerfully prognosticates the opening of the other. We have had preachings in the theatres; there have been united prayer-meetings; there have been blessed signs of shaking among the very driest of the bones. Prim Propriety has actually ventured out of her orderly cramping irons, and chilly Conventionality has given signs of thaw. Even "Cave Adullam" has heard some shouts of life, and "Little Zoar" is half ashamed of being such a little one. With hardly an exception our churches have at least started in their sleep. Now the same shower which causes the flowers to rejoice, brings out the slimy snail from his hiding-place. The return of spring which calls up the crocus from its bed, arouses the noxious insect from his winter dormitory. As certain as ever the church begins to be quickened, Hypocrisy will send forth her armies. We do not know how it is, but so it seems the pulses of good

and evil are quickened at the same moment; and when an impulse is given to the human mind, which fills it with activity, the mystery of iniquity will work as rapidly as the spirit of good. We will illustrate what we mean. Young men have been to a revival prayer-meeting. What earnestness! What power! Those short addresses—what condensed pathos! What blazing vehemence! They have felt moved. The prayers and addresses have burned their way into their consciences; they feel it would be a good thing to be converted. There is a something in the meeting which they have not felt since the time they left their mother's roof. The conscience is aroused, and demands obedience to the Gospel. To rebel openly against the Word is a sin, from which the aroused soul revolts; but to temporize, to come to terms, to give promises instead of performances, and pledges instead of present submission, is a more dangerous temptation, and many are seduced by it. There is, however, a stage beyond this, more to my point, when the quieted conscience receives lies as its meat, and pretences as its food. To mimic conviction, to ape conversion, to parrot prayers, and to copy experience, is as easy as a fool may wish, and too often these mockeries of the Spirit's work, both lull the conscience of the deceiver, and win the confidence of the deceived. Excitement breeds desire, and then, lest that desire should prove salutary, the evil one is ready at hand to give a stone instead of bread, and a scorpion for an egg: pride is there to aid and abet the reception, and the man goes forth talking of his riches, while in the sight of God he is naked, and poor, and miserable. Then if these men turn out ill afterwards, the mischief is always laid to the door of the revival, which is not at all fair; yet we, on the other hand, must have our eye open, for times of refreshing are often times of shallow, graceless profession. When Samaria had received the Word

it is said that Simon Magus also believed, although he was a child of the devil, and the enemy of all righteousness. The abundance of Counterfeit during revival comes not of the good work, but arises from the depraved heart of man. As soon as an active church earnestly yearns over perishing sinners, Satan thinks of them too, and finding men's minds a little disturbed, he labours to pacify the half awakened by enchanting them with empty, baseless hopes, whose fancied foundation lies in hypocritical pretences, formal observances, ostentatious charities, loud-mouthed boastings, and censorious condemnations. Ministers will uniformly tell you that they have to be exceedingly jealous in revival times of those who have professed to receive the grace of God; for when it becomes the custom to join the church and the fashion to make a profession, there is a certain number of persons, in whom the habit of imitation is stronger than the principle of honesty, who will be likely to profess to have received what they never knew, and will come forward to declare themselves enlisted on God's side, whereas they are still in the gall of bitterness and in the bonds of iniquity. We thank God for revivals, even with all the mischief that Satan would cast upon them; we bless God for them unfeignedly both day and night; but we would have you be more and more watchful lest now the enemy by his devices should get an advantage over you, and persuade you to take upon you that holy name which belongs only to the regenerate; for the day cometh which shall burn as an oven, and woe to unsound Christians in that hour of trial.

Further, it is the more needful to caution you just now, because the poison is already working in the body of the visible church, and now its frame is weakened it cannot so readily detect or resist fresh infusions of the evil. The quan-

tity of spiritual counterfeit which is in circulation assists very much that which is in process of issue from the mint of falsehood. If there be many bad half-crowns moving about, everybody is afraid to take another; but when there are many counterfeit Christians abroad, you may pass off any quantity, because the pretenders will enable others to escape without detection.

In the political world, whenever there are very brave men, mere braggarts are snuffed out. No man among a brave people grows great without a mighty effort. When our island-kingdom defied the power of Buonaparte, we fêted no man till he had won the palm in some terrible action. Nelson must destroy navies, and Wellington must achieve victory after victory; but in another country men have been glorified for capturing unarmed passengers in defenceless vessels! It is so easy now-a-days to get a testimonial, a presentation, a meeting of sympathy. One can be great in certain quarters without effort, which goes to show that there is little real greatness extant.

We will make a bargain. We are a little short of cash; call me a millionaire, I will call you the same. Will you agree to it? Now how rich we are! We will mutually maintain the etiquette customary between peers of the realm. Call me "your Grace," and you shall be "his Lordship." Talk of my stars and garters, and I will romance upon your ribands and orders. Now, if a real dignitary should walk in, it will be awkward, and "Burke's Peerage" is a nuisance when we are at this game; but if there are hosts like ourselves of self-styled nobles, we are safe enough; they will never dare dispute my dukedom or your marquisate, or else we may be too inquisitive about *their* titles, and find *them* out. No, no; they who live in glass houses will not throw stones, and so our brittle roof is safe. When all in the dark room are thieves, nobody will call for a candle. Every one will be too

anxious to keep his own counsel, and hide his own deceit. When adulteration becomes a system, nobody is condemned by his neighbour, and when shallow godliness becomes common, it passes with great readiness. Men who have no great measure of religion themselves, will say, "Well, we must not raise a difficulty about our friend over there, or an inquiry may be instituted into our own case." "Oh!" says another, "do not question the genuineness of his faith, for mine is rather queer; do not send for the officer to examine the weights and measures,—to tell you the truth, I am afraid mine are a little short; I hope nobody will be clipping the light sovereigns, at any rate, till I have got rid of mine; let us be like the foxes in the vineyard, let us not yelp at one another lest we all be found out." Thus, a deteriorated piety enables men with no piety at all to pass themselves off, and men with a very small quantity of it may attain to reputed saintship. Oh! give us back those grand old days again, when there was something to be done before a man could get a name! Restore that rigid rule of allowing no man to stand among the three mighties till he has slain his thousands. Hard knocks, heavy kicks, and smart cuts—anything sooner than these glorified fictions. A fig for your card-houses; give us walls which do not tremble at the sight of a battering-ram. No, we refuse the flattery; we have had enough of Mark Antony and his "so are we all, all honourable men;" we had rather hear stern Brutus, of whom his enemies confessed—"This was a man!" Anything, I say, is better than this way of sheltering hypocrisy by tacit allowance. Off with the kid gloves and on with the gauntlet once more! Here flies an arrow at your pasteboard shield! Away for ever with confectionery nobility! Away, once for all, with modern waxwork piety! O Lord, send to us again the men of thorough honesty, even if we must accept their roughness too! Help, spirits of

truth; help us to drive these counterfeits once for all from the face of the earth!

Perhaps it will be as well to remind you that we are in peculiar danger of being content with a second-hand religion, from the fact, the blessed fact, that religious books, and especially religious biographies, are so exceedingly common, that a man may get up any quantity of experience by rote, without experiencing anything. If he would talk about communion with Christ, he can buy Rutherford's "Letters," and he is set up at once. If he would speak about depravity of heart, there are many works upon the subject which will supply him with the expressions which godly men employ in their humble confessions. There are scores of able doctors who will teach them the parrot-cry; there are multitudes of professors from whom they can learn the holy whine; and they may very readily, without any difficulty—without needing the mysterious white stone which shall pass them into the secret conclaves of the hidden ones—they may soon discover the ways of religion, and may profess to walk therein. It is all the more likely that they will do so when they have to dwell in the midst of Christian people, at a time when they are exceedingly kind and tender over those who profess to be converts to Christ. Earnestness has given to our churches a longing after conversions; that longing after conversions has given kindness to our hearts, so that we would not condemn, but, if it were possible, accept. We would rather, we think, overlook a hundred faults than that one genuine child of God should be kept away from communion. We feel so much joy over the thought of a returned prodigal, that we embrace him in our arms, and sometimes embrace a prodigal who never did return at all. Better, we think, that we should do this, than that we should repel any; yet this holy Christian kindness, this blessed affection which

God gives to His people in this age, and which we so much rejoice to see, renders it all the more likely that we shall be inundated with pretenders, and that Counterfeit will spread itself in the churches to a most fearful extent. It is our prayer that it may not be so. It is our earnest desire that some word we may utter in this lecture may prevent those present who have been tempted to seem to be, from venturing upon that arduous task; and may God make them to be what they should be—converted to Him by the grace of His Holy Spirit! "He that walketh uprightly walketh surely." "They that deal truly are the Lord's delight." "Let not mercy and truth forsake thee: bind them about thy neck; write them upon the table of thine heart; so shalt thou find favour and good understanding in the sight of God and man."

But now it is time to turn our thoughts more distinctly to the exposure of this evil; to direct our batteries against it, that we may shake its bastions. Friends, ye know well that counterfeit has been one of the mightiest of Satan's devices. The rack and the fire have been clumsy instruments: they have uniformly and signally failed; but the counterfeit, though it is defeated in the long run, generally yields an apparent success, and for a time it lends a transitory glare of sickly hope to the cause of the prince of evil. Base imitations were issued from the infernal mint as soon as man began to worship God. The altar of Cain stood side by side with that of Abel; both were laden with offerings, but the one was faithless and lifeless, while the other was a living, bleeding victim, and a living, loving heart. From that hour the seed of the incorruptible word has had to contend with the children of the old deceiver. Even the flood drowned not falsehood; alas! the rainbow of promise has been gazed upon by many a hypocrite. Isaac was mocked by an Ishmael, and Jacob was twin brother to Esau, both the

outcasts being types of evils which claim affinity with good. A notable instance of the power of counterfeit is afforded by the magicians of Egypt, who laboured to nullify Moses' miracles by their enchantments. Many instances in after history will recur to your minds, but I hurry onward to the period when Christ should come. The Jewish people, cured once for all of idolatry by the long sojourn in captivity, longed after something better than ceremonies, and sought after righteousness and obedience to the law of God. The Jewish church had its martyrs under the glorious sons of Mattathias; it had its high and noble saints during the reign of the Maccabees; but Satan crushed in the very germ the attempt of the Jewish nation to obtain obedience and righteousness; he crushed it not by violence, but by the counterfeits of the sanctimonious Pharisee, who put on his long fringes, and his broad phylacteries, tithed his mint and his anise and his cummin, and so with his pretentious fraud drove honest obedience out of the world. Then came Christ Himself, and now the sun had risen on the earth. He ascended to heaven, and left behind as a priceless legacy the gospel of peace on earth, goodwill to men. His disciples preached it, not with eloquence of words or human wisdom, but with an irresistible might which far surpassed the power of human oratory. They told the story of the cross; they uplifted before the eyes of the wondering people the incarnate Saviour, told of His streaming blood and all the merit of His wounds. The nations heard; deaf ears were opened, and blind eyes began to see. The world was turned upside down; the gates of hell were shaken; the false gods tottered on their thrones; Night gathered up her garments to flee to her native place; Day was dawning; the Sun with healing in His wings was rising. But the arch-deceiver would not have it so. Having already tried all kinds of torments, imprisonments, slander, mockeries, and

deaths, with failure, he now attempted "the counterfeit." Let me not recount the history of the backsliding church, for ye have heard it often enough, and one's heart is sickened to tell it o'er again. You know that, at last, with centuries of cunning, "the mystery of iniquity" had swollen into the most masterly and colossal counterfeit which time has ever seen: Antichrist was developed. Instead of Christ, Satan brought forth "our Lord God the Pope:" instead of the apostles, cardinals walked forth in their pompous garments: instead of humble pastors who ruled their churches in the fear of God, proud mitred prelates held the golden bejewelled croziers: instead of forgiveness of sins, there was absolution from the priest: instead of the sacrifice of Christ, there was the unbloody sacrifice of the mass. For the Gospel, there was superstition; for the work of the Spirit, the lying wonders of relics; for regeneration, baptism; for communion, a wafer; for holiness, vestments; for truth, riches and pomp. The wisdom of Christ was concealed beneath the folly of man. The deceiver took away the bread, but gave a stone so like it that the hungry world received the treacherous gift. Was not the cloth richly adorned? who would suspect that it covered the cheat's mocking imitation of the children's bread? The great founder of Rome's heresy took away the living egg of life and immortality, and gave the world the deadly scorpion of a soul-destroying superstition. A more frightful counterfeit than this the combined talent of all the fiends of hell has failed to invent. This remains, deception's masterpiece, firstborn of hell, the express image of the prince of darkness. Others have followed limping in its train, but this still stands firstborn among many brethren, and among all hypocrisies it hath the pre-eminence. Blessed be God! the honest eye of Luther, kindled with the light of heaven, saw through the fabrication, and he hesitated not to tell us

the whole truth; and now, undeceived, the world rejects with loathing the counterfeit which once it so joyously received. There may be some who would bring it back again to the land of Smithfield and the Lollards, but surely they must fail; the Lord God of Elijah has not left us to such a fall. The light is not yet feeble enough for these bats again to flit abroad, nor for the beasts of prey to come forth from their dens;—yet if Popery should come, if the counterfeit of Christianity must return among us, at least we will never endure that counterfeit of a counterfeit, that leaden imitation of the plated sham, which men in these days call Puseyism. It was base enough when the harlot of Rome put on the garments of Christ's spouse; but what shall we say of those who would wear her cast-off rags, and pretend to her pretension? something execrable indeed! To say the least, there was something attractive in the glittering substitute which usurped the place of truth; but in this villanous counterfeit what is there? The merchants shall bewail the fallen glories of Rome, saying, "Alas, alas, that great city, that was clothed in fine linen, and purple, and scarlet, and decked with gold and precious stones and pearls!" but who above the rank of a very small chorister boy will ever weep for Puseyism? If we must obey priests, let us have the genuine personages; if we must build popish altars, let us have them first-class; and if we must be saved by splendid ceremonies, give us the mass by all means. When popes and cardinals have given their robes away to their footmen, in comes the Tractarian, and redeems them from the rag-shop, and putting on the fusty finery, would have us receive him as a genuine successor of the apostles. But the trick is too shallow: show the gentleman out, he has entered the wrong door: this is the nineteenth century, not the ninth. Let us hope that neither pope senior nor pope junior will ever reign in England. Let us publish the truth, and we

know it *shall not* be; let us lift our hand to heaven, and let us with faith in God declare it *must not* be—that the old blood-red harlot counterfeit can never return again into the land which now rejoices in the Gospel of Christ.

Even now Satan may be preparing for a worse attack than this; for, although it were hard to think so, he may yet bring forth a more terrible Antichrist. Certain is it that, though he fails, he will follow the same deceitful policy; for Satan perceives that it is of little use to assault the exterior walls of Zion. He has gone round about her; he has marked well her bulwarks; he has told her towers; "There is no entrance here," saith he; "the watchmen are on the walls. Eye to eye, they see the cordon is complete, for the eye of one reaches till it meets the eye of the next; they cry to each other in the night. They that make mention of the Lord keep no silence. This will I do," saith he: "I will take by stratagem what I cannot win by force; clear away the battering-rams, take away those moveable towers, bury those spears, conceal every indication of hostility." Throw open your gates, citizens of Zion. The white flag is unfurled; here are honest countrymen, who have come from a far country to do traffic in these parts, and they would make a league with you. They speak the language of Canaan. It is true they speak half the tongue of Ashdod; but these are not the times to quarrel for Shibboleth if a man can say Sibboleth with tolerable ease. Up with the porteullis, down with the drawbridge; who would keep an honest man shivering on the other side the moat? Doubtless these be good men and true. Come in, sirs; a welcome to you. What a noble accession to our numbers! Warder, a whisper with you; do you know that the wily prince laugheth scornfully, and whispereth to himself, "I had rather have these ten inside the walls than ten thousand without? Better for me to have these hypocrites in the

Church than a multitude of infidels and atheists without. These will do my work well!" Warder, be watchful, for in the dead of night these men will undo the bolt, let down the drawbridge, and the hosts of evil will enter; or, quite as likely, they may poison every well, scatter deadly drugs into all the food, and the city may become the prey of the enemy without the scaling-ladder, or a struggle in the breach. We fear that this may be the policy of Satan with our churches. Ministers of God, see to it—in the name of Him whom ye serve, see to it, and take care that ye receive not deceivers into your ranks; but since ye are fallible, and all human judgment will err, ye who profess to join with us, see to it. Come not, oh come not, for your souls' sake, to dwell in our Zion, unless ye be good men and true. Come, let us look ye in the face, brethren. Let us see whether ye have the air of honest men; and if ye have not, let us pray you for the Church's sake, if ye have any kind of love to it—for your own sake, if still any honest selfishness may remain, come not, come not hither. Meanwhile, let us ask of God that He, whose fan is in His hand, may always keep the fan in motion, that the floor may be purged, and only the wheat may remain. May the day never come when the wail of Jeremy shall be heard in our land: "How is the gold become dim! how is the most fine gold changed!" Watch ye, O servants of the Lord; and do thou, O great Redeemer, sit as a refiner, and purify us as silver is purified.

Nor are we in danger alone from counterfeit men, but we are in peril from *counterfeit virtues.* "Ah," saith the great utterer of false virtue, "men dare not sneer at virtue; but in the name of virtue I will present them vice. Courage every one admires; I will promote bombast and brag. Humility! every one has a good word for it; I will make the mean-spirited succeed to the lowly in heart. Repentance is a cardinal grace; remorse is my black imitation.

Faith is a saving grace, and assurance a most precious pearl; I will propagate a false hope and presumption. This will put the private graces out of the market, and lower their value. As for the virtues which the world sees, I will imitate every one of them. For zeal there shall be fanaticism; for firmness, bigotry; for charity, looseness; for love, undue familiarity; for kindness, affability with sin; for tenderness of heart, softness and effeminacy of spirit. Pearls shall vanish, and paste shall flourish; nay, I will put darkness for light, and light for darkness, bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter, till men shall not know what is and what is not true grace. And thus," saith he, "I shall bring contempt upon the Church itself. I shall make the very world, which is honest, abhor the hypocrisy of the Church, because of the putrid effluvia of its dead members and their rotten deeds. I will make honest men pass by the dead ecclesiastical body, and say, 'Bury the carrion out of our sight.' I will pour upon the Church my own loathsomeness; the villany of which I am myself the father, I will spread thick over the Church of Christ, till men shall say, 'Aha! aha!' and its name shall become a shame and a hissing, a byword and a proverb." O Christian young men, remember that the sins of false professors are laid by our enemies at the door of the crucified One. Jesus is wounded by His false friends, the Cross is dishonoured, the precious blood of Christ is despised. Men say, "Is this what the Cross does? Is this the fruit of the doctrine of justification by faith? Is this the result of preaching mercy, to unloose the floodgates of wickedness? Is this, after all, the millennium which was prophesied to come—that there should be pretence without the reality—shadow without a substance—slime for sanctity?" Mark ye well, my friends, if Satan can accomplish this end, he will have smitten truth more severely than aforetime. If he shall be

able so to deteriorate and adulterate the Church, that at last we shall hardly know the Church from the world, and shall suspect whether true piety is not extinct, he will have stabbed the Church very near the heart. Lord, bid Thy servants hold up the shield of faith now, and with honest hands, with loins girt about with truth, may they push back the deadly foe, that so Thy Church may shine pure and immaculate, the queen of Christ, the empress of the world. Surely I have none here who would desire to be the tools of the devil, cogs in the wheels of his machinery, arrows in his quiver; then beware of falsehood, cant, hypocrisy, and pretence, for these are spells which shall bind you to his accursed service.

That I may thoroughly disgust every young man present with the very thought of appearing to be in religion what he is not, let me put the matter in two or three lights. Suppose, my friend, it is right for you to make a profession without truly being a Christian; then what you may do, others may do; and then when all shall have become like yourself, what will be the use of the profession at all? When all the gold shall have vanished from circulation, who will take the brass? and when all the silver shall have gone, and only counterfeits remain, how will the counterfeits be passed? I pray you look that question in the face in that light, and see to it that ye help not to so dread a consummation. Again, I trust there is no man present here who wishes to be mean and ignoble; if any, speak, for these may play the counterfeit. Surely there are none here who would demean themselves by stooping to a coward's act. If there be, let them speak, for hypocrisy will become them. To take credit for virtues I possess not is theft upon society; to wear a reputation I have not fairly earned is a mean, beggarly, despicable felony. Surely, young men, if you will just rise from your seats and stand straight up

you must think it unworthy of your manhood to play the counterfeit. I feel so real a confidence in you, that I am sure you would not wish in any other matter to receive honour which you had not fairly won, and why would you do so here? "Quit yourselves like men." Though that sentence is but a Philistine war-cry, it is one which we may obey to-night. To receive censure undeserved is honour, yea, comfort, upon which a good man may sleep; but to receive applause when it has not been fairly gained, brings disquiet of heart to an upright mind. One cannot rest with an undeserved reputation about him; he feels he has stolen property in his house, and he would fain be rid of it. Oh, by everything that is noble in you, by everything that is manly in you, not to say by everything that is gracious and heavenly, scout the very thought of seeming to be what you are not.

Forget not that the pretence of religion without the power of it is one of the most comfortless things in the world. It is like a man who should call his servant, and say to him, "Is the larder well stored?" "There is nothing, sir, not even a mouldy crust." "Let the table be laid," saith he, and it is laid, and all the appurtenances thereof. "And now," he says, "I will sit down to my meal, and you shall wait upon me." The empty dishes are brought in proper course; from invisible joints he cuts imperceptible slices, and from the empty plates he lifts upon his fork mouthfuls of nothingness and dainty morsels of vacuum. There, the cloth can be removed, the feaster has finished the atmospheric banquet, and rises from the table free from any charge of immoderate eating. Now this may be a very pleasant operation for once, although its charms require a very poetic and imaginative mind to appreciate them; but if continued several days, this unsubstantial festival would, I conceive, become somewhat un-

desirable and cheerless, and in the end the guest might perish amid his empty platters. Yet such must be the life of the man who professes to feed on the bread of heaven and knows not its sustaining virtues, who boasts of drinking the water of life and has never sipped that heavenly stream. Such life must be dreary and desolate. I suppose, Mr. Chairman, it is a very comfortable thing to know that one has a substantial balance at one's bankers, a respectable amount invested in consols, or a snug estate in land or houses. I might appeal to many here for information upon the subject, and I think their experience would conduct me but to one conclusion. But to have the reputation of being rich, with all its responsibilities and demands, and to be miserably poor, must be quite the reverse. You are waited upon for subscriptions to every charity; you must head the list out of your magnificent deficit of capital. Your establishment must be maintained as becomes your position, and those unpleasant bills must be discharged out of that vast absence of cash which is all your own. Moreover, here comes the collector of income-tax, always so welcome. Sir, it must be rather hard to pay a heavy per-centage on a non-existent income. Very undesirable position, I think: with all due deference to financial gentlemen, one which I decidedly decline; yet this is the precise counterpart of the position of a man who pretends to be a believer and has no faith in Christ. He is asked to do what he cannot do, which, nevertheless, he must seem to do or be discovered. He must, to keep up his reputation, pray when he has no heart for prayer; he must, if he be a preacher, address others upon subjects in which he has no interest himself, with a joy he never knew, and a zeal he cannot feel; he must, if he be a young man, go to the Young Men's Christian Association, and walk and act as though he were rich in grace while yet he hath nothing for himself, much less

hath wherewith to edify and to enrich his brother. How sad must be the case of such a man as this, for he has nowhere to get his comfort from! He cannot go to the world in the first place, for the world would not have him; he is not honest enough for them; but, moreover, *he dare not* try it, for that were to ruin his profession. And then, in the second place, he cannot go to the Church's real treasury, the influences of the Holy Spirit, the blessed benedictions of the promise of the Father, and the Divine enrichments of communion with Christ. He is, indeed, between two stools, but in this case it is not to the ground he comes, but he must take heed that he come not down to hell. Mark Antony once yoked two lions together and drove them through the streets of Rome, but no human skill can ever yoke together the Lion of the Tribe of Judah and the Lion of the Pit. I did see a man once trying to walk on both sides of the street at one time, but he was undoubtedly drunk; and when we see men labouring by day to walk on both sides of the street, in the shady side of sin and the sunny side of holiness, or reeling in the evening, at one time towards the bright lights of virtue, and anon staggering back to sin in the secret and dark places of the street, where no lamp is shining,—when we see a man acting thus strangely, we say, "He is morally intoxicated," and wisdom adds, "He is mad, and if the Great Physician heal him not, his madness will bring him to destruction." Let us take care that we be in this thing clear; for if we would mar our peace of mind, if we would cut ourselves off from every channel of happiness, the simple and easy method is to put on a pretence and become a sham. Oh! to be an honest man! One may not even then be the noblest work of God, but certainly the honest man ranks among nobility, and need not blush in any company. I do not know whether we could go the whole length of the Roman who wished he

had a window in his breast; I think we should desire to have shutters and to keep them down; but still, one would like to say—"There, I have nothing to conceal; let the sun shine through me." Let every man say—"There is no double dealing or shuffling there; he does not pretend to be what he is not; what he professes to be, that he labours to carry out; he may fail by infirmity, but not through duplicity of heart."

Let me say again, if indeed there be a man here who needs to be warned of counterfeits, Young man, you will find that counterfeiting will not pay in the end; it will not answer long. "The bed is shorter than that a man can stretch himself upon it." It is a garment so old and tattered, that first the nakedness is here, and when you have patched it well you have had to take a piece from another part of the garment, and you are naked there; a bone starts out here and a limb there; it never can completely cover, or if for a time it should seem to do so, yet ere long the rent is seen. What contrivances men employ to keep up the respectability of a religion which has a large expenditure but no income! How they will piece it out with this lie and with the other falsehood! How they will scheme to make both ends meet! How they starve in secret to make a little show in public! What multitudes of carefully wrapped-up and labelled parcels there are on the shelves of their every-day life, looking like silks, satins, and velvets, but in reality they are a conglomerate of rags, brick-bats, shavings, and brown paper. What multitudes of mahogany handled drawers there are in their daily conversation labelled in black on a gold ground, with swelling and mysterious names of precious healing drugs; but, alas! they are handles which do not pull out, or drawers that are full of nothing. What myriads of empty bottles make up yonder *enormous stock* in the Universal Emporium so largely advertised!

What a noble army of canisters filled with air stand marshalled in shining ranks, as if they were fresh from China, and brimming with the fragrant leaf! Now in mere business such things may answer well enough; but bring them into your moral dealings, and you shall soon become contemptible. One smiles at the busy tradesman arranging the shams in his window, but we are indignant with men who exhibit unreal virtues and excellencies; he thinks that he makes a fair show in the flesh, but when we have found him out once, even what may be genuine in him is subjected to suspicion, and the man's honour is hopelessly gone. In the pursuit of pastoral duty, I stood a little while ago in a cheesemonger's shop, and being in a fidgety humour, and having a stick in my hand, I did what most Englishmen are sure to do, I was not content with seeing, but must needs touch as well. My stick came gently upon a fine cheese in the window, and to my surprise a most metallic sound emanated from it. The sound was rather hollow, or one might have surmised that all the tastcholes had been filled up with sovereigns, and thus the cheese had been greatly enriched, and the merchant had been his own banker. There was, however, a sort of crockery jingle in the sound, like the ring of a huge bread or milk pan, such as our country friends use so abundantly; and I came to the very correct conclusion that I had found a very well got-up hypocrite in the shop window. Mark, from this time, when I pass by, I mentally whisper, "Pottery;" and the shams may even be exchanged for realities, but I shall be long in believing it. In my mind the large stock has dissolved into potsherds, and the fine show in the window only suggests the potter's vessel. The homely illustration is simply introduced because we find people of this sort in our churches, looking so extremely like what they should be, yet having no substance in them, so that if, accidentally, one happens

to tap them somewhere or other with sudden temptation or stern duty, the baked earth gives forth its own ring, and the pretender is esteemed no longer. Young men, I feel sure you would loathe to be a discovered deceiver; be not, then, deceivers at all.

Besides this, God's detectives are about always, both by day and night, the secret spies and messengers who seize counterfeits and nail them down in scorn. In Providence, in the shape of trials and temptation, these avengers of truth come upon the man when he is not aware, and in such an hour as he thinks not he is suddenly overwhelmed. The vain pretender is not unlike Wolsey, as described by himself; with the slightest variation the same words we may pourtray him in when the Divine tests betray him:

> "To-day he puts forth
> The tender leaves of hopes, to-morrow blossoms,
> And bears his blushing honours thick upon him;
> The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
> And,—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
> His greatness is a ripening,—nips his root,
> And then he falls, like Lucifer,
> Never to hope again."

See ye then, sons of prudence, that this counterfeiting is an ill and failing speculation, in which the venturer loses his all, and himself too. How much better is truth and uprightness! To appear to be honest is not the best policy, but to be honest is. The vizard, the borrowed robe, the paper crown, are toys for fools to mock at; but the pure white linen of the saints and the crown of immortality are precious beyond compare. To be a follower of Him who is the way, the truth, and the life, to imitate Him whose character, person, and teaching are essential truth; this is honour, and glory, and eternal life.

In closing we shall throw out the following hints, which

may act as solemn warnings to each one of us, that we by no means attempt the foulness of deceit. *Death is coming!* What made that man start at the word? *Death is coming!* What, sir! wherefore do you take to your heels? What alarms you? *Death is coming.* See, he flies with headlong speed! Stop, man, stop! I will run after him and forcibly detain him. What does this running mean? Are you not a Christian? "Yes," saith he, panting from exhaustion. Well, what do you run for? you are safe, you need not fear, even though *death is coming.* But see, at that last word he dashes off again, and will not tell us why he is so terrified. His cheek is blanched, his heart is beating, and he flies. Now look another way. Why does yonder man smile when he hears that death is coming? Because he can reply, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." So great is the difference between cheats and true believers. To-day the world is like a masquerade. High carnival is being held, and men wear their masks and dominoes, and strut about and ye think that man a king, and this a mighty Oriental prince, and this some Indian chief. But the time is over for the masque; daylight dawns; strip off your garments; every one of you put on your ordinary garments. Who goes out to the unrobing-room with greatest confidence? Why, the man who feels that his next dress will be a far more glorious vestment. Who shall go to that disrobing-room with the greatest tremor? Why, those who feel that the splendid character they once wore will give place to beggary and meanness—when for robes they shall have rags; for riches, poverty; for honour, shame; and for regal splendour, hissing and reproach. If there be any here who seem to be to-night what they are not, let them be wise enough to think of the spade, the shroud, and the silent

dust; let every one among us now put his soul into the crucible, and as we shall judge ourselves in the silence of the dying hour, so let us judge ourselves now. This is a matter which I would fain force home. I cannot do it with burning words, such as at special seasons have been given me, but yet, with all the earnestness of which my soul is capable, I beseech every one of you to live near your graves, and to look upon yourselves in the light of the lamp of the sepulchre. Have nothing about you which you cannot carry with you to your dying bed, and which you cannot rest upon when heart and flesh are failing. Ask over all your hopeful godliness, "How will this serve me in the swellings of Jordan?"

Another solemn argument unfolds itself in the words, "After Death the Judgment." When time draws to its close, and the last day dawns on an assembled world, the great Master of assay shall sit. Every heart shall then be weighed in the balances, and every hope shall be tried with fire. Then we shall need to be clothed in true righteousness if we never needed it before, and what if you should be found naked! Then we shall need the unsearchable riches of Christ, and what if we be found penniless of grace! Then we shall need to find solidity in our religion, and what if it becomes a phantom! what if the pleasant dream should melt into an awful lifting up of the eyes in hell! Ye may count the silver and the gold of your profession now; but as the miser in his golden dream wakes to find that all the treasure which he clutched was but in dreamland, so if you awake and find that godliness and grace which you seemed to have, to be a dream and fancy—ah, what then! To look for the harps of heaven and to hear the howlings of hell!—to look for glory and behold despair! —to expect the company of angels, and to find our portion with the tormentors!—to reach heaven's gate with "Lord,

Lord," and to be repulsed with—"I never knew you!" If I must be lost, let it not be with a false hope, and a lie in my right hand. Let us be willing to know the worst of our case, for the more deluded here, the more fearful the discovery afterwards. High soar; great fall!—high hopes; deep despairs!—from the pulpit to perdition!—from the singing-pew to the pit!—from the sacrament to the flames! —from the house of prayer to the abode of destruction! May it not be so with us, but if we indulge ourselves with counterfeit it must be; for He who is holy, and just, and true, can never permit the shadow of fraud in heaven, nor allow us entrance if we vainly seem to be and are not. "Examine yourselves whether ye be in the faith." Let us have a great stock-taking to night. Let us, when we get home, audit our accounts and scrutinise our books. Let us see if we really have repented of sin, with a repentance which needeth not to be repented of. Let us, on our knees, ask God to show us whether our faith be the faith of God's elect or not. Let us test our love, and see if it be love that can deny itself, and can bear and endure for Christ. Let us consider whether we may not have been building on the sand, and if half a thought should come across our minds that we may have been mistaken, let us not be too quick in thinking this to be a temptation of Satan, but let us say, "I may have been in error." It will be found the readiest way to begin anew, doing our first works,—fleeing to Christ as if we had never done so before, crying—

> "'To the dear fountain of Thy blood,
> Incarnate God, I fly;
> Here let me wash my spotted soul
> From sins of deepest dye.'

If I have been deluded, yet I am a sinner; Thou diedst to save sinners; just as I am, I put my trust in Thee." Begin

again, I say, for this is the safest way to be quite sure that you are right. Then, having thus begun again afresh and anew, charge your souls to hate every false way. I say it to each young man here—Let it be your daily practice to have nothing but truth on your lips. Dr. Johnson says that children ought to be brought up with the most scrupulous care for truth; for instance, if a child should see anything in the streets, and should say that he saw it from that window when he saw it from the other, he should be made to re-tell the tale, so that he might give it with strict accuracy. Oh, what a world of liars we live in now! Is that a strong sentence? Who believes anything he hears—at least, anything to the discredit of his neighbour? Not a wise man; not a Christian man. We hold our peace now, and say—"No, there is so much scandal that we will see for ourselves ere we will believe aught against the righteous." Say to yourself, young man, and you will permit me to put it so—"I will state nothing but the truth, and if I am not obliged at all times to say all that I am thinking, yet I will have no mental reservation which shall make what I say to be the reverse of what I mean. My heart and my tongue shall never belie each other even in a trifle." Carry this out in the shop. Some sharp, unscrupulous shopwalker may reckon you a fool, and tell you that you will never do for the trade. Well, what of that? If the trade needs dishonesty, let the trade do for itself. Look at every suggestion to practise a trick, or leave the direct line of right, as an impertinence which surprises you, and a criminality which disgusts you. "What did you ask of me—to exaggerate, to speak more than was true? My dear sir, you do not know me, or you would never suggest to me the possibility that I could say what is not true." If we allow ourselves to colour a little, touching up this point of the picture and then that, we shall soon become master painters, and shall invent falsehoods. Scru-

pulous, punctilious regard for veracity in the most minute matter is to be commended. Do not embellish a tale in telling it; say not, "It is a mere oratorical variation." Ah, young man, you will soon beautify another portion of the story, and at last it will retain none of its primitive features and will be positively false. Stop at the very first suggestion to exaggerate, for be sure, if we once allow the beginning of the habit of falsehood, there is no end to it. Rigid, unswerving truth must sway you, and you will force your way to honour. Your manifest integrity shall overawe the villany which will beset you, and a manly independence, the sure companion of conscious rectitude, shall conquer the intimidation which may assault you. Your heart being filled with grace, and your conversation being ordered aright, you shall know the loving-kindness of the Lord, which shall be a secret wellspring of pure delight, and you shall find that the favour of the Lord will bring with it as much favour in the eyes of men as it is safe for you to receive. Before the singularity of your uprightness pretence shall be in amazement; the beauty of your truthfulness even malice shall confess; the force of your character every one shall feel; your courage shall compel admiration; your honesty shall command esteem; your integrity shall insure confidence; and your manliness shall arm you with power. Be just, and fear not; "corruption wins not more than honesty;" truth lives and reigns when falsehood dies and rots.

Gentlemen, I venture to advise you to wear no armour for your backs when you have finally determined to follow the track of truth. Receive upon your breastplates of righteousness the sword-cuts of your adversaries; their stern metal shall turn the edge of your foeman's weapon. Advance with the resolve in God's strength never to turn aside. Let the right be your lord paramount, but for the rest be free and your own masters still. Follow Truth alone, and

for her own sake; follow her in evil report; let not many waters quench your love to her. Set her as a seal upon your heart, and a seal upon your arm. Lean on her arm, and she will be a sure support. Bow to no customs if they be evil. Yield to no established rules if they involve a lie. Think it better to lose the approbation of the good through following your conscience, than to win universal applause by yielding even an inch when you know you are contending for the right. Do not evil, even though good should come of it; do good even if evil should follow. "*Consequences!*" this is the devil's argument. Leave thou consequences with God, whose business it is to overrule all things; go thou and do the right. If friends fail thee, *do the right*. If foemen surround thee, *do the right*. Be genuine, real, sincere, true, upright, God-like. If you would be anything in this world, and serve your generation, do what you know in your own soul to be the right thing *for you* before God. You will be eccentric, if you do, for the world's maxim is, "Trim your sails, and yield to circumstances." You are, I hope, made of sterner stuff, and mean to make your times, rather than be made by them. You intend not to yield, but, like the anvil, you will endure all the blows, until the hammers break themselves. If you be misrepresented, use no crooked means to clear yourself, but wait patiently, for there is time enough. Clouds do not last long; they will soon blow over, and leave a genial rain behind them. If unhappily for a time, in the course of duty, you should be tried by the distrust of your friends, never mind; gird up your loins, and say in your heart, "I was not driven to virtue by the encouragements of friends, nor will I be repelled from it by the opposition of foes, and the coldness of friends; I have learned in another school than that of man, and having learned of God to take His Word for my

guide, why should I fear what man can do unto me?" This you shall find to be the safest and happiest path of conduct; it shall make you useful to others, happy in yourselves, and honourable to your God; and when life closes, your sunset shall be without a cloud, because you have walked in the light of God, and you rest in the same radiance. May God graciously be with the members of this Association, and with the young men of London, that they may be the sound heart's core of our business, and that everywhere the world may put on an honest face, and cast away Hypocrisy and Counterfeit!

The Criteria of Truth.

A LECTURE

BY

THE REV. ARCHIBALD BOYD, M.A.,

HON. CANON OF GLOUCESTER,

AND

INCUMBENT AND RURAL DEAN OF PADDINGTON.

THE CRITERIA OF TRUTH.

There never was a time, in all probability, in the history of human opinions, in which men have not laboured more or less intelligently, more or less successfully, to reduce surmise to certainty, and to elevate theory to the dignity of demonstration. Philosophy, or the love of wisdom, is but another name for a search after truth; and Truth is but the emergence of certainty out of the chaos and conflicts of doubt and conjecture. The different schools of thought, and the various systems which thought has produced, are but so many evidences of the anxiety of man to reach finality, and to establish something which might be generally accepted, not only as a solution of difficulties, but as a test or criterion of opinions. In succession, Persia, Egypt, Greece, the philosophers of France, Germany, and England, have laboured to penetrate into the mysteries of Truth, and to lead the human mind into the adoption of those principles which their respective advocates believed to be her fixed laws and undeniable revelations. And all the speculations which mark these several schools—if they prove nothing else—appear distinctly to prove this, that Truth, in reference to her grandest and most important subjects, is not to be reached, so much by a process of investigation, as by means of a process of disclosure. She may rend the

vail of her temple, and manifest her mysteries; but it is beyond the power of mortal hand to draw it aside, or the strength of mortal vision to penetrate its folds. Over her shrine we may read the words, "Come up hither, and I will show thee things which must be;" but over it we may also trace the inscription, "The world by wisdom knows not God."

It would be strange if this long-sustained search after the principles and criteria of Truth was not found existing in these times, in which we ourselves live; for this age is pre-eminently one of critical thought and bold reconsideration. Almost every system and every institution have been subjected to the ordeal of inquiry, cast into the crucible, melted, refined, recast, reformed. Principles in politics, in law, in medicine, physical and social science, in war and agriculture, in art and literature, which had obtained the respect and confidence of centuries, have all been thrown again into the balances, and tested by the scrupulous application of new weights and closer analysis.

It were marvellous if the spirit of criticism, which has dealt so unsparingly with systems long venerated and universally accepted, should forbear to direct itself to the more vital subject of Religion. The most solemn and sacred of all topics which the human mind could submit to investigation; interesting, beyond all others, to every man solicitous for his eternal destinies; important beyond all to every man who covets peace, or seeks for guidance, or yearns after a solution of doubts; valuable even as an instrument of social order and national stability—it were strange if Religion, as to the doctrines she enunciates, and the documents she endorses, should be passed by unnoticed and unchallenged, when everything else was brought to the touchstone of examination, and put to the proof of its worth. And therefore we complain not—we were false to our declared

trust in our own belief, if we did complain—that such questions as these are again before public thought, "What is a test of religious truth," and "On what grounds are we to conclude that the Scriptures are, what they profess to be, the 'oracles of God?'"

Now, for the dignity of determining what is truth, there appear to be, in our time, three principal competitors: the internal consciousness of man, the deductions of mere Reason, and the disclosures of Revelation.

It is well known that, in our own days, a bold attempt has been made to set aside the inconvenience of fixed limits to the excursions of Reason, and to refer all questions connected with sacred truth, to the impressions or convictions of the individual. According to this theory, each man is a law to himself. There is implanted in men, by the God of nature, an innate power of determining what is true and what is false,—what is culpable and what is allowable. It is true, that in this theory there is nothing which can be called original or novel; for it is, after all, but the reproduction of the opinions of the deistical writers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. There appears to be no essential difference between "the verifying faculty" of some modern writers, and the theory of "internal consciousness" of the doubters of by-gone times. When Lord Herbert of Cherbury maintained the "existence of innate principles of religion and morality, which made revelation superfluous;" and Bolingbroke declared that "the religion of nature was clear and obvious to all mankind;" and Rousseau asserted, "I have only to consult myself respecting what I do: all I feel to be right is right; whatever I feel to be wrong is wrong; all the morality of our actions lies in the judgment we ourselves form of them,"—they but expressed the doctrine of "personal, inward consciousness." They but referred everything—be it of morals or be it of dogmas—

to the standard, not of revelation or of reasonable and admitted principles, but to the varying and capricious standard of a man's personal sensations. And, in all probability, the "colossal man" of the Essayists is but this internal consciousness and this "intuitive knowledge" developing itself into a higher condition of intelligence and improvement.

To set aside this claim, it might be enough to say, that surely that can hardly be taken to be a standard of truth, which has not yet declared or defined itself,—that that can be no criterion, which, not in the comparison of man with man, but in the comparison of a man with himself, is found to be fluctuating and uncertain. If this "internal consciousness" is to be taken for the test and arbiter of truth, we might expect that its disciples would exhibit, at least, a concurrence and harmony of impression; that, at least on leading points, they should be found to have reached the same conclusions. But, so far is this from being the case, that no creeds have been found so many and so discordant as those to which this theory has led. How can it be otherwise, when each man is "a law to himself," speaks out of his own impressions, no matter how produced, and out of his own tastes and propensities, no matter how debased and impure? Truth with one is falsehood with another; morality with one is a "resistance to the dictates of nature" with another; attempts at purity are the ambition of some; self-denial and humility are pronounced by others to be but "hardeners of the heart, and sourers of the temper." The doctrine of future punishments and rewards is affirmed by one, "one of the truths of the highest concern to man;" by another, "nothing can be more fatal to virtue than their belief." By one it is asserted that "piety and virtue are the principal parts of God's worship;" by another, that "the chief end of man is to gratify the appetites and inclinations of the flesh." If all the dogmatic opinions, and all the moral or immoral

principles of the disciples of the theory of internal consciousness were but collected and displayed, they would for ever settle the question of a test for truth being gained in that direction, for they would demonstrate that there was no such thing as truth at all. They would start from Plato, and end with Pilate.

It may, however, be pronounced unjust, because contrary to the very spirit of the theory in question, to compare individual with individual. If each man be his own law, he has nought to do with another. Truth is, with him, subjective, and must commence and terminate with himself. But, in reply to that, are we not justified in demanding, whether the man who relies on this internal consciousness is, in fact, consistent with himself? What, if it could be shown, that the opinions of the disciples of this school were in serious collision, not only with each other, but that the individual advocate of it was in collision with himself? And this were easy to do; for nothing is more incoherent and inconsistent than the views espoused by the self-same philosopher. Was he right at one time, and wrong at another; or was he equally right at each time, though propounding a distinctly opposite opinion? We need not to go further than Saul of Tarsus for an illustration of this position. The same man is found, acting on the laws of internal consciousness, to be at one time an adherent, at another, an opponent of Christianity, and yet in both conditions he "thought that he was doing God's service." That he thought he was right while persecuting the truth, is undoubted; but that he was wrong, is equally undoubted. That he believed himself acting for the interests of truth while opposing it, is undeniable; but that he mistook truth, is equally undeniable. What conclusion can we draw from this consideration, but this—that intuitive knowledge, or internal consciousness, can never be trusted or accepted as a criterion of truth? If we

allowed ourselves to speculate on the causes which produce this inconsistency, it could easily be shown, that in his corrupt and fallen condition, the mind, the judgment, the inclination of man, are so deeply affected by his depravity, that they are not free to bring in a pure and correct verdict. When men "like not to retain God in their knowledge," they are the victims of a "reprobate mind," positively disqualified by the bias and distortion of their natures, for conceiving or even apprehending truth. How can that defiled spring throw out clear and salubrious streams? How can that thick, vapour-loaded medium transmit rays of pure light? How can that shattered mirror return a truthful, undistorted image? Never can we confide in internal consciousness till we are like the angels, or "the spirits of just men made perfect."

We have a second candidate for this dignity, in the shape of Reason—Reason not exercising herself on the interpretation of the oracles, but elevating herself to a position of independence of the oracles. For the doctrine has been, and is maintained, that nothing ought to be accepted as truth which is beyond the powers of Reason; and that nothing is truth which is not approved by Reason. But here we are again met by the difficulty, that the Rationalists, speaking not out of the intuition of their own minds, but out of thought, investigation, and discovery, arrive at the most conflicting conclusions. With the same evidences before them, and with high mental powers for extracting inferences out of those evidences, they are found to be "a house divided against itself." The arguments, for example, that satisfied the Pharisee of the existence of unseen spiritual intelligences, and of a second bodily life, fell with no force at all on the mind of the Sadducee. The reasons which induced Plato to believe in the immortality of the soul, were of no weight with

the man who pronounced "death to be an eternal sleep." In fact, the entire history of philosophic thought may be pointed to as the most convincing proof, that mere reason can never be accepted as a criterion of truth. The instrument it may be, by which we discover and determine on the test and by which we apply that test, but the test itself it cannot be. If the disciples of Aristotle held that the world was eternal, the followers of Democritus were equally persuaded that it sprang from the chance concurrence of atoms. But neither of them apprehended the grand truth of the Creative Power, confessed by Bolingbroke, who had but to "speak and it was made—to command, and it stood fast." If the school of the Persian Zoroaster believed in the existence of two separate spirits,—the one, the Lord of light and love, the other, the prince of sin and darkness,—the mythology of Greece crowded Olympus with deities of various orders; and the philosophic orator of Rome lost himself in endless conjectures respecting the nature of the Divinity at all. If Bolingbroke taught that Christianity was but a "republication of the religion of nature, its morals pure, and its systems of rewards equitable," it was the conviction of Hume that "no reward or punishment could be expected, except that already known to experience." If the same writer discovered that there was no solid argument to prove the existence of a God, it was maintained by Shaftesbury, that "the man who denied the existence of a God erred against the well-being of society." And yet those men, holding views opposed and irreconcileable (some of which modern philosophers would repudiate with abhorrence), are all disciples of reason. Surely that cannot be held as a safe or satisfactory criterion of truth, which, out of the same facts and considerations, leads to conclusions evidently antagonistic. With that fact before us, wheresoever the test of truth is

to be found, it seems clear that it is not to be found in Reason.

But, independently of this aspect of the case, it must be obvious, that we cannot trust Reason to speak definitively on the question, simply because things there are, belonging to the department of Truth, of which she can give no account whatsoever. They lie in that impenetrable region, on which the step of Reason has never stood, in those sublime altitudes, to which Reason's wing cannot soar. It is simply useless for her to speculate about them, for they belong not to the world in which it is given her to act, and come not under the operation of those experiments by which speculation may be verified. Take, for example, the two great truths of the Nature of God, and the Resurrection. Granting that Reason, by a careful study of the phenomena of nature, may reach the fact of the existence of the Supreme, and trace His eternity, spirituality, and power, still she has not mastered half the truth. The "invisible things of God"—such as His "eternal power and godhead," may be collected from "the things that are made," but this includes not the discovery of those moral attributes, which, as much as the others, are needful for a right conception of His character. His goodness, truth, compassion, love, lie yet in the depths of the unexplored. The warm glance of the summer's sun, making the fields and forests to laugh and sing; the balmy breath of early spring, carrying a new life into chilled and languishing nature; the return of the seasons, bringing with them their peculiar blessings,—may all tell their tales of Divine kindness and of the system of His providence. But are not these conclusions likely to be disconcerted, if not overthrown, by the occurrence of the earthquake, which converts smiling plenty into chaos and desolation,—by the outbursting torrent, which sweeps before it, in its wild fury, the labour of the husbandman,

or by the avalanche, which rises, like a monument of destruction, over the village it has laid in ruin? What account can mere Reason give of such bewildering counter-evidences as these? Or let her take her stand by the side of the new-made grave, the resting-spot of the lifeless and decaying, and ask herself, whether that body, reduced to dust, shall ever breathe, and speak, and act again, and she must confess that she is pondering over a problem which she cannot solve. With all their boasted penetration, the sages of Greece never reached the truth of a second corporeal life; and with all the light which a reserved revelation threw on the future, the Hebrew Sadducee could not make it an article of his creed. Sense did not demonstrate it; experience did not prove it; intuitive consciousness did not suggest it. The Seen and the Felt were the criteria of their belief, and because neither bore this witness, they reached the natural, but most unphilosophic conclusion, "There is neither resurrection, nor angel, nor spirit."

"Most unphilosophic," do we say, because Reason has no right to deny the possibility of that whose certainty she cannot prove. She may speculate, compare, deduce; but, if she be true to her own name, she will not dare to go further. Her adventurous steps have brought her to the very edge of the region where clouds and darkness are rolling round Truth; and her powers are unequal to move aside the mists, in whose awful depths the temple of truth stands. Out of those depths there may come, as in times past, "lightnings, and thunderings, and voices"—not her utterances, but the intimation that there abideth One who is "past finding out." She has but to do, as Moses did, draw reverently near the shrine where God is; as Elijah did at the hearing of the "still, small voice," wrap her face in her mantle; as the disciples did on the mount of glory, "fear when she enters into the cloud." But this she must not

do, if she would retain the name of Reason, deny the truth of things, because she cannot measure them, or the possibility of things, because they lie not within the cognizance of her limited and imperfect powers.

"What, then," it may be asked, "has Reason no province whatever in the decision of truth?" To affirm that, would be at once to ignore all those admissions of revelation which confess her office, and address themselves to her powers. If we are told "to prove all things, and thus to hold fast that which is good," we are distinctly advised to bring the powers of Reason to bear on supposed truth. And, if we find some of the deepest doctrines of the Bible presented, not simply dogmatically, but argumentatively, we seem to hear the inspired writers saying, "We speak as unto wise men, judge ye what we say." Though we decline to place Reason on a level with inspiration, or to invest her with the capacity of discovering "the deep things of God;" yet we concede to her the right to determine whether a professed revelation is from God, and of ascertaining what is the meaning of the communications of that revelation.

Now into the second of these admitted provinces of Reason, it were quite beside our present subject to enter. But the first opens as large a field for her investigations as she could almost desire to explore. For it submits to her the examination of the great questions of the genuineness, authenticity, and inspiration of the books of the sacred volume—asks her, if she will, to collate manuscripts, criticise styles, compare statements; test the truth of prophecy by its fulfilments; ascertain the causes which have preserved the sacred text from corruptions or suppressions; determine how far the Old Testament is supported by the New,—its facts and doctrines admitted by our Lord and His apostles; contrast the morality, the principles, and motives inculcated in the Bible, with the religious and ethical systems of the

world's best uninspired teachers. These and a thousand such questions, are fairly open to the inquiry of Reason, and from them she is fairly entitled to judge whether, in accepting the book of God for their oracles, men have or have not been "following cunningly devised fables." And if, after such investigation, it be her admission, that the Bible is the word of the Most High, then do we ask her, in all consistency, to accept its mysteries, even though they should transcend her power of comprehension. For is it not reasonable, that the thoughts of the Infinite should be deeper and higher than the apprehension of the Finite; and that Reason, unable to grasp that which is too vast for her capacity, should be, without compromise of her rights, contented to submit to inspiration?

It is scarcely necessary to observe, that on this subject of Inspiration there exists the very widest difference of opinions, —opinions affecting not only the extent, but the nature, of inspiration. For while some conceive, as Hooker did, that the inspired penmen "neither spoke nor wrote any word of their own, but uttered syllable by syllable as the Spirit put it into their mouth;" others confine inspiration to sentiments suggested; and others still regard it as a simple gift of genius or ability, which places "Milton, Shakespeare, and Bacon in the same category as the sermon on the mount, or the 8th chapter of the Epistle to the Romans." Nay, the writers of this class descend into a deeper deep still, and affirm inspiration to be "that action of the Divine Spirit, by which, apart from all idea of infallibility, all that is great in man, beast, or matter is originated and sustained." We have in these views all varieties of definition, from the system which espouses a mere organic inspiration, to that which reduces Christianity to a sort of Pantheism.

Before attempting to classify these conflicting views, it may be well to meet an apprehension which appears to

press on many minds with almost the weight of a positive superstition. There are some who recoil from the bare idea of different degrees of inspiration, as though it encroached on the value or dignity of those portions of the Scripture which fall under the rule of the inferior measure. They conceive that, if the gift be dealt out with any measure of reduction, the authority of those sections composed under inferior supply must be proportionably impaired. Now, in reply to this apprehension, we might say, that from the very nature of the case there are certain portions of the word of God which, remaining the word of God still, require not the same amount of Divine inbreathing as others. A prediction, for example, which is strictly original, surely requires for its production a communication more special and peculiar than a narrative of events which occurred under the writer's own eye. Portions of that narrative there might be calling for verbal suggestions; but other portions, consisting only of a truthful recital of actual circumstances, need but such a superintendence as would prevent memory from being fallacious, or impressions erroneous. And this is the distinction taken by an ancient father of the Church—"Others than apostles wrote the gospels—none but apostles wrote epistles." And the reason he assigns for this fact is, that the one class of writings were dogmatic treatises, the others but recollective narratives. And this again seems to harmonize with that statement of the Evangelist—"Forasmuch as many have taken in hand to set forth in order a declaration of those things which are most surely believed amongst us, it seemed good to me also, having had perfect understanding of all things from the very first, to write unto thee in order." And, besides, it is no disparagement of a work of God, that that work falls short in splendour and apparent importance of other works emanating from the same source. The healing of the

leprosy of Naaman and the revival of the Shunamite's child were both miracles, yet miracles of unequal degrees. The cure of the demoniac and the raising of Lazarus were both miracles, yet miracles of unequal degrees. The draught of fishes and the change of the water into wine at Cana were both supernatural, yet, inasmuch as the latter involved a clear act of transubstantiation, it deserves a higher place in the category of wonders than the former. But no man could justly argue that, because there is this inferior exertion of power, therefore greater power was not there, or that the inferior acts have no authority or weight. They were sufficient for their purpose, and came strictly within the accepted law, that "God does nothing in vain." The great intention of the Scriptures is the declaration of truth; but it is truth that Daniel pre-announced the Messiah by dates, and Isaiah by circumstances; and it is also truth, that Luke recorded the facts of his apprehension and crucifixion; and it is difficult to see how the value of the latter record is affected, because the observant historian required not, for the mere recording of facts, the same amount of inbreathing necessary for the utterance of prophecies to be fulfilled several hundreds of years after.

In speaking of these different kinds of inspiration, the first we glance at is that which is called mechanical or organic. According to this theory, the Spirit, the author of all inspiration, used the sacred writers, not as intelligent agents, but as merely passive instruments. The power of inspiration fell upon them as the human breath on an instrument of music, producing or educing notes and sounds at pleasure. That this is, in a certain degree, true, seems clear, from such cases as those of Balaam and Jeremiah—the one declaring that "he had no power at all to say anything,"—"that the word that God put into his mouth, that he must speak;" the other reporting that

the roll was written and re-written in the same terms, from dictation by the Lord. And from the very style and substance of several of the prophetic books, it seems evident that the men who gave utterance to the communications of God were frequently ignorant of the import of their own utterances. But that this can be taken as a general law, covering the whole of Scripture, seems utterly irreconcileable with the facts, that "the prophets enquired and searched diligently of that salvation" which they predicted,—that, as in the cases of Daniel, and Zechariah, and Ezekiel, they asked explanations of the mysteries submitted to their senses; and that the styles of the different writers of the Scriptures are so clearly peculiar, that the very question of genuineness of some of these writers is affected by the selection of the words used, and the grammatical form into which those words are thrown. The argumentative Paul is not the persuasive John, nor is the plaintive Jeremiah the stern and impetuous Hosea. True it is, that this admitted difference in style is not absolutely inconsistent with the theory which makes words and thoughts the outbreathing of the Spirit through mechanical agents; but it seems difficult to conceive that the disciple of Gamaliel and the accomplished classical scholar did not disclose himself in the erudition of the Hebrews and the syllogisms of the Romans.

The second theory differs by but a shade from this. It supposes verbal dictation, but allows for conscious and intelligent co-operation. The sacred writers were not mere machines, but amanuenses cognizant of the sense and signification of the sentences they wrote. By this theory, every word of the Scripture is the word of the Spirit of God. Of course, the argument drawn from the diversity of styles, already directed against the first theory, is legitimate against this. It is difficult to conceive an universal dictation of words in conjunction with

a broad dissimilarity of style. Still more difficult is it to comprehend how verbal discrepancies in statements can consist with this verbal dictation—discrepancies not affecting the substantial truth of the fact recorded, but more likely to flow from the management of the same ideas by different minds, than from the dictation of the same infallible and exact mind. If we take, as illustrative of this, the different records of the institution of the Lord's Supper, which we have in the Evangelists, and in the Epistle to the Corinthians, we shall find that they all bear to be harmonized into a consistent narrative, couched in words which are substantially in unison with each other, but which would have been, probably, syllabically identical, had they come from the dictation of the same mouth. And when we speak of dictation, let us bear in recollection, that we are more properly speaking of suggestion; for it will hardly be maintained, that when the Evangelists wrote their histories, and Apostles their epistles, they heard an actual voice uttering the words which they wrote down. In some instances, that was so; for the Prophets "heard a voice of one that spake, and said;" but in others there were sights presented which had to be described, and thoughts communicated which were to be clothed—media these, belonging rather to the order of things suggested, than of things uttered. Whether we look, then, to confessed discrepancies in statements (which we deny to be contradictions), or differences of styles, or the "perfect knowledge of facts," which was an avowed qualification for an historian, it seems impossible to adopt it as a *general* law, that the Scriptures came from dictation, even although that dictation did not supersede or suppress the existence of consciousness or the powers of intelligence.

There is a third theory, which consists of the removal

from the second one of the feature of dictation. It supposes that Inspiration consisted of suggestions to the minds and memories of the sacred penmen, of the thoughts, the arguments, and facts, which were to form the substance of their compositions. That this is not to be taken as a complete solution of the case, is clear from the fact, that portions there are of the Scriptures which were positively dictated. The theory of suggestion, while it may be allowed to cover large portions of the word of God, cannot fairly be said to cover all; for sometimes there was more than suggestion. But this exception, while it may be taken as supplementary to the theory under consideration, need not be held as contradictory of that theory. There is nothing to hinder portions of a communication being cast into the form of audible expressions. Thoughts, ideas, revelations, may be conveyed in dreams, "in the stillness of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men;" and other thoughts, in harmony with those which come soundless, may reach us through the medium of a human voice. There is no necessary opposition between the two operations. In this theory, the mind is left to choose its own current of expression, as a vehicle for the communication of the thoughts poured down into it from on High. "Holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." The statement, the narrative, the argument, the illustration, the power of recollecting things seen, and words heard; and the greater power of knowing things never seen, but summoned back, as it were, from the darkness of past ages; and the greater power still of penetrating the awful future, and seeing, by prophetic anticipation, things not yet existing—all these come into the inspired mind by suggestions from God Himself. His, to supply the materials; theirs, to weave them into forms and systems: His, to breathe on the harp strings; theirs, to touch the chords: His, to see that discord there is

none; theirs, to yield themselves to the force which "guided them to all truth:" His, even to command at times the clothing of the thought in technical and precise terms; theirs, "to speak not their own words," when the word suggested lay upon their minds. In this theory, the agent is no mere instrument; the cultivated and intellectual is not set aside for the mechanical; the discrepancies of the Scriptures (one of the strongest evidences of their genuineness and truth) lie at the door of man's inaccuracy, not of Divine production; and the idea of inbreathement (perfectly reconcileable with occasional dictation) is preserved as the great feature pervading the entire operation.

It is hardly necessary even to allude to the last form which inspiration, in the minds of some, assumes. Unwilling to admit a direct supernatural suggestion,—unprepared to regard the sacred writers, either as mere amanuenses or mere machines, there are some who satisfy themselves with an inspiration of superintendence—an inspiration which leaves the respective authors of the Holy Volume to their own resources, their own powers their own recollection, their own industry; only exercising such a supervision of their productions as guards them from material error. Whatever this may be, it is hardly justifiable to call it inspiration; for it communicates no gifts; it inbreathes no power; it supplies no materials. If inspiration at all, it is merely that higher class of genius in the writers, which brings Milton and Shakespeare, and Paul and Solomon, into the same category. It is almost superfluous to point out, that this theory of truth, produced by a process, negative rather than positive, is entirely inconsistent with those assertions of supernatural impulses, and that possession of prophetic gifts which the sacred writers confess and use. We say not, that sections there are not of the Scrip-

tures, of a merely narrative or historic description; for the production of which, more was required than natural capacity, jealously guarded by Divine vigilance; but we do say, that to affirm that the Scriptures at large were thus produced, or to designate this as inspiration, is to assert the existence of results without adequate causes, and entirely to confound the meaning of terms.

Upon a review of all these theories, it will probably be found to be the fact, that not one of them, in itself, satisfies the requirements of the case; and that to not one of them, solely, is the production of the Bible to be attributed; that it were partial, to affirm that "God no otherwise employed the writers in this heavenly work, than the harp or lute doth give a sound according to the discretion of his hands that holdeth it;" that it were below the fact, to maintain that God, taking with him the intelligent consciousness of the writers, employed them as mere recorders of his words; that it were equally below fact, that the inspiration of mere suggestion covers those passages which were clearly dictated and required to be written down with syllabic accuracy, or the Divine superintendence raises the scriptural composition to the rank and level of works inspired. There may be an employment of all these processes, without a restriction of the act to any. As "God at sundry times, and in divers manners spake to the fathers by the prophets;" so there is nothing at variance with truth in the theory, that the impulse on the mind of Luke in the compilation of his Gospel, might have been different from that which moved Paul to the composition of his Epistles; and that the method which made Moses conversant with the history of Creation and the transactions in Paradise, was diverse from that which carried the soul of Daniel forward to the days of Redemption, and placed the spirit of John in view of the awful things that are "coming on the earth."

But whatever view of the extent and character of inspiration be taken, one point must never be surrendered, that the Bible, in all its parts, is the book of God's truth; not simply that it contains truth, but that it is truth. That truth may be literal, or it may be substantial; may be expressed popularly, or in the language of technical precision; may be clothed in the garb of metaphor, or in the severer dress of unadorned diction; but to be man's guide in faith and practice, it must be Truth. We cannot concede, consistently with any view of inspiration we may adopt, that the writers may "err in facts, be weak in memory, be feeble in inferences, confound illustration with argument, be varying in judgment and opinion." No such concession as this can square with the declaration, that "holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." Once confess that "the Bible is," in the language of one of the Essayists, "the voice of the congregation," and there is no more reason why it should be our criterion, than the Book of Mormon, or the Koran of Mohammed.

To prove that the Bible is entitled to occupy the position of being the only certain exponent of truth which man possesses, we take our stand on the miracles by which it is accredited, the prophecies which breathe through it, the harmony subsisting between its two great sections, and the endorsement which the New Testament bestows on the Old. If Christ and his Apostles spake not truth, there is an end to Christianity, to religion, to hope, to truth altogether. If they spake not truth, their admitted miracles were granted for the purpose of sustaining imposition and fraud. If they spake not truth, then the ancient prophecies uttered their marvellous anticipations for the purpose of misleading the world, and helping us "to believe a lie." But if they spoke truth, then are the New Testament and the Old Testament true:—the one, because truthful men spoke it; the other

because truthful men, whose words were accredited by miracles, ever referred to it as inspired, final, conclusive, decisive. And the conclusion from all this is inevitable, that where a Revelation from God exists, then neither human Consciousness, nor the concurrence of human Opinions, nor the decision of human Reason, but that God-Inspired Revelation, must be the criterion of truth.

The Uses of Prophecy.

A LECTURE

BY

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THE USES OF PROPHECY.

My subject is the uses of prophecy. My aim in treating that subject will be to show that prophecy has its uses; not merely that it *had* them once, but that it *has* them now. I hope to prove that the words of the Hebrew prophets, though spoken ages since, are not dead but living words—even the living words of the ever-living God; words which He spake by his servants the prophets to us, and by which He meant that we should live now; words to move our hopes and our fears, to nerve us for the battle of life in this our day; words, in short, which were to be to us as essential a part of our religion as they were of the religion of those who first heard them. It is a sad fact that a Christian minister, addressing a Christian audience, should be compelled to treat of such a theme. A few years ago it would have been held unnecessary, and therefore injudicious, to attempt to prove to a Christian association what none but avowed infidels denied. It is so no longer; for this denial is now made not by professing infidels only, but by professing Christians. Christian teachers, whose place in the Church gives weight and currency to their words, are now asserting, more or less explicitly, that Hebrew prophecy is not a living but a dead word; that it served in its day as the vehicle for certain truths imbedded in the faith or

superstition of the age, but which are really the common property of the human mind in all ages. That it is for us, therefore, not the living teacher, only the robe in which a teacher once clad himself; not the strong tower of refuge, into which we may run for shelter from the storms of doubt or temptation, only the ruins of what once was such—grand and picturesque, perhaps, in its decay, but useless and even dangerous as an abode or shelter now. In one word, that the prophecies of the Old Testament have for us no voice of authority, are no evidence of our faith, make no part of our religion.

Now, I am not about to take up your time in discussing the question, how far the utterance of such sentiments is or is not consistent with the position of some of these writers as Christian teachers in a Christian Church, or how far the tone and spirit in which they have written become them or their subject; for, however these questions may be decided, the far more important one remains to be answered. Not "Ought such men to have said such things," but "Is what they have said true?" Is it true that much of our Bible is for us a dead book, and therefore that Christianity, as our Lord and his apostles taught it, is an expiring religion, dying like other creeds, that it may give place to something newer and better? This is *the* question which is being forced upon us all at this moment.

And in dealing with that part of this question which has been allotted to me, I am not about to attempt any formal and detailed reply to all the learned objections which have been advanced against the authority of Hebrew prophecy. Such a reply, if I were presumptuous enough to attempt it, would be no fit subject for a popular lecture; it would involve questions of criticism of interpretation of evidence, to be dealt with in the study, not to be set forth upon the platform. But I would only remind you that such replies

have been made and are being made in abundance. Learned arguments and criticisms against prophecy are being met by just as learned arguments and criticisms for it. And it may serve to lessen the alarm which plain and unlettered men may feel at hearing that very learned professors are assailing the authority of Scripture, to remind them that equally high authorities are defending it.

Let me give you, in passing, one instance of this. In my studies for this lecture, I was struck by the frequent recurrence of the name of a certain "Pseudo, or false Isaiah," who is supposed to be a certain unknown prophet living towards the close of the Babylonish captivity, and to whom our neologian critics generally ascribe all prophecies which they find inconveniently precise and clear, and especially the last twenty-six chapters of the Prophet Isaiah. On turning to Mr. Davidson's "Introduction to the Old Testament," I found a formidable list of believers in this Pseudo Isaiah—Justi, Eichorn, Bertholdt, Gesenius, Hitzig, Knobel, Maurer, Ewald, De Wette, Umbreit, and Hendewerk, it seems believe in him. But it seems that his existence is denied by Beckhaus, Greve, Möller, Jahn, Dereser, Kleinert, Hengstenburgh, Havernick, Keil, Henderson, and Alexander! Surely our unlearned folk may allow one of these long lists of authorities to pair off against the other, and wait, at least before discarding the true Isaiah, until the "higher criticism" of our modern professors has decided as to the existence of his namesake.

But my task to-night is not, as I have said, to deal with these questions of higher criticism. I have to deal with the question which plain men who are able but to read their Bibles in the vulgar tongue are asking at our hands. Can *we* have nothing in the way of evidence for the authority of Scripture that we can weigh and estimate? Can we draw from our English Bible, as we have it, no proofs that it is

indeed God's gift to us? I am convinced you can. I think that without troubling ourselves about the "higher criticism," we may derive from the study of our English Bibles abundant evidence of the inspiration and authority of the prophecies. To attempt this is my task to-night, and I believe that we shall best attempt it by endeavouring to ascertain from Scripture itself what are "The Uses of Prophecy."

I take this course for two reasons. First, because the knowledge of the true use and intent of anything is absolutely essential to all sound criticism on its worth. No one is entitled to pass an opinion upon the value or the nature of any work or contrivance until he has clearly ascertained what was the design of its author. All criticism apart from this, however "high" it may claim to be, is only rash and ignorant guess work. Secondly, I take this course because I believe that there has rarely been a denial of the value of anything really valuable which has not partly, at least, arisen from some abuse or imperfect use of it by its possessors. That which is rightly understood and rightly used will, for most men, give its own evidence of its worth; and we may therefore not unreasonably suspect some misuse when what is really valuable is largely denied or disparaged. Certainly this is the law of our religion as laid down by our Lord himself, who tells us that "from him that hath not"—that has and yet because he misuses has not—"shall be taken away even that which he seemeth to have." I do not, of course, mean to assert that every denial or disparagement of our religion is caused by the errors of its professors or its teachers, but only that, wherever there is such error, it will assuredly cause such disparagement; and therefore that any denial or perversion of any truth in our creed, or any portion of our Bible, should set us always upon asking in the first place—Have

we been mis-stating or partially stating this truth? Is there any error in our use or interpretation of this part of Scripture? Are there other meanings, other uses, other aspects of these truths that we have neglected to bring out; if so, this very assault upon them may be God's way of showing us this. He may have permitted this attack just to remind us of some forgotten truth, or to recall us to the performance of some neglected duty. In this way all heresies and infidelities are of infinite service to the Church, serving as correctives to all exaggerations or partial and one-sided views of truth. These Canaanites are still left in the land of our inheritance to try us, and to prove us whenever we fall into the idolatry of our own notions and systems, and to bring us back to the love and the worship of the truth. We cannot make a greater mistake than to regard the sceptical writers of the day merely as so many assailants to be flung back from the walls of the fortress we are defending. Rather should scepticism be likened to a malaria, which, rising perhaps from without, yet finds its way within our walls, and indicates the presence of mischief there, and calls not only for remedies for its victims, but for sanitary care for those yet unhurt by it. And thus we may all of us contribute each in his own measure and degree to the defence of Christianity by correcting each of us his own opinions so as to agree with its doctrines, and each his own life so as to agree with its precepts.

In this spirit I would ask you, then, to consider with me the subject of my lecture. I propose to you the examination of two questions. First, What does prophecy itself claim to be? For according to this must its value be estimated. Secondly, How far does it make good its claims?

And in the first place, let us begin with a definition.

WHAT IS PROPHECY? Prophecy is very generally defined to be "foretelling," announcing beforehand future events; and a prophet is generally understood to be one who predicts the future. Vitringa, for instance, defines "prophecy as a prediction of some contingent circumstance or event in the future received by immediate or direct revelation." Dr. Pye Smith defines it as "a declaration made by a creature under the inspiration and commission of the omniscient God, relating to an event or series of events which have not taken place at the time the prophecy is uttered, which could not have been certainly foreknown by any science or wisdom of man." Now, according to this definition of prophecy, if we ask what are the uses of prophecy—inasmuch as the greater number of events foretold by the prophets were far remote from the times when they were given, and their fulfilment could not be known until long after—the main use of prophecy would be for those who lived when it was being fulfilled, or after it was fulfilled. Its design would be to enable them to understand events as they came to pass; or to be to them by its fulfilment an evidence for their faith. Prophecy, so regarded, is mainly history anticipated, in a somewhat enigmatic form, with the intent that history accomplished should solve the riddle, and so prove the Divine origin of the prediction. In other words, prophecy, on this theory, is mainly *prediction;* and its use is mainly *evidential.*

I shall presently examine the effect of this theory on our use of prophecy. I have now to ask, is this definition correct? Is this what prophecy itself claims to be? Certainly not; for, firstly, this definition of prophecy would exclude very large portions of prophecy which are not prediction at all. How much of the writings of Isaiah, and Jeremiah, and other prophets is not prediction but simply preaching. Secondly, the name of prophet is given to

those who never predicted, properly speaking. For instance, to Abraham (Gen. xx. 7,) and to Aaron (Exod. vii. 1,) while we know that he, than whom no greater prophet ever appeared, he who was "more than a prophet," John the Baptist, predicted least of all the prophets, if, indeed, he could be said, in the proper sense of the word, to have predicted at all.

Thirdly, not only in the New Testament, but also in the Old, do we find the word prophecy used to describe simply moral instruction. For instance, the moral teaching of one chapter in the book of Proverbs is entitled "The words of King Lemuel, the *prophecy* that his mother taught him." (Prov. xxxi. 1.)

Lastly, so far from the fulfilment of a prophecy being necessarily of itself an evidence of its divine authorship, we are expressly warned that a true predictor might be a false prophet. (Deut. xiii. 1—5.) It is clear, therefore, that the definitions above given are insufficient. Prophecy is not simply prediction, and a prophet is something more than one who foretells the future. On the other hand, however, the title prophecy is frequently given to mere prediction, and the name of prophet to one who simply predicts.

Now, if such be the uses of the word prophecy or prophet in Scripture, we have to find a meaning for the word that will include all these. Who is he who predicts the future, who describes the past, who explains the present, who preaches truth, who exhorts to righteousness? He is what his name originally signified—THE SEER; the man who sees human affairs as God sees them; the man to whom has been given the true "vision and faculty divine" of beholding truth, whether in history or in doctrine, in past, or in present, or in future, and who has it in commission to reveal that vision to man. The prophet is not the *fore*teller therefore merely, but the *forth*teller; the out-

speaker of the mind and will of God. The converse of the priest, who was the mouthpiece of man to God, the prophet is the mouthpiece of God to man. Not *fore*sight, therefore, always is prophecy, but always *in*sight. Not history always anticipated, oftener perhaps history explained.

If this be the nature of the prophet's task, the aim and intent of it is clear. All prophecy can have but one object —the revelation of God to man. The prophet's mission was always to be the witness, among men, for the existence of the one true God, and the assertor of His authority against all false gods. He was ever to testify to the existence of God's kingdom, God's righteousness, God's love, God's truth. He was the witness for the invisible against the visible, the true against the false, the eternal against the temporal, the perpetual antagonist of him who, in his false vision, would offer men the kingdoms of this world and the glory of them, on condition that they would worship him. Ever warning us that the fashion of this world passeth away; ever exhorting us to worship the Lord our God and Him alone, he was to be the revealer in one form or other of that other world which lies all around and within this world, but which was before it, and will survive it; that world in which God alone rules, and into which no evil thing, "nothing that defileth or maketh a lie," can enter. His manner of doing this would vary with circumstances, with the condition of those he addressed, with the character of the evil he was opposing; but its substance would be always the same; always God in his relation to man; God in nature, God in history, the only true, all-wise, eternal God, as opposed to all false gods and false lords whatever.

Now, on this view of prophecy, it is clear, I think, that a prophet has always one and the same office; he is always the preacher, the religious teacher of his age; he is so

whether he is exhorting, or reproving, or predicting. In other words, *that all prophecy is primarily and essentially didactic*, was all meant to have a moral use, and that immediately and directly on those who heard it in each instance. That we are not to think of prophecy as if it were made up of two distinct elements, teaching and prediction; as if the prophets sometimes taught and sometimes interrupted their teaching to foretell the future; but that they always taught, and that quite as much when they *fore*told as when they *forth*told. And further, it would follow from this view, that as the primary intent of prophecy was the religious teaching of those who first heard it, so its primary use for us now is moral and religious, though over and above this it also has its use as evidence; and this not only in the professedly didactic parts of prophecy, but in its predictive parts; that all prophecy, in all its parts, is designed, firstly and chiefly, to *teach* religion, secondly, to *prove* it; or, in theological language, that all prophecy, from first to last, is firstly didactic, secondly, evidential; in fact, in this respect, just the opposite of miracles, which are firstly evidential, secondly, didactic.

Now, I need not point out to you that it will make a great difference in our use and in our defence of the predictive part of prophecy, whether we regard it as chiefly intended to teach and only incidentally to prove, or chiefly to prove and only incidentally to teach, for it is evident that what would be a merit on one view would be a defect on the other; what would be quite intelligible and natural on one theory, would be utterly unaccountable on the other.

I think I shall be able as I proceed to show you that this theory of prophecy—that it is always didactic, that there is no contrast, no separation possible between its teaching and its prediction—is the true one. For the present, I assume that you agree with me in this definition of a prophet—

"The prophet is the religious teacher of his age, and his aim is always the religious education of those whom he addresses."

Now, there is this great advantage in this definition of prophecy, that it is the one adopted by our opponents. Those who deny that prophecy has any predictive element, love to insist upon the truth and importance of its moral element; indeed, they dwell upon this idea quite with the air of discoverers, and enounce it quite as a new truth, for the revelation of which the world has to thank them and them alone. They are never tired of telling us that the prophets were just the religious teachers of their day—men of deep spiritual insight, who saw the ideal in the actual—"witnesses to the Divine government," wise and sound politicians, too, who thoroughly understood and taught the true polity of the Hebrew state. But in all this they remind us there was no prediction, properly so called, no foresight, beyond that which wise and good men must always have, who, rightly understanding the present, see in it the germs of the future, invisible to the ignorant and careless herd of men.

Well, then, we are at least thus far agreed. The Jewish prophets were the great moral teachers, the wise politicians, too, of their day: no sounder politics, no nobler morals, ever were set forth than those which these Hebrew seers proclaimed. But were they no more than this? Were they *forth*tellers only, and never really and truly *fore*tellers also? Were they only the expounders of the present and foretellers of the future so far as their understanding of the present enabled them to be? or were they also predictors of a future too remote and improbable to be forecast by any natural sagacity?

This is the question between us and the sceptics of our day. Now, I need not remind you that this question can

be answered, and has been answered again and again, fully, convincingly answered, by adducing from these prophets clear and express predictions of events so remote and so improbable at the time of the prophecy that no foresight could have anticipated them, and yet which have been accurately and completely fulfilled.

I am not about, however, to pursue this line of argument. I will, on the contrary, grant, for the moment, what our adversaries assert, but can never prove—that the prophecies contain no distinct and unquestionable prediction of events in history which can be shown to be certainly fulfilled. Let us suppose, then, for argument sake, that the prophets were what these men say they were—"witnesses to the Divine government" among men, and nothing more. And let us see what this implies? Let us see whether this very theory as to the moral uses of prophecy does not also imply and necessitate a predictive element in prophecy, and that, too, of the very highest kind.

And, in the first place, let us ask those who talk so vaguely and magniloquently about the prophet's mission as a witness to "Divine government," what do you mean by this phrase "Divine government?" Do you mean merely the government of this universe by certain general laws impressed on it or inherent in it from the first? Do you mean, when you speak of God governing, merely, that having made this world, or allowed it to make itself out of fire-dust, he left it and every creature in it to be ruled over by its own properties and powers, and that these are all discoverable by science, and that our highest moral and social wisdom consists in the discovery of these laws, and the setting them forth in certain tables of averages and statistics.

If this be your idea of Divine government, then assuredly Isaiah and Jeremiah, and their brethren the prophets, were no witnesses to this. They have given us no history of

Hebrew civilization to show that all this nation's history can be explained by the peculiarities of the Syrian climate or the local geography of Palestine. If they testified to anything, it was to this, that there was in Judæa, and in all the earth, a living personal God, governing all nature, ordering all events, and ruling all persons according to the good pleasure of His will. No first cause merely, no beneficent author of nature, whose name is nothing more than an expression for certain laws of matter, who is not the God of nature, but only nature deified; trust in whom means only confidence in the order of the universe, and prayer to whom is as absurd as it would be if addressed to the principle of gravitation or the law of storms. No such God, and no such Divine government as this, did the Hebrew prophets bear witness to. But to the "everlasting God, the Creator of the ends of the earth," the living Lord of the world he has made, and of the "men whom he has created upon it," "He that sitteth on the circle of the earth, while all the inhabitants thereof are as grasshoppers, that stretcheth out the heavens as a curtain, and spreadeth them out as a tent to dwell in," "that bringeth out their host by numbers, and calleth them all by name by the greatness of his might, so that not one faileth." "Building and planting the nations, or plucking them up, pulling them down, and destroying them." Now making "the fruitful land barren for the wickedness of them that dwell therein;" and now "comforting her waste places, and making the desert like the garden of the Lord," "forming the light and creating darkness, making peace and creating evil," "*declaring the end from the beginning, and from ancient times the things that are not yet done, saying—My counsel shall stand, and I shall do all my pleasure.*"

Such was the Divine government that the servants of God, his prophets of old, revealed to his people. Are they witnesses for this same rule over us now? and is this what

our essayists mean when they talk of Divine government? If so, I ask again: If God be in very deed now ruling men and nations, how is he ruling them, what is the mode, and what the aim of his government? Is it that which should be the aim of every human ruler, the repression of all crime, the instant suppression of all rebellion, the renewal of all virtue? If so, his government is a miserable failure. It does not prevent crime; it does not always even visibly punish treason; it does not suppress treason; under it "the wicked go unpunished, and the workers of iniquity flourish; they prosper in the world, they increase in riches." Kings of the earth set themselves, and its rulers take counsel against the Lord to cast his yoke from off them. Nations reject His law; unbelievers deny His existence with impunity. Surely, if God's present government be such as men would imagine government ought to be, it has utterly failed to accomplish its own ends; surely it is not that perfect and righteous government to which the prophets testified. What, then, do we mean by Divine government? what did the prophets mean when they proclaimed it? If it means anything it means this: That God is *over*ruling all things; shaping, controlling, guiding all the course of events towards one great end—the final triumph of good over evil; the final manifestation of his perfect righteousness in the final establishment of his righteous kingdom over all the earth. It means that, out of the moral chaos now around us, wrought on by the spirit of God, is yet to come order; out of sorrow, joy; out of contention, peace. That there is yet to be a great κρισις, the sum and completion of all others; a judgment and a deliverance; a destruction and a salvation; a great day of the Lord, when all earth's multitudes shall be gathered into that great "valley of decision," into which are hastening all the currents of their lives.

No man can truly witness to Divine government who does not witness to this. No man can give to exhortations to righteousness and warnings against sin their true sanction who does not weigh them with this. No man can truly testify to men that God, and not the devil, rules this world, who does not declare this. And yet, what is this but a prediction at once the greatest, the remotest, and the most precise of all predictions; one that sums up all the destinies of individuals and of nations; one that explains all the present and the past in the light of that certain and awful future.

We have a right then to say to all who still profess their belief that there is a God who is governing this world, and who have not yet at least openly declared their belief that he will not one day judge this world; but who, nevertheless, laugh us to scorn for our belief that he can reveal, or ever has revealed to man, any of those events in the world's history, all of which he is controlling, and all of which are known to him. We have a right, I say, to ask those men what is your belief as regards the future? what do you think is the end and purpose of God's government? Do you or do you not believe that there is yet to be a time when right shall triumph over might, when wickedness shall not oppress virtue, and when crime and lies shall not bring honour and success? Do you believe that there is really, as you say, "a good time coming," a jubilee for all humanity, when all evil and all sorrow and all suffering shall cease, and man be perfect in knowledge and in happiness? Do you believe that God is by the course of his government bringing about a day which, when it comes, will surely be THE DAY OF THE LORD? The day when he shall be owned as the living Lord and Father of the world he has made. Do you, I say, believe this, or do you not? and if you do, do you not know that this day of the Lord was what the prophets were ever

beholding afar off in all their visions, ever testifying of in all their revelations. Can you say that this day, this "great and terrible day of the Lord," this day that "shall burn as an oven, when the proud and they that do wickedly shall be as stubble," when "the arrogancy of the proud shall cease, and the haughtiness of the terrible shall be laid low"—this day when "they that fear the Lord shall go forth in glory and in safety, when they shall have beauty for ashes and the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness"—when the new heavens and the new earth shall be seen in all the loveliness of their new perfection, when God shall wipe away tears from all eyes, and sorrow and sighing flee away for ever—can you deny that this day, now nearer now further off, now dimly now more clearly seen, is just the very sum and substance of the testimony of all the prophets, that if they foretell anything, they foretell this? And if it be admitted that the prophets do in their witness to Divine government bear witness to this and to this above all other things, how can they who say that they believe that this will be hereafter, assert that they who foretell it have given no prediction? Is not this a prediction, the sum of all predictions, at once the most remote and the most improbable of all, and one that no mere sagacity, judging from present appearances, could ever have imagined? And is it not therefore true that even if the prophets had never given any other prediction than this they are really and truly and in the very highest sense, predictors of the future, and that, just because they are the moral teachers, the witnesses to the Divine government of their day?

But further, we ask, is not the prophet who predicts this future only repeating and confirming a yet older prophecy? He who foretells a day of the Lord, and who, because he can foretell it, forthtells the danger of sin and the reward of

righteousness, what is he but the echo of the human conscience itself, that prophet voice within us that to all its denunciations of sin and all its exhortations to righteousness, adds its own forecastings of a judgment to come that gives them all their power? What is the prophet but the embodied and inspired conscience of the nations? The heart of man is prophetic of judgment and salvation; the lights and shadows of that day fall on it, in hopes and fears, vague and shadowy, but yet unerringly predictive, that ever shape themselves into some creed, however erroneous, some worship, however imperfect, but which bear ever this mark of truth, that the creed recognises a future judgment, the prayer, the possibility and the hope of escaping it. Never has there been a nation without some such anticipation of a future day of retribution; never a nation, that is to say, without a religion and a prophecy. For what is religion itself, even in its lowest, in its darkest form, but a prediction, a foreshadowing, however dark, of a day of some Lord which is to be a day of deliverance and yet of judgment? We say, then, to the intuitionists—Account for this intuition; to those whose despise the "fiction of an external revelation"—Explain the fact of this internal revelation. We say to the deniers of prediction in Scripture—Get rid if you can of all foretelling from the written word; strip it of everything save its moral teaching, or its witness to something you call Divine government; deprive that moral teaching of all its true sanction and rob that Divine government of all its worth, until you make the one a mockery and the other a lie; reduce, as far as possible, the external revelation to one precept, "eat and drink, for to-morrow we die," and still your task is but half done; you must go further, you must erase all prediction from the tablets of the heart, you must raze out, like written troubles from the mind, the words of hope and fear that lie engraven there by the

finger of Him who made us. In spite of all your efforts you will fail. The intuitions, the instincts of your nature are against you. The heart that suffers and that sorrows will still picture for itself its Elysium; the conscience laden with sin will forecast its Tartarus. The first utterance of that natural religion that you would establish on the ruins of revealed, will be a prophecy, a true prediction, else were it no religion at all! Strange it is, that even the infidel cannot write against religion without attempting a prediction, or at least without confessing that prediction must make a part of all religion. A writer of an article on the Apocalypse, in the "Westminster Review," the organ of infidelity in this country, thus concludes a more than usually offensive attack on Christianity:—"Yet there is an element of truth and reality, or method, even in the madness of this wild vision. The 'flaming' hope that kindled in the poet of the Ægeæn the fire of inspiration, has, we trust, its immortal spirit as well as its mortal vesture. Our own times, since, at least, the French Revolution, have been stormy, turbulent, explosive, minatory as his. Old creeds are dying out; a new faith slowly and dimly growing up; social and national change advancing or impending. In the midst of the wreck of the past, the prophetic soul that is in man reawakens, revealing itself, questionably enough it may be, as in the song of Shelley, and the rhythmical utterance of Emerson and Lamennais; or less exceptionably, perhaps, as in the musical prose of Göethe, and the lofty psalm of Tennyson. Thus, the hope that had so definite and so circumscribed an horizon for the Hebrew race, but which its political position and theological belief fostered into such unexampled strength and intensity, was not the ethical appanage of that people alone. The heart of humanity trembles and sets to the future. In the beautiful language of a modern poet, 'we live by hope, and breathe the sweet air of

futurity.' Thus the northern prophetess sings of the world's destruction and renewal; of the return of Balder, the evanescence of evil, and the palace, brighter than the sun, roofed with gold, standing on Gimle. Thus the Persian magian tells how Ormuzd and Athriman, the principles of light and darkness, of good and evil, after alternate victory and defeat, shall terminate this old hereditary strife; how the nobler god shall prevail; the conquered power be reconciled or destroyed; and the earth glorified into the happy and radiant abode of men enjoying the singular privileges of requiring no food and throwing no shadow.

"Our ambition does not soar so high. Our ideal is not a celestial, but an earthly ideal. We do not ask for a city whose foundations are emeralds, and whose gates are pearls; we are contented with the natural distribution of light and darkness, and are not unwilling to carry our shadows with us. We ask for no millennial resurrection, and for no impossible theocracy. We look for no trumpet to announce, no white cloud to bear the Divine man who shall give us 'nobler modes of life,' abolish 'the feud of rich and poor,' and bring 'redress to all mankind.' But not the less does 'the hope that springs eternal' connect us with the future of the world; not the less do we look for some proximate realization of our dream of territorial justice, wisdom, and love, for the partial conquest of evil, for the advancing triumph of manly goodness and purity, and for the self-sacrifice that is not incompatible with self-assertion; not the less do the bells from the ivy-clothed church-towers of our English towns and villages seem even to us, through the force of a thousand tender associations which we cannot forget to 'ring out the darkness of the land; to ring in the Christ that is to be.'"

"Ring in the Christ that is to be!" And what if that Christ were He who was and is, and is to come? What if this sceptic's dream be, after all, but the faint

reflection of the Christian's hope? What, if among those "tender associations" which still float around him in the sounds that summon him to join in worship long disused, be echoes of sweet words of promise, once believed and loved, and though now rejected by the intellect, still cherished, with happy inconsistency, in the heart? Were it, indeed, so strange, so very wild a possibility after all, that the faith and the desire of the heart should prove to have been wiser and truer than the calculations of the intellect, and that the realization of the dream he cherishes and the fulfilment of the prophecy he derides, were one and the same!

And now let us mark the point to which we have advanced in our argument. It is this. First, the prophet is always, and in the first place, the religious teacher, the preacher of his age. Secondly, this moral element in prophecy, so far from precluding prediction, necessarily includes and implies it. In fact, that these two elements, teaching and predicting, are inseparable in all true prophesying or forthtelling of God's will to man. Separate them, and you clearly destroy both. Separate the prediction of future judgment and deliverance from morals, and you have a dry, dead law of expediency, without any true sanctions, with no echo in the heart of men. Deprive the moralist of the sanction of religion, that is of prophecy, and you make him at best only a laughing or a weeping philosopher, scorning or mourning over the sins and follies of mankind. He may be a satirist, terrible and horrible even in his denunciations of evil, like the later heathen poets. He may be a Juvenal or a Martial, he never will be an Isaiah or a John the Baptist. On the other hand, take away morality from prediction, remove the deep moral necessity for the foretellings of future good and evil that lies in the will of a good and wise and almighty ruler, and you leave mere heathen soothsaying, mere second sight, anticipating an inevitable fate, without any moral influence, nay, with a necessarily immoral in-

fluence upon the hearer.* But unite these two—join to morality the sanction of prediction, and join to prediction the moral element of a righteous and overruling will, and then you have neither mere law, nor mere prediction, but law enforced by prediction and prediction sanctioned by law: that is, you have a true religion, a revelation of God the King, in all the present and in all the future, commanding our obedience now, promising to "render to every man according to his deeds" hereafter. And now we can see the deep meaning of the fact, that in Scripture the Old Testament prophet is a preacher of righteousness, and the New Testament preacher is called a prophet. Both taught and both foretold. When Isaiah or Jeremiah proclaim the judgments of the Lord upon rebellious Israel or the idolatrous heathen, they are preachers of righteousness and repentance. When we preach "He that believeth shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned," we are prophets of judgment, foretelling the day of the Lord. And it is the same great, awful, glorious future, the coming of the Christ, the Saviour and the Judge, which makes each prophecy a sermon, and which makes every true sermon a prophecy. Both are forerunners, too, whose mission is "to turn the hearts of the disobedient to the wisdom of the just." And both are successful, just because they do unite forthtelling and foretelling; because they are neither mere moralists nor mere soothsayers, but interpreters of the living and righteous will of an eternal God to men. For this reason they succeed, because this divine revelation they proclaim reaches down to the heart of humanity, and moves it

* Our great poet shows his deep knowledge of human nature when he illustrates this in the case of Macbeth, whom the revelation of the future, unaccompanied by any reference to the will of a personal and good God, the mere foretelling of his fate, turned into a man of sin and blood, and lured to his destruction.

through all its depths as nothing else will. All other lights of knowledge or philosophy flit over the surface, but the lights that are to move its mighty tides must be the great lights of heaven itself.

But if I have carried you with me so far, you will see that this principle has important results. In the first place, it serves to remove the antecedent improbability of prediction. The deniers of it start with the proposition there is no prediction; and if you ask them why, they say, because there can be none. Nay, so far do some of them carry this principle of theirs, that any seeming instance of prediction, any naming of persons or events beforehand in any prophecy, is held by them to be sufficient proof that the book in which it is found is written after the date of the event described. But surely to all really religious men, to all who believe in a living God, it should be clear that there is no such *à priori* improbability as this. If religion be itself a prediction, so far from it being improbable, it is highly probable beforehand that it would contain predictions. For surely, if the religious teacher does predict the remotest and the greatest, it is not violently improbable that he should predict the nearer and the lesser future.

In the second place, this disposes of many objections to prophecy drawn from its style and manner; objections, for instance, that its predictions are vague and obscure, or too precise, and therefore not intended to be announcements or evidences to us; for it is clear that if the primary use of prophecy, even in its predictive parts, were the religious training of those who heard it, that this must necessarily modify its whole character. Its secondary use of evidence must always be subordinate to this, and therefore it is no objection to prophecy when adduced in evidence of our faith, that it is not exactly of that character, or not at all of that character we should expect it to be. If we have

shown that it was exactly of the kind best adapted for the religious teaching of those who first received it, and that, subject to this requirement, it also serves as an evidence to us; nay, in this case the evidence is all the stronger, inasmuch as it is incidental, and, as it were, undesigned.

But now let us advance another step in our argument. We have seen that the prophet was to be the forthteller, the religious teacher of the people among whom he prophesied, and we have maintained that all truly religious teaching must be predictive, and that therefore we might expect beforehand that the Hebrew prophets would contain at least one great prediction. But it may be objected: so, on your own showing, do all religions. There can be no religion, you say, without this; you have to show, therefore, that Hebrew prophesying contains something more than this. We admit, it might be said, that these Hebrew prophets were noble preachers of righteousness, witnesses to great truths, holy men of God, who spake under noble influences, and, if you insist upon it that they, in their anticipations of a day of the Lord, predicted, we will admit it. But so did Mahomet; so does every heathen teacher. Show us that these prophets were not merely predictors in this sense, but supernaturally gifted men. Show us that their prophecy differed in kind as well as degree from all other prophecies.

Let us attempt this. And, first, let us take these prophets simply as the religious teachers of their nation, omitting still all questions of particular predictions. It is a fact, then, that there did exist in the Jewish nation an order of men whose writings are still extant, and these writings are a fact, like all others, to be accounted for. We have to ask concerning them as concerning every other phenomenon we examine,—What is this? Whence is this? Now, our

theory is, that they are supernatural; yours, that they are natural. We say they were the divinely sent, divinely accredited educators of the Jewish people, raised miraculously in spiritual knowledge and in real foresight above them, that they might train them for the coming dispensation. You say they are the natural outgrowth of the Jewish mind, in its natural advance in religious thought and knowledge, the Miltons and the Göethes of their age. Let us see which theory best harmonizes with the facts.

And consider, first, what were the circumstances of the people to whom they came to prophecy. They were, we are frequently told, the "Barbarous Hebrews," an illiterate, ignorant, and ferocious Syrian peasantry, without philosophy, science, or art, or even true history—a few superstitious myths being all they possessed. Possessed, it is true, of one great religious truth—obtained no one knows how—the truth of monotheism, they were still afflicted with a most sanguinary and fierce ritual, full of puerile superstitions and devices, suited only to a barbarous and childish people. Always battling for their existence with surrounding nations greater and mightier than they, from whom they were separated by a peculiar polity, civil and religious, they were trained to despise and hate them, and in the same degree to glorify themselves as the favourites of heaven; while, at the same time, we see them always eager to imitate the customs, and to adopt the religion of these very nations; sensual, too, and carnal to a degree, eminently averse to all spiritual and pure religion. Now, out of the bosom of this nation there springs an order of men strongly marked by these characteristics. The writings of these men are some of the noblest, are the noblest and the most beautiful portions of human literature, save one only, the words of Him who spake as never man spake—writings whose grandeur awes, whose beauty moves all men still to wonder; filled with the noblest and purest conceptions of God, His unity, His omniscience, His

spiritual nature; and these are written, for the most part, at times when the people to whom they were addressed were sunk in barbarous and degrading idolatry. Strange to say, we find these men of lofty thought, of deep spiritual insight, maintaining and enforcing that barbarous, that puerile ritual which we should have thought they would have been first to denounce. Stranger still, we find them, while exhorting to its obedience, anticipating (I must not say predicting) its change for another and a more spiritual one. Again we find them, with a holy and a noble zeal, denouncing, in seathing words of indignation and of horror, the vices of this degraded and degenerate people, and yet in the same breath anticipating for this corrupt race a glorious future. Once more, we find them denouncing destruction on the surrounding enemies of their race, and yet anticipating the defeat and captivity of their own people by these very enemies.

Now, I ask, what are we to make of these men? Who and what are they, whose writings are at once so strange a contrast with their age and with themselves? Are they the patriot poets, the bards of their day, to whose songs their people march to victory? Whence these melancholy forebodings of disaster, these anticipations of defeat and desolation and captivity? Were they the satirists of their day, men whose souls were stirred with holy and stern indignation at the sins and the vices of a degenerate race? Whence, then, these anticipations of reformation and of restoration, these promises of a glorious and a holy future for this degraded people, that mingle so strangely with their terrible satires? The satirist foretells the ruin, the prophet the redemption, of an evil race. Were they the upholders of the Mosaic cultus, mere tools of the priesthood, binding people to their yoke by their prophecies? Were they that evil and horrible thing, prophets, prophesying falsely that

priests might bear rule by their means? Whence these disparagements of the Mosaic ritual, these denunciations of an ungodly priesthood? Whence, above all, these announcements of a purer and more spiritual worship? Were they, on the other hand, reformers, the preachers of a newer and purer ritual, protesting against that of Moses, come to break his yoke from off their necks? Whence these assertions of that ritual, this honour to its rites, these demands for its service, this borrowing of its imagery to describe the future? Were they the demagogues, the fiery leaders of the people to resistance against the tyranny of kings? Whence these stern denunciations of the vices of this people, this faithful exposure of their errors? Whence the unpopularity of these demagogues? How came it that they were persecuted, stoned, sawn asunder by these very people? Were they the servants of the court, sycophantic upholders of the existing system? Whence these bold rebukes, these indignant warnings, these awful threatenings that make the prophet the equal, nay, the master of the monarch? Who are these men? What are they? Explain for us, by your law of higher criticism, the existence of such men among such a people. Take what theory you will, we say it fails to account for the existence of such an order of men, for their continued existence, for their uniform character. Religious teachers! yes; but what kind of religious teachers are these? What nation ever furnished a succession of such men as these? Suppose them the expressions of the Jewish mind of their time, the poets of their age, and no more, and they are a greater anomaly, a greater mystery, a greater miracle than any prediction we claim to find in their teachings.

But let us suppose that what these men said for themselves was, after all, the simple truth; that they had a "WORD OF THE LORD" to speak to men; that God in vision,

or in dream, or open speech, had filled their souls with spiritual insight and true foresight, to comprehend the real position of their nation; to be witnesses to the covenant He had made unto them; to testify that He was among them of a truth; to prepare and train them for another and a higher dispensation of His grace. Suppose them the supernaturally gifted and supernaturally accredited teachers of this people, and all becomes consistent and intelligible. They denounce the sins of God's favoured and covenant people, because they know that God's presence implies judgment, and His covenant chastening. They yet anticipate deliverance, for they know His covenant is everlasting. They protest against all denials of the divine kingdom, against every attempt on the part of the nation to rest itself in its own laws. The king that would rule in his own name, the people that would trust in their outward descent or their law, against all and each of these they stand witnesses for the Divine government, for the true kingdom of God amongst men. Ever at the moment when such teaching is most needed, ever at each great occasion in the history of this people, do we see the prophet appearing with his message of warning or of exhortation. If the power and the splendour of their kingly government is leading the people to trust in an earthly king; if the seductions of the nature-worship of surrounding paganism are drawing them aside to strange gods; if the power of their enemies is tempting them to make unlawful and unfaithful terms with them; if their long captivity is tempting them to forget the land of the promise and the prophecies of their fathers; if the broken-spirited and feeble remnant, returning from their long exile, shrink from the task of building again their temple; still at each moment of difficulty or of temptation, in the brightness of their glory, in the gloom of their sorrow, the prophet

comes to witness to the presence among them, whether in wrath or in love, of the Lord their God; to tell them that they are a covenant people, to remind them that the word of that covenant, with all its weal or woe, stands fast for ever; to bid them wake from their dreams of safety or their panic-dread of ruin, to the knowledge that "the Lord was their rock, and the High God their Redeemer," and yet that He was a jealous God, who would "visit their transgressions with the rod, and their iniquity with stripes." Such were the uses of prophecy to the children of Israel, and that the prophets fulfilled such uses, accomplished always such high mission to such people, stamp them, we contend, with the character of inspired and miraculously accredited men.

But now let us suppose that, in reading the writings of such men as I have described, we come upon a distinct prediction. Suppose we find one such man asserting that he has foretold some future event, and even citing the fulfilment of his prediction as a proof that God has spoken by him. How shall we deal with this claim? To us there seems no difficulty, nothing strange that men, miraculously sent, should give miraculous evidence of their mission; nothing impossible in the idea that God might know beforehand what he was about to do, and knowing it, might reveal it beforehand to his servants. But to some minds this is so startling, so impossible a thing, that it cannot be admitted. Whatever the claim to prediction means, it cannot be that the prophets actually prognosticated what was beyond their own knowledge. How, then, is this claim on their part to be dealt with? One theory is certainly simple enough; it is this: "There is no prediction in Hebrew prophecy; therefore any passage which professes to be a prediction, shows at once the date of that passage to be after the event or person referred to in it." For instance, a passage in Isaiah predicts Cyrus by name;

therefore it must be written after Cyrus. Why? Because it cannot be a prediction. Why not? Because it names Cyrus! Would it not be simpler at once to say: There is no prediction, because there is not. Now, join this with another objection to prophecy—that it is too vague and figurative to allow of its being proved to be predictive—and judge if any argument will satisfy such men. If prophecy be plain, express, precise, it must be after the event; if figurative, it is only metaphor, and no prediction at all.

But there are certain predictions that cannot so be got rid of; plain, express, distinct announcements of the future. How are these to be disposed of? One theory is clairvoyance! Another is political sagacity. Coming events, we are told, cast their shadows before; and we are reminded of Napoleon's forecasting of the history of Europe at St. Helena, and Burke and De Tocqueville's political anticipations. Sagacious men these prophets were. And who are these sagacious seers who forecast the fate of empires? Were they men like Napoleon or Burke, of great experience in affairs, large knowledge of the world? They were the herdsmen, and shepherds, and priests of a few Syrian villages. Imagine a race of Napoleons, an order of Burkes, a school of De Tocquevilles in the midst of "the barbarous Hebrews" of 3,000 years ago! Remember, I am not insisting now on the fact, unquestioned, that many of their prophecies are beyond the reach of any sagacity. I am not pointing out, as I might, that they foretell what is actually improbable. I am asking you only to consider the probability of such a race of seers being found among the peasants of Syria in the year B.C. 760. The question, you will all allow, is not whether political sagacity does not give a certain amount of foresight, but whether these prophets could have had such sagacity as could have given them such foresight as they possessed. Granted that a knowledge of the present im-

plies some knowledge of the future—granted that insight, therefore, implies some degree of foresight—the question is, whether *such* insight as this theory must suppose in *such* men as the Hebrew prophets were not as great a miracle as any degree of foresight. Columbus once predicted to his Indian allies an eclipse, and claimed the fulfilment of his prediction as a reason for their homage—a false pretence in him, whose prediction was only the foreknowledge of science; but what if one of his Indian hearers, ignorant of all astronomy, had foretold the same? Could this prediction have been disposed of by the fact that the eclipse was capable of being foreseen by Columbus? And now let us bring together this jumble of contradictory theories to account for the fact that Hebrew prophecy contains predictions. "They are no predictions," they are "poetical histories written after the event;" they are "shrewd guesses made before the event;" they are "the ideal seen in the actual;" they are "fallible clairvoyance!" But still, whichever of these discordant theories we adopt, one plain question remains to be answered—What am I to think of the character of these men who claim to have made predictions? Whether they really did or did not predict is another question. There can be no doubt that they claimed to do so; nay, founded their demand to be received as Divinely-sent teachers on this express ground. Now, again I ask, what are we to think, not of their predictions, but of the men who profess to have given them? The old dilemma rises up. Fanatic or impostor, deceiver or deceived. Did Isaiah and Jeremiah, did Amos and Nahum and Zechariah, or did they not claim to be predictors of the future; and if they did, what were they?

Impostors! Will any man dare to maintain this theory; a daring man indeed he would be. He would make a greater strain on our credulity than to believe them really predictors. Less difficult to us, at least, to believe any

number of predictions, than to regard Isaiah as an impostor, and Jeremiah as a knave! Fanatics, and enthusiasts. What! those "sagacious men," those wise and truly conservative politicians, the men whose political sagacity enabled them to foresee the future of their nation. Impossible! And if these men be not fanatics, nor yet impostors, how account for the fact that they claim to be foretellers of the future? Surely, it is not the least reasonable of all these many theories simply to suppose that God, to whom all future events must be known, did for reasons that seemed to him sufficient, announce some of them beforehand to his chosen people by his prophets.

And now, if you have gone with me so far in this argument, you will see that the fact that the prophets were the religious teachers of their age, and that they were themselves eminently religious men, has much to do with the evidential value of prophecy. The evidence which prophecy gives to Christianity might be stated in some such manner as the following: Suppose that one of my hearers were suddenly to be transported from the place where he now sits, and set down in an instant of time amid the ruins of some remote and ancient city, say, of Nineveh or Babylon. He could have no doubt that the power which bore him there was superhuman and supernatural; whether good or evil he could not say, but certainly supernatural. Now, let us suppose that, wandering among the decaying fragments of what once was a mighty city, he should discover a manuscript purporting to have been written when that city, now desolate and dead, was in the full glory and pride of its power and life, and that this manuscript foretold, with minute precision, the time and the manner and the date of its overthrow, and the very name of the enemy who should destroy it. He could have no doubt that the power which had enabled the writer to overleap

the distance of time that lay between him and the hour he foretold was supernatural, than he could have that a supernatural power had enabled himself to overleap the distance of space that he had just traversed. The only question to be decided in the latter case would be a plain question of fact, namely, whether the manuscript were really of the date it claimed to be; that proved, the rest follows with inevitable certainty.

Still, however, he might ask, in the one case as in the other, is this miraculous power good or evil? Is the hand here seen that of a God or of a demon? And the answer to this would be found in the character of the writer as disclosed in the writing. If that were manifestly the character of an honest and a pious man, of one who, in every word he wrote, and in all the record of his life that his writings disclosed, gave proof that he was neither fanatic nor impostor, but truthful, holy, wise, and eminently desirous of making his hearers like himself—I say, in this case, there could be as little doubt that the power that enabled him to foretell was holy and wise and good as that it was superhuman. In other words, we should have proof—clear, cogent, unanswerable—that this "holy man of old spake as he was moved by the Holy Ghost."

And now let us suppose our theory true. Let us suppose the prophets to have been the religious teachers of their day, and that their mission was the religious education of the Jewish people, their preservation from present error, their preparation for a future and more perfect dispensation; that they aimed always, in the first place, at these two things, to keep the Jews faithful to their law and their religion, and yet to keep them ready to receive any new law or new development of that religion; and that, in addition to this, these writings were designed to be in after

ages an explanation of this very change, and a proof of the truth of that new law which we were to receive; and let us see if this theory of the use of Hebrew prophecy will not account for most of its peculiar characteristics.

And in the first place we should, I think, expect that prophecy given for such purposes would not anticipate all the history of the people to whom it was given; would not too much nor too fully and specially tell them what was about to happen to them. For this would be to destroy all their religious life; it would make all faith, and hope, and fear—indeed, all motives to duty impossible; it would simply swallow up every feeling and every motive in one eager, overpowering sense of *expectation*.

On the other hand, we should expect that to sustain the faith and animate the hope of their hearers, they would set before them in the remoter future the promises—indistinct, yet glorious—that were the inheritance of their race; while, to confirm their belief in these more distant prophecies, they would from time to time predict, in clear and precise terms, some nearer event, that its accomplishment might serve as a sign and a token of the fulfilment of the rest; a course, be it observed, exactly the opposite to that which a pretender to prediction would pursue, such persons, we know, taking care to make their prophecies of any near event remarkably ambiguous; and if they ever do hazard a distinct prediction, throwing it always into a future too remote to allow of its being tested in their lifetime.

Again, we might expect that such prophecy as we have described would be occasional, not uttering its voice at all times, lest that voice from its familiarity should be unheeded, but at every crisis in the nation's history. On every greater or more solemn moment in the national life, just whenever the people most needed warning, or instruction, or exhortation; a pillar of cloud in the brighter day-

light of their purer and better times; a pillar of fire gleaming in the darker night of their calamity or sin.

And now I proceed to take another step in our argument. I have supposed the prophets to be witnesses for a Divine kingdom among men, to be the commentators on its history, the exponents of its law, the heralds of its triumphs. Let us suppose, then, this kingdom to have a king, let us suppose that this realm of righteous men is to have a righteous person to rule over it, and that in him is to culminate all its history; that this king is at the last to appear as judge and deliverer, destroying all evil, delivering all good. It is not an unreasonable, or violently improbable supposition, this. A representative man is a favourite idea with our modern philosophers. I say, then, suppose for a moment that this was the case; suppose that "the Christ that is to be" is no dream, but a reality; then, if the use of prophecy was to train the nation to recognise this kingdom in all its developments, especially should we expect that it would train them to expect this king. Impossible, indeed, that the prophets should not predict him. Impossible that they should foretell the glories of the kingdom, and be silent on the glories of the king. We should indeed expect that, according to the analogy of all their teaching, the revelation of this person should be gradual; not at first so clear, so precise, so minute, as to unsettle the attachment of the people to their present system while looking for one to come. Indeed, for another reason, it must have been necessarily progressive. For as the custom of the prophet was always to avail himself of the present—to describe from it the future—always to use the present facts of history, as it were, as colours for his prophetic picture, prophecy must therefore wait on history. The kingdom must be formed before the King can be predicted, the priest known before

the great High Priest be foretold, the prophet and lawgiver be seen before the great Prophet like unto him be announced. At first, then, there would be but the shadowy outline of a form seen afar off in the dim perspective of the future, but gradually assuming shape and form as the course of history furnished fresh occasions, fresh materials for depicting him. We might see at each crisis in the history of the nation prophecy attending each, to point onwards to the future. At the first hour of the fall, when the race was represented in one head, a prophecy of one representative who was to destroy all evil; at the great division of nations, a foreshadowing of future unity; at the juncture when families passed into nations, a prophecy of that kingdom in which all families on earth shall be blessed; at the giving of the law, a foretelling of the true Lawgiver; at the establishment of the kingdom, an account of the true kingdom; prophecy ever attending, as it were, to correct the false hope that would fix on any lower development as its fulfilment, ever proclaiming, "Not here the triumph, not here the rest, look on!" And then, as the fortunes of this kingdom, truly a kingdom of God, with all its failures, furnished opportunities—as righteous kings were to be encouraged, or evil ones denounced; as enemies were to be set at defiance, or triumphs predicted—each event furnished occasion for fresh colouring, new features were added to the picture. And then, too, we might expect that there should be in all these prophecies a grandeur of expression, and awful solemnity of description, utterly beyond the circumstances that call for each single prediction. We should expect, for instance, to find the repulse of some neighbouring tribe, the capture or the deliverance of some petty town in Palestine, or Syria, described in language that only fits the destruction or deliverance of the world. It is so, just because each one of these events represents, and is most closely and necessarily connected with, the destruction and

deliverance of the world. These judgments and these blessings, these defeats and these victories, that the prophets see approaching in the nearer present, are only so many accomplishments on a lesser scale of that last great victory of His people. They are each of them, in very truth, days of the Lord, foreshadowings and foretastes of the last great day; and thus it is that the language of the prophet in describing them is ever swelling out to the dimensions suited to the greatness of that which is ever present to his mind. He begins to paint in the chambers of his imagery the conquest of some heathen nation; ere he is aware, the picture assumes the dimensions, wears the hues, of the last great gathering of all the tribes of the earth for judgment, the multitudes in the great "valley of decision," when the Lord's great controversy with rebellious man is to be ended for ever. He begins to depict some coming king or prince who shall deliver Israel from peril or captivity; and there appears upon the canvas the form of the King of kings, "girding his sword upon his thigh," and going forth to his last great victory. And yet, still faithful to their use and aim, these prophets always describe Him as the Righteous King, as the King of their nation only if it would be a righteous nation.

I say, none can doubt the use of such prophecy. Its immediate and present use was to sustain, to console, to guide, to keep the people just in that state of expectation and of watchfulness in which faith and hope should have fullest play, and yet still faith fixed on a person yet to come, and ready to receive him when he should come. Nor need I remind you that this was just the use the prophets did serve; that they had, by the time Christ came, fixed the hope of the Jewish nation on a future person that they did look for, a Prophet-king, a righteous deliverer and lawgiver, though, for the most part, because they would not understand these very prophecies, they rejected him when he came.

But let us suppose, lastly, that this King, this Deliverer, is to win deliverance by toil and trial and sufferings; that His kingdom is to begin in lowliness, and win its way slowly to majesty and glory. In that case it is clear that, if there were no preparation for this new phase of the kingdom, the faith of the true people of God would receive a shock. To anticipate this, it would be necessary that this time of trial and suffering should be foreshadowed too—not so clearly or fully as the final glory, for that would have been to discourage the Church, but so clearly that when it came their faith would not be destroyed; that the person so coming should be marked out by such credentials as, in spite of his lowliness and suffering, should necessarily connect him with the King in his glory. We should expect, I say, that if prophecy dealt with His times at all, it would so foreshadow Him. And observe, here, that the character of prophecy is here again determined by its use. If its main aim was solely to be an evidence to Christ when He came, it would not have been so seemingly contradictory in its utterance, and would not have dwelt on his glory so much, and comparatively so little on his humiliation—would have added such clearer evidence as would have connected and explained these two seemingly opposite lines of prophecy. But if its aim was, in the first instance, to support and console the Church of God, to sustain the faith of the people until Christ came, and then also to point Him out to them who looked and longed for Him, then it would be exactly what it is—a prophecy strongly coloured with bright hues of glory and of triumph for those to whom it was given, and yet with sufficient anticipation of suffering and trial to preserve the faith of those who should afterwards need it; enough to identify the Jesus of Nazareth with the King of Israel.

And now let us advance but one step further. Let us

suppose that this Messiah, this sent one, was in very deed what we believe Him to be. Let us suppose that the creed which every clergyman recites in the face of the congregation means what it says, and says what is true—that Jesus Christ is in very deed "God's only Son, our Lord;" that He was conceived of the Holy Ghost, as well as born of the Virgin Mary; that though He was of "one substance with the Father," yet for us men and for our salvation he came down from heaven, and was incarnate; was "crucified for us," did "die, and rise again, and ascend into heaven;" that is, that this kingdom of God was one day to produce the perfect Son of man. Then we may expect that the history of this kingdom will furnish many types and foreshadowings of Him in the lives of its righteous men. For, in so far as any one of these approaches, however remotely, to the ideal of what he ought to have been, in so far as he was a true member of the family or the nation, a true king, or lawgiver, or priest, or prophet, so far he must resemble Him who was to be all these, and all of them in perfection; and those, of course, who were pre-eminent in any of these respects would be pre-eminently types of Him, the highest peaks reflecting still most brightly the rays of the rising sun. Thus, not by any arbitrary arrangement, not by any strained or fanciful comparison, but out of the truest and deepest of all analogies, the leading characters of this sacred history must be types of Christ. And we can understand, too, how prophecy, deriving its symbols from history, should most naturally describe him who was to come as the successor of the most remarkable of those who had in past times resembled and so foreshadowed him.

But if there never were in the world such a Son of man, then our typical interpretations of Scripture, our notions of typical men, whose lives gave promise of a Christ to come, must, indeed, be rejected, as so many strained and puerile

conceits, mere fancies and dreams of imaginative men; but so, too, must all the hopes and aspirations of all the noblest and best, not only of Jews but of heathens, who, ever as they struggled and strove with the evils of their day, did sustain themselves with the vision and the hope of that day of the Son of man, which, dimly as they saw it, they rejoiced to see, and were glad—did long and look for a reign of righteousness, a world of righteous sons of men, who should be the sons of God. The light of prophecy and of type may thus be made to fade away from out of all Scripture, but with it fades the light of hope from all the life of man; not the vision of the Jewish prophet, nor the anticipation of the Jewish nation only, but "the desire of all nations" becomes a delusion and a dream.

Now, is it an answer to the upholders of such a theory as this, to say such and such a prophecy does not exclusively apply to Christ—it may apply to David, to Solomon, to Jeremiah, to the Jewish people? I say this is part of our case; part of our proof that it does apply to Him is, that it does not *exclusively* apply to Him. In so far as he was man—"first-born among many brethren," "chief among ten thousand," true King, Prophet, and Priest, He must resemble each of these, just as His character now foreshadows those predestined to be conformed to His image. To say, then, that this prophecy or that may apply to others as well as to Him, is no argument against us who say, not only that it may, but that it must and ought so to apply. What our opponents have to show is, not that each may in part apply to others, but that all do not find their highest and truest and *most literal* fulfilment in Him. Thus, you see, our argument does not depend merely on the precise fulfilment of particular prophecies, clear and precise as many of them are, but it does depend upon the general structure of the whole. We gather from the general view

of Hebrew prophecy, that from the first there is in it a promise, an expectation of a deliverance wrought by a suffering and yet glorious Deliverer. Of this deliverance and this Saviour many notices, many promises, many pictures are given; and the question is not merely, Is the Saviour precisely foretold in any one of these?—although we can show beyond a question that He is—but, now that He is come, does He and does His work satisfy the whole of these? and, if so, does it not prove the divinely predictive nature of the whole? I believe this is the true standing point for the Christian student of prophecy. He should not begin with the first prophecy, and reason down from it to Christ; but, beginning with the Christ of the Gospels—the Christ proved by the miracles and wonders that He wrought, and by the one long miracle of His Divine life on earth, to be the Son of God—reason back to the first prophecy, and see how all of it testifies of Him. To pursue the former plan is like following a stream which, we are told, in some distant region, at some particular point of the compass, falls into the sea. We may stand in doubt when we see it here diverted by a rock, there eating out its way in the fertile plains, here tending in one direction, now taking some long sweep in another: we may doubt at every turn, can this be the stream that is to reach at last the sea, in a direction so different from its present course? But if we first place ourselves at its point of meeting with the sea, and see there how the stream pours itself into the ocean, and, thence ascending, trace its current to its source, then we can note the causes for each deviation, we can admire the manifold uses that it is made to serve in all its course, while still our ear retains the sound of the great ocean it ever hastens to meet. So with the stream of prophecy. We take our stand at that point where the prophesying law and foreshadowing type and predicting announce-

ment—where the hope and prayer of prophet and of sage, of priest, and patriot, and king—where the desire of all nations united swell the deep broad stream of prophecy, on which float the religious treasures, the whole soul's wealth of four thousand years; and when we mark the glorious river in its junction with the broader and deeper sea—the boundless ocean of Divine love, we can turn our faces up the stream, and trace it to its source, undismayed and unperplexed by all its wanderings. We can see it now flowing slow and deep in the lower levels of later Jewish history, now rushing dark and swift, with loud and echoing voice, through the imprisoning rocks of the captivity; now winding in many a devious way through all the changing scenery of the earlier history of the Jewish kings; now watering the vineyard of the Shepherd-king, from which the Church in all ages has gathered the clusters of the true vine that yields the wine of God, which gladdens still the hearts of all his saints; now flowing in scantier stream along the sands of the wilderness, and yet reflecting there the shadow of the cloud and the gleam of the pillar of fire; now seen but as a silver thread beside the tents of the patriarchs; and at last, looking beyond the wild waste of waters that engulfed a guilty world, see it springing in its first freshness from out the ground that the Lord God had cursed, and from which he bid it spring, a fount of blessing and of hope. And see it still, from first and last, the same stream, even the river of the water of life, whose true source is in the everlasting hills, and beneath the throne of God.

But if I am asked for one clear irresistible proof to Christian men, that these Hebrew prophecies are true predictions and mainly predictions of Christ, my answer is, CHRIST CLAIMS THEM AS SUCH. It is a fact, as certain as any fact recorded in his life—as certain as that there was such a person as Jesus of Nazareth—that he did, over and

over again, quote the Old Testament prophecies as predictions, in the strictest sense of the word; that He records His belief in the mission of Jonah, in the prophecies of Daniel, in the predictions of Isaiah; that He claims to be He whom the prophets foretold, and claims to be received as the Messiah, expressly because in Him their predictions were fulfilled. Now to us as Christians, to us who believe Him to be *the truth*, as well as the way and the life, it is enough to know that He does so claim them: our Lord has spoken—we believe. But Christian men, Christian ministers, expressly, categorically, deny that these are predictions at all; assert that there is, and that there can be, no such thing as a prediction. If so, what are we to think of Him who quotes them as predictions? From this plain question, terrible in its very simplicity, we must have no shrinking. The question at this moment before English Christianity is *not*—most emphatically it is not—What think ye of Isaiah and Jeremiah, of Daniel and Zechariah? but it is, with all its awful consequences, What think ye of Christ? Who and what is He who proved His claim to our worship on the ground that these prophets truly predicted him? Up to this question our semi-Christian writers in England lead us in all their writings; there for the moment most of them pause *as yet;* there neither they nor their followers can long remain. The dilemma, which applied to the prophets is simply preposterous, but which applied to Him is horrible, rises up for its solution here. Fanatic or impostor? Deceiver or deceived? It must have its answer. We ask, we have a right to ask, our modern professors of New Christianity, When Christ, your Lord and ours, said that what the prophets spake of Him was fulfilled in Him, did He mean what He said? and if He did, was He in error in so speaking? When "beginning at Moses and all the prophets, He expounded to them in all

the Scriptures the things concerning Himself," did those disciples who believed Him need the presence of some modern professor to warn them in "burning words against believing this fiction of an external revelation?" When He reproached them "as fools, and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets had spoken," is it true that their folly and their slowness of heart lay not in their slowness to believe, but in their want of that intelligent scepticism that should have bid them disbelieve the very idea of prediction? We say that, disguise it as some men may, shrink from it as others may, to this question of questions all this controversy is tending. The instinct of English Christianity is not in error when it discerns, with the practical sagacity of the English character, this tendency, and brands with the name of contra-Christian, writings, many of whose authors we willingly believe do love and honour Christ. But if from out this company, that come with the torches and the lanterns of their higher criticism to seek in the dark night of their own scepticism the Lord we love, there start forth one more officious, more forward than the rest, and with fawning and mock earnest mien draw near his Lord, and, with all outward form of lip homage and false courtesy, mark him out to his enemies, the indignant voice of Christendom is right when it exclaims, "Betrayest thou the Son of man with a kiss?" Meanwhile, let him who finds himself for a moment appalled by these assaults on Christianity draw nearer still to his dear Lord, follow Him closer and yet closer to this judgment-seat to which modern infidelity has summoned Him; and spite the treachery of some, and the timid cowardice of others, still trust in Him—still believe that Christ is a better interpreter of Scripture than all our modern professors; and when invited to adopt some modern theory that would compel him to forsake his

Lord, say, "Lord, to whom shall we go? thou hast the words of eternal life."

And now I have completed, as far as time and my ability allowed me, the task I professed to attempt. I have endeavoured to show you, from Scripture itself, what were the uses of prophecy, what its intent and idea; and to show you that this intent and this idea govern both the manner and the matter of prophecy; that they form the law according to which it developes itself; that this theory, in fact, accounts for prophecy as I think no other will. And you will see that I have dwelt mostly on the religious uses of prophecy, upon its *moral* rather than its *predictive* element, because I think that this is the aspect of it that needs to be brought out most at present. The natural consequence of the assaults upon the evidences of Christianity in the past century, has been that we have got too much into a polemical use of Scripture. We have been so busy fencing our vineyard, that we have not had time to eat of the fruit, or rather we have used those trees as a fence which should have been used for fruit. We have too much, perhaps, sought the stream in search of stones wherewith to slay the giant infidelity, than for draughts of its living waters to refresh our souls. The result has been, not only that we have lost sight somewhat of the religious use, but actually weakened the evidential value of prophecy. We have strained, perhaps, the words of some prophecies; have insisted too strictly always on literal fulfilments; have sometimes turned metaphor into fact, and poetry into prose, while we have overlooked that mighty evidence which lies in the very fact of this progressive and continuous religious teaching of the prophets. We have somewhat lost sight of this side of prophecy, both as regards fulfilled and unfulfilled predictions. Certain it is, that just in the degree in which we do lose sight of it, we

are misusing prophecy. If, for instance, we ever think of fulfilled prophecy merely as one of the evidences of our religion, we misuse it. If ever we think of unfulfilled prophecy merely as prediction, we misuse it. Prophecy was never meant merely to make us clever and knowing predictors of the future, to keep us always a few weeks in advance of the telegram, to let us know a short time before the rest of the world knows it, when the Pope will leave Rome, or what is to happen after the death of the Emperor of the French. Let us take care of turning prophecy into an almanack, or of making it the novel-reading of the religious world, If we do, it will do us just as much good as an almanack or a novel. You may know, or think you know, with unerring certainty, the future of the world ten or twenty years hence. What the better will you be for knowing this? You may be much the worse for knowing it, if it generate in you a spirit of idle curiosity or mere pharisaic self-righteousness—just the spirit of the Jews of old, who heard the voices of the living prophets, and only argued from all they said that they were safe, because they were Abraham's children; forgetting that if God had known them only of all the nations of the earth, therefore He would punish them for their iniquities. I do not say that these questions of unfulfilled prophecy are not lawful subjects of inquiry—I do not mean to say that the wildest theory of the wildest student of prophecy is not the sobriety of sense itself, compared with the wild theory that there is no true prediction in all prophecy; but I do say that such studies need to be entered on in a reverent and an humble, as well as a cautious and a sober spirit. Above all, that we never forget that, however interpreters may differ as to the meaning of its predictions, the moral use of unfulfilled prophecy is still its chief use to us, and that it is always the same. Do I learn from prophecy, for instance, that there is to be revealed a Man of Sin, whom the Lord

shall consume with the breath of His mouth, and destroy with the brightness of His coming? I may not be able to say precisely who this Man of Sin shall be, nor when exactly he shall perish; but I do know that he shall be destroyed, and with him at last all forms of sin and all men of sin too —I too, therefore, if I be a man of sin. I may not be able to discover when or where the battle of Armageddon shall be fought; but I do know that whenever or wherever it shall be fought, it will be the battle of good against evil, and the triumph of God over Satan. I may not be able to say precisely when and where the mystic Babylon shall perish; but I do know that in and with her shall perish all that exalts itself against God. I may not know the dimensions nor the site of the heavenly Jerusalem; but I do know that within its walls no evil thing shall enter, and that through its gates shall throng the nations of the saved. And is not this the most necessary knowledge for me? Surely it needs not that I should fix with accuracy my place on the prophetic chart, to learn from it its great lesson that the great tides of the world's history are bearing me surely on to the haven that it foreshows. It needs not that I should foresee the precise time of the end, to know with assured certainty that there shall be an end—an end foreseen and foretold from the beginning—the end of sin and sorrow —the beginning of eternal joy and rest—the fulfilment of the first prophecy, and of the last prayer the book of revelation contains; the final coming in glory of the Lord Jesus, the seed of the woman, to crush for ever the serpent's head, and to replace His redeemed in the paradise of God.

Whatever other use, then, we may make of prophecy, let us never fail to make this use. Let the light it sheds for us on all the past, be still the light that reveals for us God in history, ordering all things according to His eternal counsel and foreknowledge to one end—the glory of His holy name. Let the light it sheds upon the cross be still the

testimony of Jesus, a testimony not only to His Divine mission, but to all the joy, and the purity, and the glory of His kingdom. Let the light it sheds upon our present life be still to us a light which, though shining in a dark place, dark with all the gloomy mists of ignorance and error and sin, is yet a light that testifies to us, that beyond and above these clouds and thick darkness is the light that surrounds the throne of God. Let the light it sheds upon the future be still the first flushing of the dawn of that eternal day, when our night of hope and expectation, bright as it is with all its clustering lights of miracle and promise, shall give place to the brightness of the Sun of Righteousness, and when the shadows of our present state of trial shall flee away for ever.

Let us in all our studies seek to catch the spirit, and inherit the faith, and live the lives of expectation of the prophets of old. Let there fall on us the mantle of the prophet, which shall give us, if not the prophet's vision, yet the prophet's desire. Let us take our stand with prophet and apostle on the mount, in which in vision we may see our Lord in His transfigured glory, and see His Church transfigured and changed to His likeness, displaying to all intelligences the completed purpose, the great fulfilled prophecy of God. And let us as we descend from that mount of vision, cheered by the memories of its glories and yet undazzled by their brightness, walk our patient way along the lower and darker path of every-day life, believing that the vision is no day-dream, but the truth of all truth; that "though it tarry," it is "yet for an appointed time," and meanwhile learn, in all our hope, in all our prayer, in all our working, toiling life, to say, in answer to each promise of His coming—"Even so, Lord Jesus, come quickly!"

Miracles.

A LECTURE

BY

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In this Lecture the term "miracle" is limited to those "signs and wonders" to which, in popular language, it is ordinarily applied. Prophecy is miraculous, and the moral operations of the Divine Spirit are supernatural; but my Theme did not call me to deal with either of these.

MIRACLES.

In every province of nature the inquirer finds law, acting with unvarying uniformity, and on rules that may be clearly discovered and defined. Nowhere, is there any caprice,—nowhere, confusion; but every atom of matter is linked with the great Whole in the chain of a mutual dependance and fixed order, which prescribe alike its place and its form, its growth and decay. Law shapes the curious crystal, forms the delicate organism, heaved up the ancient hills, and guides the storm on its path. Health and disease, civilization and barbarism, all are, in some sense, as much the result of some appointed ordinance, as the orbit of a planet, whose path the mathematician can foretell for ages to come. So the student o nature finds law everywhere, and can hardly conceive of any possible departure from it. It may, or it may not, also suggest to him the necessity of a Lawgiver,—a spiritual power, underlying and antecedent to all the phenomena of cause and effect. That will depend on other circumstances. A mere *savant*, like Laplace, can work out his calculations, and find, as he said, no necessity for taking God into the account. But *a man*, like Newton, conscious of spiritual wants and moral relations with the unseen, cannot find room for his whole being in geometrical reasonings, but must shoot his thoughts beyond into the region of a higher existence. For humanity is broader than science; and the province of science is simply to discover law. The student of physics, therefore, knows of nothing

abnormal. The cause of some phenomenon may as yet be undiscovered; and, meanwhile, he may require to suspend his judgment about it. But it never enters into his head that there is any dislocation of that natural sequence, which he finds alike unchanged in what is near and most remote, and by stedfast reliance on which the realm of knowledge has been broadening day by day.

Now, physics are at present predominant; nor is that to be regretted, for their general method of reasoning is wholesome and invigorating. But when a man turns from such studies to examine the claims of religious truth, he is startled by a series of alleged phenomena which are asserted to lie altogether outside of the province of natural law. Possibly, his previous training was not the one best suited to his present purpose. It was too exclusively intellectual,—too much a mere logical habit. Yet it is so far good, that he has been accustomed to deal honestly with facts, and to test all his ideas by their correspondence with them. Such a man, then, plunges into the sea of ecclesiastical history and Christian apologetics; and, with his habits of broad induction, he gathers up also the various threads of religious idea in all countries which he can readily get at, shrinking from any partial generalization based on a limited number of facts. What now will such an investigation disclose? It will show, in connexion with almost every creed and worship in the world, the most flagrant outrage of that which he regards as the fundamental principle of scientific truth and progress. It will represent the Lawgiver, as one who sets at nought His own appointments, on the most trivial occasions, and for almost less than no reasons. It will exhibit men of little mind as rioting in an absolute topsy-turvy of the calm, stern procession of nature, turning miracles into the merest frolickings of faith. Without travelling out of the

bounds of Christian story into the confusions of uncivilized Paganism, he will find hermits, who had shut themselves up in dirt and indolence, duly fed by ravens who bring them a weekly allowance of excellent loaves; he will find a monk too modest to strip off his clothes in order to cross a stream, and therefore carried express by an angel, to save him the shame of seeing himself naked; he will find a saint, in want of a boat, at one time spreading his cloak on the sea, and making a satisfactory voyage on its folds; at another time, using a millstone for the same purpose, and nowise troubled with its floating powers, though rather bothered to keep the water from running through the hole in the middle. Altogether, the record of ecclesiastical miracles is such, that we cannot wonder at Conyers Middleton's scepticism about them; nor ought we to be greatly astonished when science jumps to the conclusion, that all miracles are but figments of the devout imagination. The conclusion is wrong; but ignorant superstition has so embarrassed the truth, that I cannot help feeling—and would like you to feel—that the reckless supernaturalism of the early Church, though, perhaps, it served the purpose of a day, has, in the long run, like every departure from the simple truth, created difficulties, and in a manner justified unbelief, in those who have a deeper faith in law and the Lawgiver.

The sceptical opinion, then, with regard to miracles, which is now so prevalent, is comparatively of late origin. It has grown up with the progress of modern physics, though it was first suggested and formulized by men of a purely metaphysical turn. The early opponents of Christianity knew nothing of it. Instead of denying the possibility of such works, they sought rather to neutralise the miracles of Jesus by exalting those ascribed to Æsculapius, and Appollonius of Tyana. We need not, therefore, dwell

on their view of the matter; it is useless quenching extinct volcanoes. Not, I think, till the seventeenth century shall we find any trace of that scepticism which now troubles many sincere and thoughtful minds. Benedict Spinosa, a Spanish Jew, was the first to express this doubt, as, indeed, he gave rise to more of our modern speculations, right or wrong, than people generally give him credit for. In his own day he was thought to be an atheist, or at least a pantheist; but on this, as on several other subjects, Mr. Carlyle has shown that the common opinion was clearly a mistake. To Spinosa the universe appeared to be a full and adequate revelation of God, who, with a perfect understanding of all possible circumstances and eventualities, chose that way of making Himself known to His creatures. Hence, he held that there could be no such thing as a miracle—"nothing which did not flow from natural law" —because that would imply that God had left something out of account, for which, by an after-thought, He had thus to make special provision. Moreover, was not the universe itself truly the grandest of all miracles, sustained from moment to moment by the Omnipotent will? Thus, Spinosa did not precisely, like the pantheist, confound nature with God; but he did certainly impose on the Creator the limitations of the world which He had made. After him, but in a different line, appeared the English deist, Woolston. A Cambridge student, but bitten with the Oxford patristic spirit,—perhaps his early fondness for allegory led him first to undervalue the historical fact,—perhaps all along he designed to undermine the Gospel; but certain it is, that he ended by assailing Christianity under covert of a Jewish rabbi and an allegorical meaning. To Woolston no miracle was real. It was simply a kind of pious myth or parable, told to enforce a higher spiritual truth; and, as Dean Trench says, Strauss's idea of the life

of Christ is substantially Woolston's, wrought out with a larger critical power and more adaptation to some historical ideas of this age. But perhaps the most formidable opponent of miraculous agency, because the most subtle and guarded in the way of expressing his opinions, was a young Scotchman, who, sauntering one day in the cloisters of La Fleche, and disputing with a Jesuit about some conventual marvels,—sweating saints, winking madonnas, or such like,—found himself somewhat at a loss how to deal with the alleged testimony to the facts which he denied. Quick, however, and fertile in dialectic resources, an argument was suggested to him which he afterwards wrought up into a treatise, and which, we dare say, puzzled the good father not a little. "Hume's argument," as it is called, differs from Spinosa's in this, that the one denies the possibility of a miracle, while the other only asserts the impossibility of proving one. Divested of mere accessories, this is the sum of it: our belief is altogether the result of experience. An uniform and universal experience amounts to actual proof, while one of a more variable kind can only give rise to probability. Now, the laws of nature are uniform; but human testimony is sometimes true, sometimes false. Setting the one against the other, then, we cannot believe the evidence of man, which is sometimes wrong, in opposition to our universal and unvarying experience of nature. Thus the great sceptic reasoned, and was answered by Campbell, by Farmer, by Paley, by Chalmers, and lately by Mr. Miall. In fact, every now and then, a new crop, an after-math, of replies has sprung up, as if there was an uneasy consciousness that this metaphysical subtlety had not been satisfactorily dealt with yet. Meanwhile, science held on her way, always taking it for granted that there was not, and could not be, anything abnormal in the universe. In Germany, there-

fore, theologians, like Paulus, strove to purge the Bible of its supernatural element by methods which had their day, but are now admitted to be fallacious, or even discreditable. But more and more the opinion has been growing, and almost unconsciously leavening the more educated classes, that a miracle is impossible—that it is inconsistent with a sound scientific habit of thought to allow any room for such anomalies, either now or at any former time. Men like Parker and Francis Newman find themselves, in this question, supported by learned divines like the late Baden Powel. And the form of opinion most prevalent is of a somewhat complex kind. It is what geologists would call a conglomerate, made up of the fragments of all former doubt, rather loosely agglutinated by a profession of Christianity, or at least of respect for Christianity. With Spinosa, people hold that the grand uniformity of natural law gives so sublime and perfect an idea of God, that miracle is unnecessary, even if it were possible. With Woolston, they admit that the supernatural elements of the Gospel may be turned to the pious uses of faith, but think their evidential value to be nothing, less than nothing; for, instead of helping us to receive the Bible, they are now alleged to be the chief hindrance to our belief. With Hume also, though his famous "Argument" is not very prominent, there is a general agreement, that no amount, and no kind, of evidence, not even the testimony of our own senses, could possibly authenticate the reality of a miracle. Such is the common form of thought and argument to-day. The coarse method of the old deists has indeed disappeared from the controversy. The rough arms of their hearty warfare have given place to finer weapons, more subtle, but quite as deadly. There is no railing heard,—nothing more rude than a politely contemptuous sneer. Nobody now says that the apostles

were imposters; nobody even brands them with the milder condemnation of fanatics. They told what they really saw. In the spirit of their age and country they sincerely believed that miracles had been wrought before their eyes. But a deeper science must deny, it is said, their interpretation of the phenomena. Some of the supposed miracles may be explained. As to others, we may have to suspend our judgment, till we have searched further into some of the more recondite laws of nature. But in any case, we are forbidden to allow that there can be any physical effect without a physical cause,—that any atom of matter can, even for a moment, be set free from that infinite chain of cause and effect, because of which it is what it is, and where it is, in the well-ordered cosmos of nature.

I have thus tried to give you a brief historical summary of the progress of sceptical opinion on this head, and a general idea of the present state of the question. I have made also fair allowances for honest diversity of opinion; for, while I would fain hope to lend a little help to your faith, I have no wish to slur over the real difficulties of the case. And now, before discussing the matter in detail, it may be well to clear our way by two preliminary observations.

1. Allow me to say that the truth, I think, has been rather injured by the somewhat loose definition of a miracle, as a violation, or, at least, suspension of the laws of nature. I am not indeed disposed to make so much of this as Dr. Bushnell has done in a late work.* He seems to think that he has conclusively settled the whole question by a mere empirical definition. The natural, he says, is that which acts *in the line of cause and effect;* the supernatural, on the contrary, acts *upon* that line; which, being taken for

* The Natural and Supernatural; by the Rev. Dr. Bushnell.

granted, all is easy sailing, and the long thought of Europe is but elaborate moonshine. Our American cousins are *fast* thinkers, more apt to find mares' nests than to make real discoveries; and a very little reflection would have shown Dr. Bushnell that his definition left the matter very much where it was. Still, though I do not rest much on a mere definition, I would prefer calling a miracle a special exhibition of supernatural power, instead of a violation of natural law. For Christ came "to do the will of his Father," not in any sense to break it; and our common way of speaking tends to create a prejudice against these works, which none of the words of scripture would convey to the mind. No doubt, a miracle proper is not a mere exhibition of some physical, though as yet unknown, law. Some of the signs and wonders in scripture may be so; but there are others which imply an express interference of the Supreme will; and we must not hesitate, as Christians, to assert that such interference there actually was. Still, it was not properly a violation of the law, but only a special interposition of the law-giver. The engineer does not violate the law of his machinery, even when he stops its action altogether; still less, when by some pre-ordained arrangement he puts some of its wheels out of gear, or accomplishes the same result without its help at all; he only shows that it is under the control of an intelligent and independent will.

2. Again, it should be remembered that belief in certain miraculous facts nowise interferes with the great idea of universal law. My faith in the stedfastness and uniformity of natural sequence is not disturbed by the persuasion, that God has, on fitting occasions, shown His hand from behind the screen which ordinarily serves both to reveal and to conceal his action. It creates no embarrassment to the pursuit of scientific inquiry, that an isolated

phenomenon of such an exceptional character may have been now and then witnessed; for the chain of cause and effect is not broken so as to disturb the philosopher's calculations. Nor do we at all hold that a miracle is a greater wonder, or aught more divine, than the law from which it seems to depart. That is a sublime conception of God which the mind receives, when travelling with the mathematician from star to star, or with the geologist tracing the stream of time up to its dim fountain-heads, or prying with the physiologist into the germs and forms of vital organization: everywhere it discovers the operation of fixed law, the will of Him "who is without variableness or shadow of turning." And it would be degrading to the Divine character to substitute for that stately and reliable uniformity the mere wilfulness of an arbitrary power, held to no principle, but shifting evermore in aimless uncertainty and change. Miracle, therefore, is not more Godlike than law; so far Spinosa was right. But there may be an aspect of the Divine character, and a purpose of His will, of which we find no distinct intimation in the universe of material things, and which would also exalt His name above all that had "entered into the heart of man to conceive." And if so, who will venture to say that an occasional departure from the ordinary course of nature may not in reality serve the highest purposes of law, while turning the mind from the contemplation of mere phenomena, and bringing the soul, as it were, face to face with Him "of whom, and to whom, and through whom are all things; to whom be glory for ever. Amen!"

With these preliminary remarks, then, we now proceed to inquire whether a miracle is possible, or, if possible, whether it can be proved.

On the whole, the temper of mind at present is to start with an assumption of the utter impossibility of such works.

People differ as to the precise way of explaining certain alleged facts; but they agree that all supernatural action, apart from the ordinary sequence of physical causes, is, and always has been, impossible. The scientific mind cannot conceive such a thing, and would not believe it even on the testimony of its own senses. Admitting that the phenomena were actually witnessed—admitting, also, that we may be, at present, unable to explain them, science has no doubt that they can be accounted for on the principle, that every physical phenomenon must have a physical cause. Now, it strikes one, in the outset, that this is a somewhat unphilosophical principle. The general law we admit, and for the direct purposes of science it is of universal application. But we believe there have been certain special exceptions; and if so, we are entitled to claim a hearing for our reasons, and to repudiate the application of a principle which serves only to quash a fair investigation of the case. Both parties in this dispute allow that the scientific canon is a perfectly good and sound one; and unless it can be shown that the supposed exceptions contain a self-contradiction, it will not do merely to din the law into our ears, as if the validity of a rule involved the impossibility of any exception. Let us not shake off the dogmatism of theology, only to submit to the dogmatism of science. But passing from that, and granting the antecedent improbability and certain rarity of all miraculous action, to assert that such an event is, *ipso facto*, impossible, surely transgresses the limits of a sound analogy. We are not now disputing with the atheist or pantheist. They of course would have to be dealt with in a different way. It would be idle to discuss exceptional manifestations of Divine power, unless we could first agree as to the existence of such a power at all. But assuming that you believe in "one God, the Maker of Heaven and Earth," I apprehend that, however doubtful

any particular miracle may appear to you, at least the possibility of one is involved in the very idea of His creative supremacy. I do not insist on those geological documents —those tables of stone written by the finger of God—which show that new creatures have been, in successive ages, introduced into the world by the manifest hand and contrivance of the Almighty. A wild attempt has been made to string the various orders of animal life on the gossamer thread of a most weak hypothesis, resting on no ascertained fact—resting, indeed, chiefly on our ignorance of fact; one of the strangest pieces of scientific reasoning with which I am acquainted—a pyramid turned upside down, and resting its apex on the absence of fact! But without insisting on the continuance and repeated action of the creative miracle, at least the original ordering of this universe was not a mere matter of law, but was, to some appreciable extent, a special supernatural act. If, then, we allow such an exercise of supreme power once, with what consistency can we maintain the *impossibility* of any exceptional interference ever since. Did Omnipotence exhaust itself in that one achievement? Did God create a power, which now assumes the mastery, and makes Him its slave? Or were His hands then tied; and did He enter into a covenant never to move one step from the path then prescribed? If so, where is the proof of it?—where even the fair presumption? It is

We have heard of an architect who, in planning a house, ordered one magnificent room to be fashioned, but, by some strange oversight, omitted to provide any outlet for it either of door or window: whereupon, one of the workmen, with a dash of humour in him, proposed to build him up inside of it, and leave him to finish it there at his leisure. And does not this theory of nature represent the great Architect of the Universe as, in like manner, building himself up within its glorious chambers, and wandering there henceforth in immortal impotence, buried in the splendid crypt, and unable to' pass its bounds?

idle to say that Infinite Wisdom, foreseeing all possible eventualities, made its arrangements so complete, that we cannot believe in after thoughts and alterations, which belong to imperfect creatures. That is true. But who says that a miracle is an after-thought, or an alteration of His pre-ordained plan? The order of the universe is complete *for the end it was designed to serve;* but what, if there is a purpose which it does not, and never was meant, to serve? Has it blocked up every other avenue by which God might discover his designs; and must the Supernatural for ever submit to the limitations of nature, which He himself ordained? No fair analogy will bear this large conclusion. I find law in the universe; but I find also one law controlling another, and the mysterious power of will making strange irruptions into the ordinary sequence of cause and effect. The magnet that suspends the piece of iron counteracts the law of gravitation. So also does the human will when it lifts the arm, or flings the stone into the air. Will science, then, impose on the Supreme Will an incapacity to manifest itself except in subordination to customary order? Observe, I do not reason on the ground that miracles are a violation of law. I have really nothing to do with that. It lies out of my province altogether. All I assert is, that God is still living, and still free—that He who made this vast machinery of nature is greater than it, is not limited by it, and may, for aught that science can tell, reveal Himself to his creatures in some other way than through the ordinary operations of its laws. The water that turns the mill-wheel must obey the laws of hydrostatics; but the miller himself is not bound to wait always on the foaming stream that tumbles on the cogs, nor to be always grinding corn, when he wants to do something else. It is in his power to put the machine out of gear, and to let the water splash and froth and foam ineffectual. And without

saying, meanwhile, that God has ever done anything akin to this, we hold it altogether unphilosophical to tie up, in any way, the hands of Omnipotent Power, the outgoings of Infinite Benevolence.

Still, even when the possibility of miraculous agency is allowed, the question may naturally arise, can it be proved? —can it be believed? Can we conceive of any such array of testimony as will overbear the inherent unlikelihood of the case? This is the question which Hume pressed into the foreground; therein, as in other matters, showing himself the very prince of sceptics,—the man who best knew the just limitations of doubt. Not that his famous argument, as it stands, is one of very serious difficulty. Obviously, from his own account, it was not the real source of his unbelief. It was a mere dialectic subtlety got up to justify an antecedent incredulity—the *ex post facto* reason for a foregone conclusion. It has none of the characters of a difficulty which pressed on an earnest spirit; and one feels it to be more ingenious than solid,—more difficult to the logician than it is real to the sincere mind. Hence, it is no longer pressed very prominently into the service of unbelief, because sincerity is now more valued than plausibility, and the warriors in this conflict prefer the shield of sturdy dogmatism to the cloud of refined sophistry. Yet you will find, if you weigh the common arguments, that this question of proof, in one form or other, still lies at the root of any honest doubt upon the subject.

In dealing, then, with this part of our theme, I would note here, that it is one thing to show the fallacy of Hume's argument, and quite another thing to get rid of the difficulty which underlies it, and gives it any real force it may have. It will be necessary, therefore, to approach it by two entirely different lines of thought. In my opinion, Campbell, and Paley, and Chalmers, stripped the mere meta-

physical plausibility quite bare, and showed what an empty piece of sophistry it is. For clearly nothing could be more unphilosophical, than to generalize human testimony into an abstract idea, and then reason upon its uncertainty. Such a method of arguing would, in fact, nullify all evidence, except that which coincided with our own personal experience. For even our knowledge of natural law is derived partly from our own observation, and partly from the observation of others. But if human testimony, as a whole, has been so vitiated as this argument represents, then we cannot believe it, except in so far as it concurs with what our own eyes have seen; and, in short, not miracles only, but the very laws of nature must be adjusted to our personal experience. Obviously then, if we would get at the truth, we must inquire, not whether some men's evidence has ever deceived us, but whether such evidence as we have in this case can be regarded as either false or mistaken. If you put a man into the witness-box, and the opposite counsel proceed to enlarge on the abstract idea of testimony, and its liability to error, and to show how its value is lessened by the mistakes and perjuries and delusions that the world has occasionally suffered from, I suppose the judge would be apt to interfere for the protection of the witness, and to say, "It may be all very true, but what is it to the point? Do you mean that this man is likely to be a liar, because his next-door neighbour is one? If he tell a plain, unvarnished story, cross-question him as you may: with every mark of credibility, in spite of its strangeness, must the witness be cast, merely because there have been, at various times, rogues and fools in all the ends of the earth?" Now, in like manner, the real question before us is, not the abstract credibility of human testimony, but the specific credibility of certain witnesses. They were men of blameless lives. They had no personal

object to gain. They were, some of them, naturally and intensely sceptical. Indeed, one of them was a doubter after Hume's own heart; for he would not believe till he had personal experience of the miracle. They bore evidence not to mere ideas, but to plain facts, for the maintenance of which they endured a life-long sorrow,—not a few of them also a shameful and painful death. Moreover, their evidence, searched by unscrupulous opponents at the time, has, during eighteen centuries, passed through the most sifting criticism of ingenious cavillers, and has come from the trial unscathed. Is it possible, now, to suppose that such witnesses are unworthy of credit,—that they were either deceivers or deceived? If such testimony is not to be admitted, are we not left to the wilfulness of empirical dogmatism, to believe or not believe, just as we think proper?

It is thus that Campbell, Chalmers, and others deal with the sophistical reasoning of Hume, and, to my mind, quite satisfactorily, so far as the formal argument is concerned. Yet behind and beneath Hume's plausibility, there lurks still, in men's minds, a sort of feeling that nothing could possibly prove the reality of a miracle. This objection, therefore, emerges still, even after it has been apparently smothered with refutations. The snake is scotched, hacked, lamentably disfigured, and cut in pieces; yet it comes to life again, or, at least, bits of it do, as if it would not be killed. And thus it happens, that the stronghold of opposition to miracles is still at the bottom of this question of proof. "You would not," it is argued, "believe a man, or any number of men, good and true, or even your own senses, vouching that a miracle took place to-day. You would say that, without denying the facts, they might be, like the phenomena of animal magnetism, at present quite unaccountable. But they were not miraculous; about that

you would have no doubt. Why, then, should scepticism be a duty as to one age, and a sin in regard to another; and that other, too, a time that enjoyed less opportunity for the thorough investigation of its claims?"

Now, in handling this view of the matter, I do not think it is enough to give a mere short-hand reply, such as one would to the dialectic subtlety of Hume. This kind of argument lacks indeed the qualities of formal logic; but, for all that, I make no question that it has more real force than the fine-spun and ingenious plausibility of the great sceptical philosopher. And in order to deal with it effectually, I apprehend that the whole question of Christian supernaturalism, with its moral as well as its intellectual bearing, must be reconstructed, so as to bring the entire claims of the Gospel, in all their complex unity, to bear on the mind, and to show that we must accept or reject it absolutely as a whole. This is what Mr. Miall and Mr. Isaac Taylor have done in their excellent and valuable works* on this subject; and it was no small comfort to me to find two such independent thinkers moving substantially along the same line of argument. It is true that this method does not present quite so simple an issue on which to pronounce a verdict. It does not appeal exclusively to the logical understanding, but to the whole man. That, however, arises from the very nature of the case. Christianity is not a mere science of theology, neither is man only an animated logic-mill. The aim of the Gospel is not simply intellectual enlightenment, but also moral persuasion. Naturally, then, it appeals, not to reason only, but to other parts of our nature too, which in such a matter are entitled to a fair consideration. We deny not the

* Basis of Belief; by E. Miall, Esq. Restoration of Faith; by Isaac Taylor, Esq.

claims of Reason. On the contrary, nothing shall abide which shrinks into dark corners, and, under the altar-cloth of a pretended sacredness, refuses to confront her clear-eyed scrutiny. Christianity certainly has no such timid fearfulness, but "comes forth to the light, that its deeds may be known." At the same time, we hold that it does not rest alone on the decisions of the logical understanding. It is complex, and adapted to our whole complex nature, bringing at once light and warmth and quickening to the soul, and all by one apparently simple medium, as of the sunshine streaming down from heaven. Let me, then, indicate certain points which have to be considered ere this question can be in a condition for satisfactory settlement. And—

1st. We must remember the avowed object of miracles, as bearing witness to a new and most important revelation. According to Spinoza, the universe is itself a complete discovery of the Divine nature; while, on the other hand, I think it is Lord Brougham who says, that the sum of natural theology is simply to discover "a great Mechanician." I am not concerned to show which of these extremes is nearest the truth; for I do not care to reason from such vast generalizations. One thing, however, is clear, that nature, bountiful and beautiful though it be, and radiant with majestic loveliness, and teeming with benevolence and wisdom, a store-house of things divine and glorious, yet never, in point of fact, had given to man any adequate conception of the Divine character, or of His deepest relations to us. That is the truth, theorize as you may. Nature had discovered something of His intellect, but little of his love; for the Father was lost in the Creator, and the moral attributes of His being were obscured by the splendour of His power, or the grandeur of His terror. On these points, the common mind and the

philosophical mind were almost equally astray; and could not well help it, for in regard to many of the questions here involved, creation is utterly silent,—nature is dumb as the grave. In these circumstances, I suppose few will deny that a further revelation, if possible, was surely most desirable. If you knew nothing of James Watt, but what you could gather from the study of those machines which are the fruit of his genius, and which are now steaming and whizzing and clanking over all the world, you would not consider it utterly superfluous, if some one wrote a biography of the man, and took you into his back-shop in Greenock, and discovered even the human heart of him, and a moral nature nobler and more significant than all you had elsewhere gleaned about him. And if your relations with him were such, that this knowledge was of infinite consequence to you and to the world—even of more importance than all the produce of his steam-engine, you would not surely wish that *the man*, who had thus emerged from behind the machine, should be driven back again into the poverty of mere mechanical conception. Now, even so is it with the Christian idea of God, and this is an essential preparation for the doctrine of His miraculous action. The Deity of mere science, who is tied down to the laws of the material Universe, is an infinitely meaner conception than the Living God, who is the Father of all, and in you all. For the moral element is supreme in Him as in us, overriding all other considerations. It is, therefore, as credible as it is desirable, that He should thus reveal Himself to His creatures, disabusing their minds of mere material ideas, and calling them to mark that, while the laws of nature are the appointments of His will, the laws of morality are the constitution of His being. And if he should for a season come forth from the solitude and sublimity of his wonted career, and turn aside from the beaten

path of ordinary phenomena, shall we regard this as such a dubious and questionable procedure, that we should be eager to put away this highest revelation of His nature, and return to the poverty and meagreness of mere natural law? Moreover, our knowledge of duty was not less defective than our knowledge of God. The moral condition of man was altogether abnormal, deranged, unhappy. In the domain of highest intelligent life, God's supreme law was frustrate and ineffectual; and it was for the re-adjustment of the normal condition of that chiefest portion of His creation, that the great miracle of The Incarnation was wrought, ushering the Son of God among the sons of men. If, then, there was any departure from ordinary law in one of its provinces, it was only with the view of establishing the law of a still higher province. And on the supposition that God might, though a man, reveal Himself to men, it is difficult to see how He could have claimed our faith, without some such miraculous credentials—some clear outstanding proof of His Divine mission, over and above the moral purity of His character, and the ethical elevation of His principles. Hence He made His appeal to the Jews, "If ye believe not my sayings, yet believe me for the very works' sake."

2. Let us also remember the peculiar character of His miracles. I confine myself exclusively to the Gospel narratives, because that is the real Malakhoff which dominates the whole controversy. Let me request your special attention, then, to the remarkable nature of those wonderful works of Christ. Their character is indicated in the scriptural expression, "Whatsoever works the Father did, these also did the Son likewise." That is to say, He exerted a like mysterious control over the rude elements of nature, not confusing and perplexing its order by wanton violations of law, but simply showing that nature was plastic in His hands

as it is in those of the Creator of all. In this respect His miracles contrast remarkably with those recorded of Him in the apocryphal gospels, or ascribed to the saints in their mythical biographies. To the latter class of wonders I have already referred; those mentioned in the apocryphal gospels are much of the same kind, and one at once and instinctively rejects them as lacking the clear mint-mark of Divine authenticity. They are perverse, mischievous, wanton, like the fantastical extravagances of some fairy Puck, or mediæval wizard. Thus they represent the child Jesus as turning his little comrades, in a spiteful mood, into kids; making mud-larks, and setting them a-flying into the air; breaking his mother's pitcher at the well, and carrying home the water rolled up in the folds of his cloak. There is a mingled wantonness and littleness in them, by which the trained instinct readily detects their apocryphal character. How different is it when we turn to the story of the gospels! There every apparent irregularity has also a certain affinity with the daily operations of God. One might say they all move in the same line with the common procession of nature, only indicating a special interference by the omission of some links in the ordinary chain of causation, or by precipitating a result which the course of time would have otherwise developed. The miracle and the law are felt to be, not antagonistic, but only independent. Thus, while science can trace so far a clear sequence of cause and effect in all natural phenomena, that sequence is uniformly wrapt in mysterious darkness after a very few steps in the process. The water and earth-salts are drawn up by the roots of the vine, and changed into the grape-cluster. Thus far we can follow the phenomenal progress; but how the change takes place our chemistry does not know. The seed germinates amid heat and moisture, and grows into blade and stalk and full ear. We can observe the sequence, but there is a point

at which we can only cover our ignorance by talking of the vital powers of nature. The eye sees, which has a certain arrangement of lenses and filaments and nerves; but when we have told that, we have said all that we know. Now, if you carefully study our Lord's miracles, you will find that ordinarily some of the links of the chain of cause and effect are left out, but that, starting from the point of mystery in nature, He wills the same result which is commonly wrought by law. So the water is turned to wine, only omitting the various stages of vital chemistry in the plant. So the bread is multiplied for the five thousand; and really there is nothing more mysterious in it than in the growth of the seed-corn. The blind receive their sight, and the winds and waves are hushed; and we can only say these too are works which His Father does likewise. Even that supreme wonder of raising the dead is, according to scripture, only the precipitating of an event which, whether it is to be accomplished by the operation of some unknown law or not, is one day to happen to us all. Thus the miracles of Christ are twin with the miracle of nature. Calm, divine, and healing, their whole tendency is to exhibit a power, not of wanton contradiction to order, but of harmonious equality and unity. "Whatsoever works the Father did, these also did the Son likewise."

3. That the argument may be complete, we must remember that the character of Christ is pledged to the essentially miraculous nature of these events. It will not do, therefore, to speak of them as signs indeed to the ignorant, but science in Him. He appeals to those works as proofs that He came from God, and is God. He knew that men believed them to be miraculous in the strictest sense, and yet He never once hinted to them that they were only the result of a deeper knowledge of natural law. We are forced, then, to look this issue clearly in the face. Here was a man who was

confessedly the sublimest of ethical teachers, and at the same time, by this theory, a life-long cheat; the most perfect example of human worth, and also the most blasphemous egotist the world ever saw; a consummate moralist of the deepest intuitive type, and yet a consummate lie all along. Can you imagine the anomaly of such a character? Historians have sometimes drawn strange monsters; but of all wild dreams that seems to me the most impossible. If I accept His own account, that He was indeed Immanuel, God with us, then His whole career is natural, consequent, elevating, a moral power and brightness of Divine glory, which the world greatly needed, and in which it has rejoiced greatly. If I receive the other opinion, I credit a moral anomaly, infinitely more difficult and disturbing than any miracle recorded, and in its influence as debasing as the other idea is ennobling.

It is thus that we would deal with the question,—Why do you believe in the miracles which the apostles reported, and refuse such a story as that of the Holy Thorn of Port Royale? Was not Blaise Pascal as trustworthy a witness as Matthew and Luke;—he, with his truthful nature and scientific habits; they no doubt as truthful, but not so accustomed to investigate into the causes of phenomena? Why should scepticism be justifiable in the one case and sinful in the other? I repeat, therefore, in reply to such questions, that this is not a *mere* matter of evidence, appealing exclusively to the intellect. There enters into it a variety of other considerations, moral and spiritual, divine and human, on which the deepest interests of men are depending; and the natural and supernatural of the story are so inextricably intertwined, like the warp and the woof, that no separation is possible without destroying the whole fabric. To purge the Bible of miracle is simply to rob the world of its Christ, and to wrap the open heavens

again in the gloom of a great darkness? Supernatural in His birth and being, His whole career exhibits the abnormal, yet majestic, consistency of a special Divine presence, from His advent in Bethlehem on to His mysterious and triumphant end, when "He brought life and immortality to light" through the crowning miracle of His resurrection. We refuse, then, to separate this question of miracles from the entire, complex issue of Christian faith. They stand or fall with that. Look at it as a whole, and we shrink not from the thoroughness of any most searching scrutiny, being assured that this is indeed "the wisdom and the power of God for our salvation." And to a like test we would submit any other alleged miracles that may lay claim to our belief. If they come on a similar errand, and under the constraint of a like moral necessity, —if they are equally consistent with the Divine handwriting clearly recognised in His ordinary works,—if they advance the idea of God as much beyond the present revelation of Christianity as Christianity exalted it above the chill and meagre theism of philosophy,—if the worker of them is one of such purity and truth and exalted excellence, that I must either believe him, or else, more wildly credulous, seek for a solution of the difficulty in the monster of a moral anomaly, utterly inconceivable;—if the alleged miracles satisfy all these conditions, then must I give heed to the Christ of to-day, as I do to Him who died "for our advantage on the bitter cross." But if good men vouch for certain facts which exhibit a wanton disregard of natural law, which foster superstition, or exalt a mere sectarian view, which impoverish the Divine idea, and nowise strengthen the moral life of the world, I hold scepticism to be in that case a duty. Such metal does not ring true; and whether coined by fraud or scepticism, I nail it to the counter as too base to circulate. Examine

the Gospel, then, in this way as a whole. Test it by its spirit, by its results, by its witness, by its coherence, by the need of it and the beauty of it, by its moral purity and its intellectual freedom, and its miraculous element will be found alike essential and natural,—the appropriate outgoing of that Divine man "without whom was not anything made that was made."

But, perhaps, it may be still urged, though our reason rejects miracles, our faith allows them. We refuse them scientifically, yet we accept them theologically. We cannot regard them as literal facts; but we retain them in our creed as the basis of important doctrines. Now, if those who thus speak simply meant, that they were mysterious phenomena, transcendental, lying outside the province of ordinary law, and, therefore, also beyond the jurisdiction of scientific reason, we should have no quarrel with them. Nor should we be disposed to find much fault, although they dwelt more on the moral and spiritual truths adumbrated in these mysteries, than on their manifestation of a supernatural power. Such truths they do embody, and for practical purposes we fully recognise the validity of those analogies by which the miracles are raised from mere phenomena of wonder into vehicles of pious instruction—from Christian evidences into the higher region of lessons for Christian life. Doubtless the opening of the blind eye symbolizes the enlightening of the spiritual understanding; and the miraculous bread that fed the five thousand suggests the bread of life with its fulness inexhaustible; and the casting out of devils reminds us of Him who alone can banish evil lusts from the heart, and at whose feet the convert sits clothed and in his right mind. Doubtless, the incarnation is an emblem of our participation of the Divine nature; and the transfiguration prefigures the glory of the believer and his communion with the saints; while the resurrection is

not only a pledge, by way of first-fruits, of a like universal spoiling of the grave, but is also a type of our rising to the newness of a divine life in Jesus. There has been, in various ages, a deal of silly and trifling allegorizing in the Church; but I have no doubt that, in process of time, a deep and delicate criticism will discover in our Lord's miracles a law of progressive moral instruction, a fine spirit of redemptive working and teaching, which may, in the long run, become of higher practical importance than their mere evidential value. All that I grant; but that is not what they mean who speak of denying them scientifically, while they believe them theologically. What precisely they do mean, it may be difficult for us to say, and perhaps for themselves too. Only one thing is clear: they repudiate the facts as miraculous facts, and then say they believe them solely on theological grounds, and for theological purposes. Now, I would meet with kindly sympathy any man who entertains a sincere doubt—whose mind is really perplexed by the flying clouds and mists that may obscure his faith. I have known too well the struggle and sorrow and pain of that state to deal harshly with such a soul. But I must say frankly, that I can only feel a measure of indignation and contempt for those who talk of denying a thing scientifically, and believing it theologically—repudiating a fact with one part of their nature, and crediting it with another. I take that to be an unworthy paltering with truth and conscience, which an honest mind would scorn. I can respect one who says frankly, "I don't see this, and I don't believe it." But when another at once denies it and credits it,—repudiates it with his reason, and allows it by faith,—holds the fact to be impossible, but avows the doctrine which rests on the impossible fact—then I confess that I am only reminded of the Momus of infidelity in the last century, which used

always, when assailing the Gospel, to express its exceeding thankfulness that "our holy religion was founded, not on reason, but on faith." I always picture that Momus, with his tongue in his cheek, and a leer in his eye, saying, "I deny it in science, but I believe it in theology." And while I admit that these words are not now spoken in the same ironical spirit, I confess that I cannot muster up much respect for people who have so softened and lubricated their minds by an equivocal metaphysic, that their "yea" is half "nay," and their "no" is on terms with "yes," and they have a convenient provision for at once denying and assenting to the same proposition.

There is one other topic as to which it will be necessary to add a few words ere we close, viz.,—the place which miracles hold among the evidences of Christianity, and the value to be attached to them.

It is often objected that our Apologists, as they are called, though the name is surely unfortunate, reason in a false circle; proving first the miracle by the doctrine, and then the doctrine by the miracle. Hence, it is argued, the doctrine becomes in reality the test, and renders the alleged miracle altogether unnecessary. The moral or spiritual truth is received on its own evidence, from its intrinsic character, as bearing on its face the stamp of its Divine original. But if it has already such manifest authenticity as to make even a miracle credible, such authenticity neither wants, nor can receive any additional force from its supernatural accompaniment. On the contrary, to our modern scientific notions, it is rather discredited by its alliance with these irregularities. Prove to a man, then, his want of the Gospel, and show him its marvellous adaptation to his nature and his life, and he will gladly receive its living water that he may not thirst again. But faith is not the result of "evidences," still less of miracles. Faith may

extract from these narratives spiritual nourishment—wholesome practical uses—meanings allegorical or parabolical, according to man's peculiar idiosyncracy; but it does not stand on the historical reality of miracles, which, after all, were only signs fitted for an unscientific, wonder-loving age; like the varied lights on the morning clouds, which usher in the dawn, but disappear in the clear noonday—or like the flourish of trumpets, which heralds the advent of some great personage, summoning attention to him, but nowise vindicating his claims.

Thus, not without more or less confusion, and the mingling of truth with error, it is argued that the supernatural element of Christianity is not evidential of its Divine origin, not necessary to authenticate its claims, or at all events not suitable to a period of high scientific culture. Obviously, now, the basis on which this objection rests, is the supposed vicious circle in which the Apologists are said to reason: and on this allow me to remark, that it is not a fair statement of the case, plausible as it may look. The miracle is not authenticated by the doctrine, neither is the doctrine accredited by the miracle. I admit that Justyn Martyr and others, in the early history of their controversy, often so represented the matter, being hampered by their idea that others, besides God and his servants, could do such works; and some fine scholarly minds, in later times, like Dean Trench, have lent a certain countenance to their view. To the Fathers the question appeared in this form—Granted miracles, how do you prove them divine? But the present robust spirit of science would rather say—Prove your miracle, and we are quite ready to grant it to be divine. So also the question presented itself to the clear, manly, English intellect of Farmer, in a former age; and we feel no call whatever now to test the fact of a miracle by the nature of the doctrine enforced. We have indeed insisted

that, in order to a fair adjustment of the question, it ought to be considered as a whole; but that was only because the moral teaching and supernatural working are inseparably combined, though independent, lines of argument supporting the claims of a certain Divine messenger. To make my position plain here, let me suppose a case. The sovereign of these realms sends an emissary to an Eastern prince—a plenipotentiary, to enforce certain principles of government, deemed essential for the welfare of those to whom he is commissioned, and for the maintenance of peace between the two empires. In order to enforce his authority and his advice, he receives also power to direct the movements of our army in that neighbourhood, and to make a display of its overwhelming resources. Obviously now the truth of the doctrines of government which he asserts, does not authenticate his control of the imperial forces neither does their obedience to his orders prove the soundness of his political ideas. These two things are quite independent; yet, combined, they may afford most convincing evidence of his mission, as a man representing what is known to be British opinion, and directing what is manifestly our imperial resources. Now, at first, in a semi-barbarian, this last might be the most convincing argument; and yet gradually, as he came to be more enlightened, and to see his own real interests, the political principles themselves might come more into the foreground, and need no argument to enforce them but their own wisdom and truth. This seems to me to be precisely a case in point. Even thus Jesus came to represent the Divine Ruler in this outlying and rebellious portion of his dominion, authorized to proclaim certain truths, and also to do certain works, which, combined, would authenticate His Divine mission. The truth and the works, then, do not mutually vouch for each other; but they do unite to bear witness for Him.

To some extent we are able to discriminate the doctrine of God; and so far the words of Jesus have the witness in themselves. That is one line of proof, complete in itself, though not conclusive of the whole issue. But side by side with this is the series of miraculous powers, which testify that God had entrusted to Him the control of all the elements of nature, having confidence that He would wield them, not for the overthrow, but for the establishment of righteous law. That is the second line of proof, attesting an authority which we cannot but acknowledge, if only its facts be solidly established. Not that miracles could prove wrong to be right, or establish absurdities and manifest contradictions. No display of supernatural might could ever abrogate either moral or natural law. No testimony and no wonder could ever convince us that two and two make five, or that theft and murder are obligatory moral duties. But surely it is possible, by means of miracles, to authenticate the mission of a Divine teacher, so that his words, while they do not over-ride either the quickened conscience or the enlightened understanding, shall yet come to us with the authority of a Divine revelation, discovering what eye had not hitherto seen, nor ear heard, neither had entered into the heart of man to conceive. Now, this is the province of the supernatural element of the Christian evidences; and while I am ready to admit that now, after centuries of Christian training, it is not, and need not be, so prominent as it once was,—while multitudes find in the wondrous spiritual adaptation of the Gospel all the evidence of its divinity that their souls require, yet must we still hold by the reality of those strange prodigies, and the validity of our Lord's appeal to them: "If ye believe not my sayings, yet believe *me* for the very works' sake." I need not, then, enter further into the details of this argument, but will only appeal to

you, in conclusion, on the ground of your avowed Christianity. Omit the supernatural from the Gospel, and no incarnation remains,—no resurrection remains,—and, therefore, no Christ remains, but only the dry bones of the Gospel, lying in the grave at Golgotha; for Christianity is inseparably identified with the most astounding miracles. You cannot reduce it to mere law, without reducing it to merest common-place. Purge it of the marvellous, and you really purge it of God. So it is even in nature. Give up the world to mere mechanical law, and the world becomes as poor a thing as a Socinian gospel,—quite understood, but emptied of its divinest element,—a big machine, worked by steam, or electricity, or something, but with which God has little or nothing to do. I cannot believe in such a world; and neither can I believe in such gospel. I cannot accept of a Christianity of mere ethics, promulgated by a man who claimed to be Himself a miracle, and to do miraculous works, but who was, according to this new account, the world's greatest benefactor and most sublime impostor. And grand as the discoveries of science are, I should feel myself miserably impoverished, beggared of the richest treasures of moral life and hope and progress, though I knew all the laws that regulate phenomena, were I thus deprived of Him who is "the wisdom of God and power of God for salvation to all them that believe."

THE

New Testament Narratives

Real—not Ideal.

A LECTURE

BY

JOHN C. MILLER, D.D.

THE

NEW TESTAMENT NARRATIVES

REAL—NOT IDEAL.

"THE Volume, it is hoped, will be received as an attempt to illustrate the advantage derivable to the cause of religious and moral truth, from a free handling, in a becoming spirit, of subjects peculiarly liable to suffer by the repetition of conventional language, and from traditional methods of treatment."

With these words were the celebrated "Essays and Reviews" ushered into the world.

The "free handling" of the Bible was no new thing. The novelty—and a mournful and startling novelty it was—lay in the manipulators. That Jewish Cabbalists; Platonizing eclectics; infidels, deists, and sceptics; that Messrs. Barker and Holyoake and the school of modern Secularists, should freely handle the Word of God, excited no astonishment. But that six clergymen of the Church of England—of whom four, when they wrote their Essays, and two but a few years ago, were prominently engaged as her professors and tutors—that these should combine for this "free handling" was "passing strange," and filled us with amazement and sorrow.

There arose a demand for refutation. That demand has been abundantly answered. Not in the pages of Reviews only, and religious newspapers—as in the "Christian Observer" (which may justly claim an honourable pre-

eminence in promptitude, as well as eminence in ability), and in the "Quarterly Review,"—nor in brief essays only, but now in elaborate volumes. If this unhappy controversy had produced no other fruit for good than the masterly volume of Mr. Garbett, entitled "The Bible and its Critics,"* the controversy would have left behind it a ting blessing to the Church of Christ. For that volume will endure when the "Essays and Reviews" live only in the pages of history. Mr. Birks has answered in a more popular form.† And now we have such Essays as that of Professor Lee, and the two elaborate Volumes just issued.‡ These answers for the most part bear honoured names; while others prove that, among those of her sons who had hitherto been unknown in the battle-fields of controversial theology, the Church has able and valiant champions of the truth.

We are now in a position to examine the results of this "free handling" of the Bible. Whether the promise of handling it "in a becoming spirit" has been kept or no, is a question which has long ago been answered by the righteous indignation of Christendom. What then is the residuum left to the Church of Christ in the Bible, according to Rationalism? We have, to begin with, an inspiration which does not involve infallibility. We have a Bible which has in it the word of God, if we can find it out—but which is not *all* the word of God. Mr. Goodwin has overthrown the authority of Moses; Professor Powell, if he has not landed us in Atheism or Pantheism, has disposed of the miracles; Dr. Rowland Williams has eliminated from the prophetic Scriptures the predictive element, and presents

* Boyle's Lectures for 1861 (Seeley & Griffiths).

† The Bible and Modern Thought (Religious Tract Society).

‡ Aids to Faith (Murray). Replies to "Essays and Reviews" John Henry & James Parker).

the prophets of the Old Testament simply as moral teachers; Mr. Wilson, with whom we are chiefly concerned in this lecture, has resolved, not the Old Testament narratives only but, the "sweet story of old," which we teach our children—the narratives of the New Testament—into allegories and myths. So that we have, in the Rationalist's Bible, a little history, perhaps, with a mass of legends, traditions, allegories, and fables; some valuable moral teaching; flights of genius, as we have in Homer and Milton, in Shakspeare, Dante, and Tasso; and over all this, man's inner sight or intuition, his famous verifying faculty, shaking the kaleidoscope, if I may so say, and analysing, discriminating, accepting, and rejecting as he will.

But in all there is no novelty. The Church of Christ is haunted by the ghosts of old heresies. Or shall we say that "resurrection-men" have been at work among the tombs of old and buried errors, long since slain by the sword of the Spirit, wielded by the champions of the truth, and, as we had fondly hoped, buried never to rise again?

And this remark on the absence of novelty in the volume applies particularly to the present subject—THE NEW TESTAMENT NARRATIVES REAL—NOT IDEAL.

"It is well worthy of observation, that throughout the volume of Essays and Reviews, there is not a new objection to be found; its scepticism is second-hand, if not stale. For my own part, I find in the great work of Bishop Butler, ample materials for a sufficient if not complete reply. It may be that each hostile thrust has not been separately parried, but the onslaught has been met by moral considerations as well as by logical exposure, so as to bring conviction home to the heart of the candid and conscientious reader."*

"But one thing, at least, is so clear as to admit of no

* Introduction to Rev. J. N. Griffin's Seven Answers, &c. By the Rt. Hon. Joseph Napier. (Longman, Green, & Co.) Page xvi.

question whatsoever, and it is this,—that the writers of "Essays and Reviews" have not given sufficiently ample credit, even to their own contemporaries, for common exercise of thought or average competency in information. For we have, in that volume, old thoughts, old questions, old difficulties, old doubts, paraded for inspection, and passed in array to challenge our attention and admiration, as if they were a newly-recruited phalanx, fresh in the flower of youth, and confident in the vigour of rising manhood. But by the commonest observer they are instantly recognised. They are the worn-out veterans of many a long-fought fight—a hasty conscription from the scattered stragglers of Blount, Bolingbroke, Chubb, Collins, Gibbon, Hobbes, Hume, Morgan, Paine, Toland, Woolston,—not to specify an imported contingent from an unsuccessful band of foreign allies. Their figures, as they pass on in somewhat halting gait, even to the very scars they have received in combat, are as familiar as would be the forms of their old antagonists, were they too recalled to the review. It would require no slender amount of industry to discover one single question, difficulty, or doubt raised, and their number is not small—nay, indeed, one single thought suggested (except indeed such as arise from some new essays at the interpretation of Scripture), which is not distinctly recognised, and intimately familiar to any man who ever thinks at all. And even further, it would lie within the power of most persons of ordinary education to assist our authors in largely swelling the catalogue of those antiquated speculations and time-worn difficulties which seem to have for them so peculiar an attraction."*

Let me first present to you clearly the ideological theory,

* The National Church: An Answer to an Essay on "The National Church," by Rev. Henry Bristow Wilson, B.D. By James Wayland Joyce, M.A. (Saunders, Otley, & Co.) Pp. 9-10.

illustrating it by examples. The supernatural element in the narratives of the Gospel is, of course, the stumbling-block. The theory of Mr. Wilson and the Ideologists is, that what we regard as plain and true narratives of real events are not historical records of facts which actually happened; but that the supposed facts are but the legendary or poetic or fictitious drapery of an ideal. We are to look in the midst of all these narratives for ideas which underlie them, and are embodied in them. Thus, our supposed facts —the facts of the Apostles' Creed—become myths or fables,—either historical myths, which confound the natural and supernatural; or philosophical myths, clothing in the form of historical narrative some thought or idea of the time; or poetical myths, in which the original idea is almost obscured by the veil of fancy which the poet has thrown around it. So that the residuum, according—I will not say to Mr. Wilson, for I have no desire to exaggerate his errors—but, at any rate, the residuum according to him who must be regarded as the foremost leader of this modern school—Strauss—is this: that there was a person named Jesus Christ, who was baptized; that he taught in Judea and gathered disciples, and ultimately fell a victim to the malignity of the Pharisees.

Whence had this theory its rise? The answer may be given from a volume by Dr. M'Caul, written some years ago, but well adapted to the present time, entitled "Thoughts on Rationalism." To this volume is appended a translation of Professor Quinet's "State of Religion in Germany," who thus writes:—

"The manner in which the author supposes that this work of imagination has been accomplished is especially worthy of attention. He considers that, influenced by the expectation of the Messiah, all the features described in the Old Testament as belonging to Him, have, little by little,

been added by the people of Palestine, to the true character of Jesus. Popular tradition receiving as realities the imaginary actions which the old law attributed to the Christ who was to come, thus modelling, shaping, enlarging, correcting, deifying the person of Jesus of Nazareth, according to the type originally conceived by the prophets. On this principle, the New Testament would, in fact, be nothing more than a vulgar and unpremeditated imitation of the Old. In the same manner that the deity of Plato constructed the universe after a preconceived idea, so the people of Palestine formed a Christ after the model which the old law furnished to them. It will be perceived that in this system it is not Christ which established the Church, but the Church that invented and established Christ. Prophecies, political, religious, mystical, formed the theme which the feeling of the people transformed by degrees into events. The human race had not been deceived through the medium of the senses, but by their own invention; and mankind has been bowing down for two thousand years, not before an imposture, as was said in the eighteenth century, but before an ideal being, wrongfully bedecked with the ensigns of reality." *

"The object of ideology," writes Mr. Cook, "as it is described in the writings of Strauss, who first presented it in a complete and systematic form, was to reconcile belief in the spiritual truths which he recognised as the ideal basis of Christianity, with rejection of all the miraculous events, and by far the largest portion of the narrative with which those truths are connected.

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* Thoughts on Rationalism, Revelation, and the Divine Authority of the Old Testament. By the Rev. A. M'Caul, D.D. To which is added, The State of Christianity in Germany. By Professor Quinet. (Seeley.)

"The rejection rests upon an assumption of the utter incredibility of miracles, as irreconcilable with philosophical principles, and as contrary to experience; and it is supported, as we shall see presently, by an unscrupulous use of arguments supplied by various schools of infidelity. But the chief peculiarity of the system is that, subject to this assumption, it professes to account for the existence of a belief in the facts, and for the form in which the facts are represented, and to explain the real significance of narratives involving supernatural elements. The ideologist, or idealist, asserts that such narratives are myths, which it would be absurd to regard as true in the letter, but which may yet be treated with respect, and even with reverence, as symbols and representations of ideas which are of permanent interest and importance to mankind. The facts did not and could not occur in the manner or under the circumstances described in Scripture; but they may yet be substantially—that is, ideally—true, as products of human consciousness, as expressing, at least, the aspirations or presentiments of a nature akin to the divine. Many writers of this school (and Strauss himself in several passages) adopt at times a far more offensive tone, and do not hesitate to attribute the origin of large portions of the Gospel narrative to the prepossessions of the writers, to their ignorance, credulity, and fanaticism, or to selfish and interested motives. We do not propose to discuss those speculations. The only form in which the theory of ideologists is calculated to produce any effect upon generous and elevated minds, is that which accepts the ideal principles as true, while it denies the historical character of the relations in which they are bodied forth."*

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* Aids to Faith, Essay IV.—Ideology and Subscription. By Rev. F. C. Cook, M.A., &c. &c.

Ideology, then, as Mr. Haddan puts it, "dissolves Scripture into a subjective reflection of the Oriental mind, and exhibits it as the merely human product of a peculiar national literature."* The words of Strauss himself are these:—

"The Church refers her Christology to an individual who existed historically at a certain period; the speculative theologian to an idea which only attains existence in the totality of individuals: by the Church the evangelical narratives are received as history; by the critical theologian they are regarded, for the most part, as mere myths."†

Such, then, is the Ideological or Mythical theory. We now proceed with Mr. Wilson. Acknowledging that Strauss had carried his theory to an excess, he is unable to furnish us with any definite principle by which we are to limit it. In the Essays and Reviews Mr. Wilson presented the system of Strauss, as Mr. Sanderson Robins says, "in a timid, hesitating way." Nevertheless, in the following statements there is enough to startle and shock us:—

"Under the terms of the sixth Article one may accept literally, or allegorically, or as parable, or poetry, or legend, the story of a serpent tempter, of an ass speaking with man's voice, of an arresting of the earth's motion, of a reversal of its motion, of waters standing in a solid heap, of witches, and a variety of apparitions. So, under the terms of the sixth Article, every one is free in judgment as to the primeval institution of the Sabbath, the universality of the deluge, the confusion of tongues, the corporeal taking up of Elijah into heaven, the nature of angels, the reality of demoniacal possession, the personality of Satan, and the miraculous particulars of many

* Replies to Essays and Reviews:—VI.—Rationalism. By the Rev. A. W. Haddan, B.D., &c., p. 352.

† Life of Jesus, vol. iii. Concluding Dissertation, Sect. 152, pp. 441-2. See also Neander's Life of Christ, Translator's Preface (Bohn's Edit.), pp. xi. xii., for a very brief and clear analysis of the mythic theory into its elements. See also A Defence of the Faith, by Sanderson Robins, M.A., chapter vii. (Rationalism).

events. So the dates and authorship of the several books received as canonical are not determined by any authority, nor their relative value and importance."*

"But it by no means follows, because Strauss has substituted a mere shadow for the Jesus of the Evangelists, and has frequently descended to a minute captiousness in details, that there are not traits in the scriptural person of Jesus which are better explained by referring them to an ideal than an historical origin; and without falling into fanciful exegetics, there are parts of Scripture more usefully interpreted ideologically than in any other manner—as, for instance, the history of the temptation of Jesus by Satan, and accounts of demoniacal possessions. And liberty must be left to all as to the extent in which they apply the principle, for there is no authority through the expressed determination of the Church, nor of any other kind, which can define the limits within which it may be reasonably exercised."†

"For relations which may repose on doubtful grounds as matter of history, and, as history, be incapable of being ascertained or verified, may yet be equally suggestive of true ideas with facts absolutely certain. The spiritual significance is the same of the transfiguration, of opening blind eyes, of causing the tongue of the stammerer to speak plainly, of feeding multitudes with bread in the wilderness, of cleansing leprosy, whatever links may be deficient in the traditional record of particular events. Or let us suppose one to be uncertain whether our Lord were born of the house and lineage of David, or of the tribe of Levi, and even to be driven to conclude that the genealogies of Him have little historic value: nevertheless, in idea, Jesus is both Son of David and Son of Aaron, both Prince of Peace and High Priest of our profession; as He is, under another idea, though not literally, 'without father and without mother.' And He is none the less Son of David, Priest Aaronical, or Royal Priest Melchizedecan, in idea and spiritually, even if it be unproved whether He were any of them in historic fact. In like manner, it need not trouble us if, in consistency, we should have to suppose both an ideal origin and to apply an ideal meaning to the birth in the City of David, and to other circumstances of the infancy. So, again, the incarnification of the divine Immanuel remains, although the angelic appearances which herald it in the narratives of the Evangelists may be of ideal origin according to the conceptions of former days. The ideologian may sometimes be thought sceptical, and be sceptical or

* Pp. 176-177. † Pp. 200-201.

doubtful, as to the historical value of related facts; but the historical value is not always to him the most important; frequently it is quite secondary. And consequently, discrepancies in narratives, scientific difficulties, defects in evidence, do not disturb him as they do the literalist."*

He has now advanced somewhat in the direction of Strauss's excess. Since the publication of the Essays and Reviews, Mr. Wilson has put forth "Three Sermons," and an introduction to "A Brief Examination of Prevalent Opinions on the Inspiration of the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament, by a lay member of the Church of England." These works have not as yet excited anything like the attention which was drawn to his Essay; but they contain even more perilous, and, for a presbyter of the Church of England, more audacious, statements. You will listen to them with incredulity, as at first unable to believe that his words are designed to bear their apparent meaning:—

"And as some books appear to owe their place in the Christian collection to speculative hypotheses, argumentative purposes, necessities of controversy, and doctrinal prepossessions, as, for instance, the Epistle to the Hebrews and the fourth Gospel, so with regard to some details of the books, the insertion of them may with great likelihood be accounted for in like manner. That is to say, some particulars in the Gospel histories may be taken with the greater probability as evidences of opinions at the time when they were inserted, rather than as testimonies to facts occurring in the chronological order wherein they appear. Parts of the history may reasonably be supposed to have been rounded into their present shape, in order to accord with dogmatical conceptions, or conceptions which were beginning to assume a dogmatic form. And it must be distinctly remembered, that in so doing, compilers, revisers, or transcribers would only be giving expression to what they esteemed to be the truth; at most, carrying on a controversy in a way which seemed legitimate to them—not as we should esteem it, tampering with a document."—*Three Sermons composed* for delivery at the opening of a new organ at St. Chrysostom's Church, Everton: with a Preface, by HENRY BRISTOW WILSON, B.D. &c.—New edition (Longman & Co.). Preface, 18-19.

* Pp. 202-203.

"Now it would be an abandonment of the Protestant principle to refuse the name of Christian or of Churchman to those who differ from ourselves in any of these particulars; to those, for instance, who consider the narrative (Luke xxiv. 50, 51; Acts i. 9—11) to be the embodiment of a doctrine or idea in a material form; who would rather rest in the expressions of St. Paul and of the earlier creeds—'He ascended into heaven,' with the practical application of the Anglican collect, 'that we may in heart and mind thither ascend and with Him continually dwell,' than follow literally the details represented to us in paintings of the elevation of a body with its clothing into the region of the clouds."—*Ibid.* p. 21.

Thanks to the faithfulness and firmness of the Bishop of Chester, these sermons were never preached; his lordship prohibiting Mr. Wilson from entering the pulpit of Mr. McNaught—a gentleman whose errors we deplore, but whose honesty stands in honourable contrast with that of our Essayists, inasmuch as he has abandoned the ministry of a Church from which he differs so widely on fundamental points of faith. More than one of the essayists would do well to recant or follow his example. In the "Introduction" referred to, Mr. Wilson writes:—

"As to the alleged necessity for receiving the Scripture as a whole in respect of the supernatural element introduced into its histories, and of tying it together in all its parts, so that it must stand or fall together, it should be observed on the contrary:—1. The occurrence of a marvellous story or embellishment in an ancient history does not discredit the history itself in particulars otherwise credible. The appearance of the gods Castor and Pollux at the battle of the Regillus, related by some Roman historians, does not discredit the fact of such a battle itself; nor the colloquy between Balaam, the angel, and the ass, discredit the history of the discomfiture of Midian, of the victory of Israel, or of Balaam's own death. 2. The credibility of history in these other particulars does not carry with it the credibility of prodigious narratives which have become embedded in it. The credibility of the conquest of the Land of Canaan by the Israelites does not imply the credibility of the miraculous throwing down of the walls of Jericho at the sound of Joshua's trumpets, or of the astronomical miracle (Josh. x.); as in like manner the credibility of the victory of Constantine over Maxentius does not carry

with it an acceptance of the story of a miraculous cross having appeared to the conqueror in the heavens. 3. The elimination of marvellous stories from a history does not detract from the value of such a history, as exemplifying the Divine moral government of the world; upon which point something more may be said. What is meant will be better understood by an example.

"The providential delivery of Jerusalem from the invasion of Sennacherib is equally instructive, with or without the intervention of the destroying angel. The history, it will be observed, moves on to the same end, and illustrates the law according to which 'Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall,' whether it be read with or without the supernatural agency." . . . Page 34.

In a previous page,* he observes, "Thus it clearly concerns every parent and guardian to be watchful as to what representations of the Divine Being are instilled into the minds of children." . . . "Let us suppose an educated layman to have come for himself to understand in a figurative sense many scriptural representations and statements in formularies founded upon them, and to be very careful not to draw doctrinal inferences from metaphorical expressions; if so, he should, as far as lies in his power, guard against any teaching of his own children, in school or pulpit, which does." Mr. Wilson then illustrates his points by a quotation from the Republic of Plato, in which Socrates is introduced as inculcating caution, in the education of the young, in the selection of the fables employed for their instruction. Many which were in vogue, especially such "greater fables" as those in Hesiod, Homer, and other poets, were to be repudiated as conveying "a bad representation of the characters of gods and heroes." And the following parallel is drawn—a parallel most painful and revolting to our reverence for the inspired narratives of the Old Testament:—

"Plato was right in warning the guardians of his ideal polity against the danger to youth if they were permitted to receive the

* xii—xv.

Homeric tales concerning the gods and heroes, either as true descriptions of deity, or as examples of human conduct. Yet Greece would not have been Greece without Homer; indeed, without Greece such as it was, and therefore without Homer, our Christendom would not have been the Christendom it is, nor Europe, Europe. Much less would Homer have been Homer without his mythology. Yet again: far more than there could have been no Greece without Homer, and no Homer without his mythology, could there be no Christianity as it has come to us, and no modern civilisation, without the Bible; and no Bible, if it was expurgated of old Testament histories, which, when taken according to the letter, present stumbling-blocks to theology, and are confusing to morality.

"But the guides of the young among ourselves are not on that account exonerated from guarding them against misleading inferences. It is no effectual method of doing so to tell them, or suffer them to be told, that their intellect is so debased and their moral sense so corrupt—the intellect and the moral sense which, in their several conditions and circumstances are given them as their guides through this world to the next—so debased and so corrupt, as not to be used or trusted in the very matter wherein they are most needed; as if it might not be the very point of trial intended by the shape in which the records of the Divine revelation have come to us, that we should carefully distinguish, rather than hastily believe, sifting the chaff from the wheat, the human passion or mistake from the Divine lesson.

"The foregoing reference to the Greek philosopher will also remind classical scholars how very like, at least on the surface, are some biblical passages to parts of the Homeric poems which Plato thought to convey profane and unworthy notions of the gods.

"And those who are in the least degree acquainted with the results of Indian researches during the last half-century, will not dream for a moment of deriving the Homeric tales from the biblical ones; nor even on such a supposition should we be able to avoid the conclusion that, if, to the refined apprehension of the Greek philosopher the Homeric stories were unworthy of Zeus, the Christian must feel there are narratives in the Old Testament unworthy of Jehovah."—*Ibid.* pp. xv. xvi

My quotations may be thought over-copious, and even pedantic. For those who can go into the literature of this subject for themselves, they are so. But my first duty in this lecture is to a large body of young men who have neither means to procure, nor time to study, larger works.

For their sakes I aim at some humble measure of completeness. Moreover, I would be honest toward those whose heresies I am combating.

Before we pass on, it may be useful to test this theory by practical instances. They shall be drawn from the pages of Strauss. Of this it is to be observed—

"The system of interpretation which Strauss adopted differed from that of the semi-mythics, as well as from that of the naturalists. The one party spoke of the wise men as only travelled Jews; of the star as an accidental meteor; of the dreams as mere surmises. The other party supposed the congratulatory presents of some Arab merchants to have been swelled by the imagination of Christians into royal gifts; the slaughter of the children to have actually occurred, but to have been connected with Christ only long afterwards, &c. Strauss very justly condemns these interpretations as untenable, and proposes, as the solution of the difficulty, that the story of the star, the gifts, the flight, &c., had no truth or reality, but was suggested by legends, and by such passages of Scripture as Isaiah ix. 1, 2." *

"Archbishop Whateley has accurately described the two systems.—'The mythics represent the whole of the Scripture history as a series of parables, never designed to be believed as literally true, any more than Æsop's fables, though intended, like them, to convey some moral lessons. The naturalists, on the contrary, maintain the general truth of the history, but explain the miraculous portions of it as natural events.'" †

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* A Defence of the Faith, Part First—Forms of Unbelief. By Sanderson Robins, M.A. (Longman & Co.), ch. vii. p. 168, *note*. This Volume contains a very interesting "Examination of some existing forms of Unbelief, both in relation to past infidelity, and probable future developments." It treats of Alexandria, Scholasticism, English Deism, Pantheism, German Philosophy, and Rationalism.

† *Ibid.*

Our instances shall be drawn from the miracle of the finding of the money in the fish's mouth, and from the Transfiguration of our adorable Lord. The attempts to explain these away by the naturalist theory were rejected by the acute mind of Strauss. Ludicrous enough they were; and may be found in his pages. They are worthy of being turned to, if only as evidences of the extravagant absurdities to which a theory will drive even learned men. The hypothesis that the alleged miracle points, not to "an immediate discovery of a stater in the fish, but" to "a mediate acquisition of this sum by selling what was caught"—the attempt to refer the "mouth," not to the fish but, to Peter—the interpretation, "Continue, time after time, to take the fish that first comes to thee, until thou hast caught as many as will be worth a stater"—these were too gross and absurd for Strauss. How, then, upon the mythic theory, are we to eliminate the miraculous element in this incident? You shall hear.

"If the series of strained interpretations which are necessary to a natural explanation of this narrative throw us back on that which allows it to contain a miracle, and if this miracle appear to us, according to our former decision, both extravagant and useless, nothing remains but to presume that here also there is a legendary element. This view has been combined with the admission that a real but natural fact was probably at the foundation of the legend; namely, that Jesus once ordered Peter to fish until he had caught enough to procure the amount of the temple tribute; whence the legend arose that the fish had the tribute-money in its mouth. But, in our opinion, a more likely source of this anecdote is to be found in the much-used theme of a catching of fish by Peter, on the one side, and on the other, the well-known stories of precious things having been found in the bodies of fish. Peter, as we learn from

Matt. iv., Luke v., John xxi., was the fisher in the evangelical legend, to whom Jesus in various forms, first symbolically, and then literally, granted the rich draught of fishes. The value of the capture appears here in the shape of a piece of money, which, as similar things are elsewhere said to have been found in the belly of fishes, is by an exaggeration of the marvel said to be found in the mouth of the fish. That it is the stater, required for the temple tribute, might be occasioned by a real declaration of Jesus concerning his relation to that tax; or conversely, the stater which was accidentally named in the legend of the fish angled for by Peter, might bring to recollection the temple tribute, which amounted to that sum for two persons, and the declaration of Jesus relative to this subject." *

As to the transfiguration, referred to by St. Peter as foremost among the miraculous evidences by which his faith and that of the Church had been established—an incident in our Divine Redeemer's history, let me observe, in passing, which deserves deeper study and greater prominence than are ordinarily given to it—this great and significant event is thus mythicised away—the naturalist theories of a dream, of thunder and lightning, and of the falling upon Jesus of the early morning rays, reflected from a sheet of snow, being rejected. Dr. Strauss writes:

"We have here a mythus, the tendency of which is twofold: first, to exhibit in the life of Jesus an enhanced repetition of the glorification of Moses; and secondly, to bring Jesus as the Messiah into contact with his two forerunners, by this appearance of the lawgiver and the prophet, of the founder and the reformer of the theocracy, to represent Jesus as the perfecter of the kingdom of God, and the fulfilment of the law and the prophets; and besides this, to show a confirmation of his Messianic dignity by a heavenly voice." †

* Life of Jesus, translated from the fourth German Edit. (Chapman Brothers), vol. ii. 405, art ii. ch. ix. sect. 101.

† Vol. III. p. 21.

The development which Archbishop Whateley satirically anticipates is certainly no caricature of the naturalist theory, which, if less subtle and injurious, is, at least, more intelligible than the ideological—that Germanising naturalists, with their English followers, may hereafter give us the *unmiracled rationale* of Elijah's sacrifice in the hypothesis, that the prophet of Horeb had found out how to distil alcohol; or discovered a spring of naphtha, and anticipated the invention of lucifer matches, and thus produced the phenomena of Carmel before the deluded multitude of Israel.*

We now understand the Ideological or Mythical theory of Dr. David Friedrich Strauss and the Rev. Henry Bristow Wilson, B.D.; the latter a vicar in the Church of England, and, in days gone by, a Fellow, Tutor, Professor, Examiner, and Bampton Lecturer in the University of Oxford.

CHAPTER II.

In all this there is nothing new.

To Strauss belongs—shall I say the honour or the infamy?—of having consolidated and systematized this in modern days. But, in principle and in fragments, all the elements of Strauss's system are to be found in many who preceded him. And this not only in later days, as in the German school. This principle of allegorizing was applied to the poems of Homer and Hesiod. The seeds of it are found in the Cabbalists of the Jews. Foremost among those who gave the

* Bacon's Essays; with Annotations, p. 535.

system an impetus in the schools of Alexandria, was Philo the Jew. He lived a little before Christ; and presented in his own person an epitome of the eccleticisms which were characteristic of the philosophy of Alexandria. "He became a dialectician by reason of his training among the Greeks, and a mystic, of his intercourse with the Easterns."* His great principle was "that Moses was an anticipation of Plato." He introduced "partly a theology, partly a philosophy," but he laid the foundation for those who were to develop his theory afterwards. We must not now trace minutely the growth of this. It is done succinctly in Mr. Robins's volume, from the school of Alexandria, down through Clement, who "reckoned the philosophy of the Greeks to have fulfilled the same part to them as the Divine law had done to the Jews in preparing for Christ." Origen, of course, stands out conspicuously. He was born in the year 185 of the Christian era, and succeeded Clemens as the tutor of the Alexandrian school. It was said of him by Porphyry, the great opponent of Christianity, that "he deprived Scripture of all certain and exact meaning." His Platonizing was the prominent feature in his system. He dealt with the New Testament as Philo had dealt with the Old.

"Origen," writes Dean Trench, "is justly condemned, that, advancing a step beyond other allegorists, who slighted the facts of the Old Testament history for the sake of mystical meanings which they believed to lie behind them, he denied, concerning many events recorded there as historical, that they actually happened at all; rearing the superstructure of his mystical meaning, not on the establishment of the literal sense, but on its ruins. Every reverent student of the Word of God must feel that so he often lets

* Defence of the Faith, pp. 10, 11.

go a substance in snatching at a shadow, that shadow itself really eluding his grasp after all. He who in this sense assails the strong historic substructures of Scripture, may not know all which he is doing; but he is indeed doing his best to turn the glorious superstructure built on these, which, though resting on earth, pierces heaven, into a mere sky-pageant painted on the air, a cloud-palace waiting to be shifted and changed by every breath of the caprice of man, and at length fading and melting into the common air."*

To one point, however, I would particularly direct your attention. That while, as Professor Blunt† reminds us,

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* Commentary on the Epistle to the Seven Churches in Asia. By Richard Chevenix Trench, D.D. (Parker, Son, & Bourn), p. 220.

"Their canon," writes Dean Trench, "was ever this, which Gregory the Great uttered when he said (Hom. 40 in Evang.): 'Tunc namque allegoriæ fructus suaviter carpitur, cùm prius per historiam in veritatis radice solidatur;' and they abound in such earnest warnings as this of St. Augustine's: 'Ante omnia tamen, fratres, hoc in nomine Dei admonemus . . . ut quando auditis exponi Sacras Scripturas narrantes quæ gesta sunt, priùs quod lectum est credatis sic gestum, quomodo lectum est, ne subtracto fundamento rei gestæ, quasi in aëre quærentis ædificare.'"—*Notes on the Miracles*, p. 81, note.

† "If any one thing more than another can be predicated of the Primitive Church, it is that in the explanation of Scripture, and especially of the Old Testament, it was governed by a principle of figurative interpretation; but its figurative interpretation is for one object almost exclusively, viz., to show that the Scriptures from first to last, even in their most ordinary details, are filled with the subject of a Saviour. I shall have a better opportunity of pointing this out by examples at a future time, when I come to speak of the interpretation of Scripture, and of the cast given to it by a knowledge of the fathers. At present I will content myself with saying, that this allegorical mode of understanding Scripture and the facts recorded in Scripture, however indulged in by the fathers, and especially by the later fathers to excess, is certainly in itself of the very earliest date in the Christian Church. For, not to speak of the Epistle of Barnabas, written within forty years of our Saviour's death, which is full of it; the 'senior quidam,' to whom Irenæus refers from time to time, (not

the primitive church, from the very earliest ages, was prone to this error of figurative interpretation, yet until the time of Clemens and Origen, all these allegorizing and figurative interpretations of Scripture proceeded upon the assumption

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always, perhaps, the same person, but necessarily contemporary or all but contemporary with the apostles, indeed called on one occasi n 'senior apostolorum discipulus,') is clearly actuated by it; finding, a he does, in the extension of the arms of Jesus on the cross, an emblem of the purpose of God to gather unto Himself two people, the Jews and the Gentiles. So that the principle itself was no weakness in the fathers, no hallucination of theirs, but, however used by them or even abused, was, as I have said, unquestionably a prominent feature of the theology of the Primitive Church, to which they merely gave expression. The tendency to this peculiar character of exposition in the early Church was augmented, as it should seem, by the reluctance observed in the Jews, at least with the exception of those of Alexandria and of the Alexandrian school, to discover in Scripture any meaning beyond the literal; whereby they cut themselves off from much of the evidence it contained for a Saviour to come, and hardened themselves in unbelief; nay, often involved the law in positive contradictions; the language of it, when figuratively intended, not answering to a strictly literal sense; and was further augmented by a similar effect the same adherence to the literal sense was seen to produce on the Ebionites, for they too disparaged the Saviour; and by the manner in which it was perceived to pave the way for heretics in general to claim the authority of Scripture for doctrines the most extravagant; arguing, for example, as they did, against the resurrection of the body from the text, 'flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God;' and this not in a few instances, but in so many, that more heresies, it was said, might be referred to the process of expounding Scripture by the letter, than even to the lusts and passions of mankind. Strong, however, as the appetite of the fathers certainly was on all these accounts for figures, I do not think any instance can be produced from those before Origen of the literal meaning of a passage of Scripture being evaporated in the figurative. The Epistle of Barnabas, replete as it is with allegory, always betrays that its author regarded the incidents of the law, on which he founds his figures, as matters of fact. With Justin it is the same. He may have his theory, for instance, of the battle of the Israelites with Amalek, and of the esoteric meaning it conveyed; but

that there was no doubt about the facts. This is all-important. It was not until the days of Clemens and Origen that those fathers who interpreted Scripture in a strained and fanciful manner, threw the slightest doubt upon the

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he evidently believes that the battle was fought, and was attended by the circumstances recorded in Holy Writ. Or he may find a deeper sense than the apparent one in the milch kine conveying the cart which contained the ark to the house of Joshua; but he had no suspicion of the transaction itself being ideal. Theophilus reviews all the details of the Creation as recorded by Moses, and detects a mystical sense under almost every one of them; but he still regards the whole as a substantial history, and rebukes the Greeks for the fabulous nature of their cosmogony. Irenæus abounds in mystical applications of Scriptural incidents, but still he cannot justly be charged with resolving the fact into the figure. Take the history of Lot and his daughters, a history which he construes allegorically (or rather the presbyter does so, whose words he adopts); and still it will be discovered that he considers it as an actual event in that patriarch's life. And this, be it observed, belongs to a class of the most trying cases of all that I could have named; the offensive character of the act putting the commentator under a temptation to refine it into a parable. Still, I say, the transaction is quoted as a real occurrence. It is expressly branded as a sin; and we are invited to give God thanks for having provided a pardon for such sins of the patriarchs by the advent of our Lord. Tertullian has his allegories, but not to the annihilation of the facts they grow out of. The wise men, when they offered Jesus gold and frankincense and myrrh, intimated that the curious arts of magic were all to be surrendered now that the infant Saviour had appeared; and the command given them to return from Bethlehem by another way, was expressive of the better course in which they were to walk for the time to come; but the journey of the wise men is considered to be a fact, for it is argued on as such in the selfsame passage.

"It is not till we come to Clemens Alexandrinus that we have any misgivings whatever on the subject before us; or that our suspicions are awakened of the real being sunk in the allegorical. Alexandria, indeed, was the very focus of the figurative exposition of Scripture; under the influence of Philo the Alexandrian Jew, to whom Clemens refers, and from whom he largely borrows; and of Aristobulus, a commentator on the books of Moses, of a still earlier date, he also of

facts. They took the facts as their basis. They did not fritter them away by their allegories and myths, but assuming their real and literal truth—not evaporating the miraculous element—they put upon them figurative interpretations. So that the difference between this school of interpreters in the early Church and the modern school is this: that in the one case—the modern school—the facts are got rid of; in the other case, the facts are retained as historical truth.

It is curious that there has sprung up, even among the Hindoos of our day, a school of Rationalists. So that to the fables and superstitions of the Hindooism the principles of Rationalism are applied. Thus it was, in days long gone by, in reference to the system of Mahomet.

"It was a necessary consequence of the increase of knowledge among the Saracens, that the absurdities of the superstition which their illiterate prophet had established were perceived; and it became necessary, in order to defend

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Alexandria. That Clemens finds mysteries in the incidents both of the Old Testament and of the New, in great abundance and in very trivial matters, and refines on them to excess, is certain; but whether he ever actually loses sight of the letter in the spirit, may still be doubted, though it perhaps may be allowed that he does so write as to pave the way for Origen, who succeeded him in the same school, and who also was a great admirer of Philo, to do so in some instances; and he is the first of the fathers of whom it can be said that he refines the fact away in the allegory; and even of him it can only be said under great restriction. Origen's general notions upon this question seem to be most fairly represented in his treatise against Celsus, the soberest of his works, viz., that we are to consider the narrative of Scripture as having an obvious sense, but that we are not to rest in the obvious; nor in interpreting the law are we to begin and end with the letter; and that in like manner, in contemplating the incidents related of Jesus, we shall not arrive at the spectacle of the truth in full unless we are guided by the same rule."—*On the Right Use of the Early Fathers.* By Rev. J. J. Blunt, B.D. (John Murray), pp. 211—215.

it against the reasonings and the ridicule of Christians, Jews, and philosophers, to give such an explanation of the Koran as might make it appear not wholly inconsistent with reason and common sense. Hence arose a variety of forced interpretations of the law, each of which had its advocates, and became the foundation of a distinct sect. Soon after the time when philosophy began to be studied among the Saracens, the followers of Mahomet were divided into six sects, and these were afterwards subdivided into seventy-three. The rise of these sects was unquestionably owing to the advancement of knowledge. When philosophy had so far prevailed over superstition, that the more enlightened professors of the Mahometan religion began to be themselves sensible of its absurdities, they endeavoured to conceal them under the veil of figurative interpretation. In order to accommodate the established system, which was guarded by the sanction of penal laws to their philosophical conceptions, they blended the abstract speculations of the schools with the gross and vulgar conceptions of the Koran. They made use of the subtleties of the Aristotelian philosophy, in the defective state in which it had come into their hands, to assist them in improving upon the literal meaning of their sacred books, and thus gave a new, and for the most part a metaphysical, turn to the religion and law of Mahomet. One of their own writers confesses this to have been the origin of their religious sects. 'At the beginning of Mahometanism,' says Al-Gazel, 'the art of reasoning upon religious subjects was unknown; but afterwards, when sects began to arise, and ancient articles of belief to be called in question, it was found necessary to make use of the aid of logic in defending the truth against the bold attacks of innovators.'

"To this new kind of philosophical theology the Arabians gave the distinct name of Al-Calam, the Wisdom of Words,

or the Science of Reason, and those who professed it were called Rationalists. Maimonides, who himself long resided among the Arabians, and accurately examined into the history of their sects, asserts that these rational theologians, among the Mahometans, were chiefly indebted for the weapons with which they defended Islamism against philosophy, to the Greek philosophers themselves, and that they borrowed this method of defence from the Christians, to establish the articles of their faith by reconciling them with the dogmas of philosophy. This rational Islamism was first reduced into a systematic form by Almawakif, an Arabian, who called his system the science by means of which any one might be qualified to resolve doubts concerning religion, and to maintain the truth of its doctrines against innovators. Philosophy was, in this sect, forced into the service of superstition; whence it happened, as might naturally be expected, that these Rationalists employed the distinctions and subtleties of the Aristotelian school, not for the discovery of truth, but for the purpose of concealing the real dogmas of the Koran, which could not have been fairly explained without manifest detriment to the cause of Islamism." *

Our limits will not allow, nor does our subject imperatively demand, that we trace this down through later days. In a well-known and very accessible work—his "Notes on the Miracles," Dean Trench gives a historical and discriminating sketch of the history of all these assaults upon this supernatural element in the inspired narratives. The various and successive schools are traced out; the distinction, for example, between Woolston and Strauss; showing us that while Woolston regarded the "miracles

* The History of Philosophy, &c. &c. &c. By William Enfield, LL.D., MDCCXCI. Vol. II., book V., ch. i., pp. 234—236.

as the conscious clothing of spiritual truth, allegories devised artificially, and, so to speak, in cold blood, for the setting forth of the truths of Christ's kingdom," "Strauss," as you have seen to-night, "gives them a freer birth, and a somewhat nobler origin. They are a halo of glory with which the infant church gradually, and without any purpose of deceit, clothed its Founder and Head. His mighty personality, of which it was livingly conscious, caused it ever to surround Him with new attributes of glory."*

On this part of our subject, enough and more than enough has been said. We can only marvel that men should have sat down, coolly presuming upon the popular ignorance, to propound again a theory which has been long exploded.

In Germany, the theory of Strauss has been abandoned by biblical critics. His "Life of Jesus" has no influence. The cast-off clothes are brought to England; we have an attempt made by men of scholarship, learning, and position, to undermine our faith in these narratives, upon the very principles which have been refuted and put aside as untenable by the learned men of that country in which a while ago they were revised and systematized. Germany has weighed Strauss in the balance, and found him wanting. We have no doubt that, in England, Mr. Wilson and Dr. Williams will share his fate.

CHAPTER III.

We advance to the work of refutation. How are these errors to be met? Dean Ellicott says truly—"It is to these great questions connected with the life of our Redeemer

* Second Edit., pp. 84-5.

Jesus Christ, that all the controversies of these later days are tending and converging. The inspiration of Scripture, the efficacy of the Atonement—questions of immeasurable importance—must yet be postponed to the inquiry,—'ARE THE FACTS OF THE GOSPEL NARRATIVES TRUE?' If not, the whole question must be surrendered. In vain shall we argue about inspiration or the Atonement."*

If I had lived in the days of Jesus of Nazareth, should I have seen with my own eyes, and heard with my own ears, those things which are recorded as historical narratives by Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John? Should I have witnessed real miracles? Dr. Strauss, Professor Powell, and Mr. Wilson answer, "No!"

Let it not be urged that the question is comparatively unimportant. Let it not be said, "Well, but, after all, the superstructure of doctrine and morality will stand, even when we have mythicised the miraculous element in the facts." You may say, "The facts are comparatively unimportant if only we deduce and retain the embodied truths." Such reasoning is, to the last degree, shallow. Robert Hall, in one of his noblest sermons, a sermon of which our heavy national bereavement has reminded us, observes:—"When the Almighty was pleased to introduce, by the advent of the Messiah, a more perfect and permanent economy of religion, He founded it entirely on facts, attested by the most unexceptionable evidence, and the most splendid miracles. The apostles were *witnesses*, who, by the signs and wonders they wrought, made that appeal to the senses of men, which had been previously made to their own; and the doctrines which they taught in their writings were little more than natural consequences resulting from the undoubted truth of their testimony. If they wish to incul-

* Hulsean Lectures for 1859.—Historical Lectures on the Life of our Lord Jesus Christ, Lect I., pp. 4, 8.

cate the doctrine of a resurrection and future judgment, they deem it sufficient to appeal to the fact of Christ's resurrection and session at the right hand of God; they present no evidence of a future state, except what ultimately terminates in the person of the Saviour as the first-begotten from the dead, and most anxiously warn us against resting our hope of salvation on any other basis than that of a sensible sacrifice, *the offering of the body of Christ once for all.* Thus, whatever is sublime and consolatory in the Christian religion originates in facts and events which appealed to the senses, and passed in this visible theatre, though their ultimate result is commensurate with eternity. In order to rescue us from the idolatry of the creature and the dominion of the senses, He who is intimately acquainted with our frame makes use of sensible appearances, and causes His Son to become flesh, and to pitch His tent amongst us, that, by faith in His crucified humanity, we may ascend, as by a mystic ladder, to the abode of the Eternal." * Yes, the facts are the foundation of the whole. Bishop Butler takes the same ground.

We say then to the Ideologist—and he must not evade a direct answer—"Do you believe the reality of one single fact in the narratives of the four Gospels which involves a miracle?" Any one single fact. For remember, that if he concedes that one single fact is miraculous, he has conceded the very principle for which we are contending. Henceforth it is only a question of degree.† The moment one miracle is conceded, any number of miracles becomes possible.

"Is it," we ask an Ideologist, "immaterial whether we take the facts, or whether we take the doctrines of the

* Robert Hall's Works. Funeral Sermon for the Princess Charlotte of Wales. Vol. V., p. 6 (Bohn's Edition, 12mo).

† Mansel's Bampton Lectures. First 8vo Edit., p. 252.

truths only, and relegate the facts into the region of myth and legend?" On what does Christianity stand? Christianity stands upon the alleged fact of the incarnation of the Son of God. *Is this a fact, or is it not?* Christianity stands—let me speak with the deepest reverence—upon the inscrutable and holy mystery of the miraculous conception of the Holy Child Jesus in the womb of the Virgin Mary. *Is this a fact, or is it not?* If a fact, it is a miraculous fact and one of the most stupendous of miracles.

Again, the truth of Christianity is staked upon the fact of the Resurrection of the Lord Jesus Christ. The Church but follows the example of the apostles; for the apostles went forth and testified everywhere Jesus and the Resurrection. Why the Resurrection? Because the whole question turns upon the truth or falsehood of that allegation, that the man Christ Jesus on the third day rose again from the dead. And is the Ascension—given up, as we have seen, on the ideological theory—is the Ascension a fact, or is it merely the embodiment of an idea, and the clothing in drapery of some spiritual conception of the Church? Let us test, by the Ascension, the specious but shallow sophistry, that so long as we retain the ideas and the doctrines and the moral truths, the facts are of no consequence. Let us look deeply into the Gospel scheme. That scheme rests upon the supposition that the Son of God really became man. The whole scheme of man's restoration—devised in eternity, and carried out "in the fulness of time," in the history of the Lord Jesus Christ, in His work and sufferings and death, His resurrection and ascension—rests upon the fulfilment of the prophetic declaration, the realization of the spiritual significancy, of the 8th Psalm, as explained to us in the 2nd chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews. To a thoughtless and superficial reader the 8th Psalm has no other meaning than this only —that man, in the person of the first Adam, was set over the works of God's hands; that man was God's vicegerent

over the inanimate and the irrational creation. This is true, and this the Psalm declares. But mark the depth of its full significancy in the explanation given. Man not simply set over the rational creation, in the first Adam, but over "the world to come, whereof we speak," in the person of the second Adam, the Lord from heaven. And what is "the world to come, whereof we speak"? The "world to come" in that passage is clearly the Gospel dispensation — the Gospel kingdom. The whole process of our restoration turns upon this—that the Son of God became the second Adam, the mystic head of His believing people. And, as Paul writes to the Roman and Corinthian saints, Adam was "the figure of him that was to come;" and "as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive." How sublimely does he put this to the Ephesians—"And hath raised us up together, and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus"! If the Incarnation is not a fact, but an idea—if the Resurrection of Jesus Christ and His Ascension are not facts, but ideas only—with the facts the doctrines, and with the doctrines the hopes, vanish.

Truly has it been said, in words quoted by Neander—"The man who does not hold Christ's earthly life, with all its miracles, to be as properly and really historical as any event in the sphere of history, and who does not receive all points of the Apostolic Creed with the fullest conviction, I do not conceive to be a Protestant Christian."

The writer adds—"And as for that Christianity, which is such, according to the fashion of modern philosophers and Pantheists, without a personal God, without an individuality of man, without historical faith, it may be a very ingenious and subtle *philosophy*, but it is no Christianity at all." *

* Niebuhr—Neander's Life of Christ. Preface to 3rd edition, p. xx. Bohn' edition).

And by Professor Lee—"Leave out of sight the miraculous aspect of Christianity, and Scripture becomes what Kant and the rationalists of his school endeavoured to prove it to be—a series of moral allegories, a kind of popular commentary on the law of duty. Christ, miracles apart, is but an ideal vision which floats before the eye of conscience; and the Resurrection being taken away, there remains but a gospel of pure reason, an abstract Jesus without a birthplace and without a sepulchre."*

Upon another, but a weighty, consideration, Mr. Birks argues—"Unreal history is too sandy a foundation, on which to rear, with the least hope of success, a temple of pure and everlasting truth. Sincere and honest narratives, though slightly discordant, or imperfect in a few minor details, might certainly be the means of conveying to us Divine messages of the highest worth and authority. But it is incredible that histories which would be condemned in all other cases as dishonest or worthless, legendary and deceptive in their broad outlines, should be the stem upon which are found to grow the blossoms and richest fruitage of heavenly wisdom. Men do not gather grapes of thorns, nor figs of thistles. A pure morality and theology can never be the fruit of dishonest and deceptive history. Once let the conviction spread that whole books of the Bible, and main portions of its narratives, are gross, strange, and monstrous distortions of the real facts, or else mere legends containing no real facts whatever, and Christianity will have received a fatal death-wound in the minds of educated and thoughtful men."†

We urge further, that the external evidence for the truth—the authenticity and the genuineness—of these books

* Lee on Miracles, p. 4.

† The Bible and Modern Thought. By Rev. T. R. Birks, M.A. (Religious Tract Society). pp. 82-3.

carries us back so far as that it is utterly impossible that these alleged facts should have been foisted upon the Church. Examine into this branch of the evidence, and you cannot find, if I may so say, the corner or the loophole, at which it can be alleged, with a shadow of probability, that at such a period these legendary narratives were foisted upon the Church, as if of facts which had really happened.*

Again. Not a few astounding statements have been put forward. But that of Professor Powell, not in his Essay, but in his "Order of Nature," is perhaps the most startling.

We maintain that we have subsequent references to these

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* "Each of these—the naturalistic and the mythical theory—promised well at first, but each was soon found to labour under insuperable difficulties. Common sense revolted at last, even in the studies of German professors, against the clumsily elaborate explanations by which miracles were converted into natural events. A fresh hypothesis had to be made for each occurrence, and it was at last perceived that such a multitude of strange natural phenomena crowded into the narrative of a few years, and gratuitously assumed for the mere purpose of evading the obvious meaning of the story, were really far more improbable than miracles themselves. On the other hand, the external evidence carried back the date of the sacred writings to an age when the true history of Jesus was so recent as to make it incredible that it should have been wholly smothered then by legends of a mere romantic character; while the gravity, consistency, and perfect quietness of the style of those writings themselves, made the attempt to turn them into mythical legends, a task everywhere difficult in detail, and in some cases even ludicrously hopeless. Thence, to account for the historical phenomena of Christianity is still really an unsolved problem among German unbelievers. The plain direct account—that Jesus was the Son of God; that He died, and rose again, and sent His Holy Spirit to plant His Church in the world—is set aside by an *à priori* presumption against all miracles. But the historical evidence, the books themselves, still remains a 'stone of stumbling, and rock of offence,' against which hypothesis after hypothesis is dashed to pieces."*

* Aids to Faith, Bishop Fitzgerald's Essay (II.), pp. 57, 58.

narratives as to narratives of fact in the writings of the apostles. Look through the Epistles. Can you doubt that St. Paul and St. Peter regarded these facts *as facts?*—as real, not ideal? Yet writes Professor Powell—I am indebted to Dr. Heurtley for these quotations: *—

"If we turn to the New Testament, and acknowledge in its later writings, especially those of St. Paul, the fullest development of apostolic Christianity, we there find, in a very remarkable manner, that no reference is made to any of the Gospel miracles, except only those specially connected with the personal office and nature of Christ; *and even these are never insisted on in their physical details, but solely in their spiritual and doctrinal application.*

"Thus the resurrection of Christ is emphatically dwelt upon, *not in its physical letter*, but in its doctrinal spirit; *not as a physiological phenomenon*, but as the corner-stone of Christian faith and hope, the type of spiritual life here, and the assurance of eternal life hereafter. . . . . .

"So in like manner the transcendent mysteries of the incarnation and ascension *are never alluded to at all by the apostles in a historical or material sense*, but only as they are involved in points of spiritual doctrine, and as objects of faith. . . . . .

"And in this *spiritualised sense* has the Christian Church in all ages acknowledged these Divine mysteries and miracles, *not of sight, but of faith:* not expounded by science, but delivered in traditional formularies, celebrated in festivals and solemnities by sacred rites and symbols, embodied in the creations of art, and proclaimed by choral harmonies; through all which the spirit of faith adores the great mystery of godliness,—manifested in the flesh, justi-

* Replies, &c., pp. 179-1. Order of Nature, pp. 458-460.

fied in the Spirit, seen of angels, preached unto the Gentiles, believed on in the world, received up into glory." *

Remember now the 15th chapter of the 1st Epistle to the Corinthians, a chapter associated in the heart and memory of every one of us with the tenderest recollections, as the

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* Professor Powell has previously laid down his principles of investigation:—"We have adverted to the kind of examination we should make of a marvellous event occurring before our eyes. The same critical scrutiny could not be applied to a marvellous event recorded in history. But in general, if such an event be narrated, especially as occurring in remote times, it would still become a fair object of the critical historian to endeavour to obtain, if possible, some rational clue to the interpretation of the alleged wonderful narrative. And in this point of view, it is sometimes possible, that under the supernatural language of a rude age, we may find some real natural phenomenon truly described according to the existing state of knowledge.

"But marvels and prodigies, as such, are beyond the province of critical history and scientific knowledge; they can only be brought within it when, either certainly or probably, brought within the domain of nature. It is almost needless to add, in reference to any such historical narrative, that it is of course presumed, as preliminary to all philosophical speculation, that we have carefully scrutinized the whole question of testimony and documentary authenticity, on purely archæological and critical grounds. But in other cases, where such marvels may seem still more to militate against all historical probability, and where attempts at explanation seem irrational, we may be led to prefer the supposition *that the narrative itself was of a designedly fictitious or poetical nature.* And this alternative opens a wide and material field of inquiry, which can only be adequately entered upon by those who unite in an eminent degree the spirit of philosophic investigation with accurate critical, philological, and literary attainments; and which embraces the entire question of the origin and propagation of those various forms of popular *fiction* which are, and have been in all ages, so largely the expression of religious ideas, and often convey, under a poetical or dramatised form, the exposition of an important moral or religious doctrine, and exemplify the remark, that parable and myth often include more truth than history."—Replies, &c., p. 161, note.

chapter which most of us have heard read at the grave-side of our dead. Does any man who recollects—and is there one in this Hall who does not recollect?—the opening of that chapter, dare to say that St. Paul does not allude to the resurrection of Christ as a historical fact? Is this a myth—"For I delivered unto you first of all that which I also received, how that Christ died for our sins according to the scriptures; and that he was buried, and that he rose again the third day according to the scriptures"?

Remember, too, as even Bolingbroke said, there is this difference—and a very important point it is—between the miracles of Scripture (for it is with the miraculous element that we have to do—this is the stumbling-block) and the miracles (say) of Livy. You may cut out all Livy's portents and prodigies, and you leave the narrative unshaken. The history proceeds as well without them. They are not interwoven with it. You have not destroyed the coherence or credibility of the historical narrative, because you have expurgated the prodigies. You cannot do this with the Evangelists. Take away the miracles, and the histories are gone. They are so interwoven, that they stand or fall together.

"We have not," says St. Peter, "followed cunningly devised fables." I say nothing of the testimony to *Prophecy* which succeeds, and which seems to annihilate Dr. Rowland Williams' theory to any one who believes in the canonical 2nd Epistle of St. Peter. But I point you to the remarkable expression—"cunningly devised *fables*." We are struck by the fact that the apostle Peter was directed by the Holy Spirit in that passage to use the very Greek word which signifies "*a myth*." So that if our translators had not chosen the more intelligible word "fables," the literal translation of that passage would have been—"We have not followed cunningly devised myths."

The Spirit of God, foreseeing all the heresies that would arise, as the stream of time flowed on, provided for us in the Word of God a refutation against this very error.

The Apostle goes on to refer us as to a fact—notwithstanding Professor Powell, and notwithstanding Dr. Strauss's mythical exposition—to the Transfiguration. And if we ask, as we may have done, "What was the direct and primary object of that wonderful incident in our Lord's history?" the answer is, that it was to serve as one of the links in the chain of evidence to the minds of the apostles. In fact, one of the great objects for which our Lord was transfigured was, that they might be convinced that they had "not followed cunningly devised myths."

And we feel surely that no such thought or theory presents itself as we read the Gospels simply and without prejudice or theory. It never occurs to us that we are reading anything but a simple history.

Rowland Hill, in his well-known "Village Dialogues," has a passage or two which may serve us in this controversy,—although, by-the-bye, our Ideologists seem to go further than the advocates of the Socinianism which Rowland Hill unmasked. Certainly there are modern Unitarians who repudiate the mythical theories of Dr. Strauss and Mr. Wilson, and believe in the literal verity of the Gospel facts, inclusive of their miraculous element.

In my own study, a Unitarian minister has said to me—"I believe that if I had lived in the days in which these things are alleged to have taken place, I should have seen the miracles with my eyes." In quoting Rowland Hill, it is but justice to say this. In his 17th Dialogue, he makes Mr. Wisehead, the champion of the Socinians, say that "the proper and most rational meaning" of the temptation of Christ is, "that He was fighting with some good and bad thoughts which alternately possessed him; but such were

the Eastern figures and Oriental metaphors then in use."* Mr. Considerate replies:—

"When, therefore, we hear how Jesus was tempted of the Devil in the wilderness, it was (for we always talk very *rational* in our way) only an *allusion* to a *fictitious being!* and the proper and most *rational* meaning is, that he was fighting with some good and bad thoughts which alternately possessed him; but such were the *Eastern metaphors* and *Oriental figures* then in use.

"Then, Sir, might it not have sounded still more *rational*, had you made it out that he was fighting with two Eastern metaphors, or Oriental figures? that when the angel spoke to Zacharias about the birth of John, the forerunner of our Lord, he should not have said, 'I am Gabriel,' but, 'I am an Oriental figure?' and that it was nothing but an Oriental figure that spoke to Mary on the same subject? and that Eastern metaphors, or Oriental figures, appeared unto the shepherds, and sang 'Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will towards men?' and then, again, that our Lord had another meeting of these Eastern metaphors and Oriental figures in the Mount of Transfiguration? That an Eastern metaphor opened the prison in which Peter was confined, and that an Oriental figure knocked off his fetters? that Paul was converted at the sight of these Eastern metaphors? that Stephen saw somewhat of the like sort when he was stoned? and that an Eastern metaphor stood by Paul when near shipwrecked? And if these be not enough, I could give you some further lucubrations on your *rational* way of explaining these Eastern metaphors."

I will not quote his notes from the same page, because, carried away by his well-known failing, he is chargeable with a levity and a coarseness unbecoming the sacred subjects which he handles.

Once more, upon the theory of the Ideologists, the Bible becomes comparatively useless to the common people. Mr. Wilson says that Strauss has carried the principle to excess. We have seen that Mr. Wilson has

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* Village Dialogues, Dialogue XVII. Tegg's Edit., 1855, pp. 194-7.

carried it tolerably far. Now, when a common, plain man takes his Bible into his hand, he wants a Dr. Strauss, or a Mr. Wilson, or a Dr. Williams at his elbow as its interpreter. As Lord Shaftesbury put it, in one of his Bible Society speeches, "We fall under a vast professorial tyranny." We know not what to believe—what is myth, what legend, what reality and simple history. Of what use is the Bible to the common people, if this theory of interpretation is to prevail? Our Creeds too—the old Creeds of the Church Catholic—must be remodelled. The second paragraph of the Apostolic and Nicene Creeds must be pared down to this—that Jesus of Nazareth was born a man, and put to death under Pontius Pilate. The miraculous conception—the descent into hell—the ascension—the resurrection—the judgment to come, are myths, the drapery of ideas. An infinitesimal residuum is all that remains to the Church of her faith in God the Son.

And now a few closing words.

In reference to this volume and its authors, a plausible fallacy is urged, which has great weight with many—specially among our ingenuous and warm-hearted young men. Dust is thrown into our eyes. The cuckoo-cry is raised, "Freedom of thought!" A big, high-sounding, word. The suggestion is, that we clergy are intellectual owls; that we hate the light; and are scared, and hoot and scream, when a bold thinker in religion molests our ancient reign. The clergy forsooth! when were they friends of progress and freedom? Their policy is to keep up the power of the priesthood over the laity, and by no means to let people think too much for themselves. The schoolmaster is going too fast for them. They want to put the drag upon the wheel of intellectual progress. What! cast these men out of the Church? Is not the National Church to be comprehensive? Ought it not to include all these various phases

of thought? Are we to narrow it to the dimensions of one particular sect? Such is the language held.

Clearly, and without controversy, the most momentous question is, "Are these opinions true, or are they false?" Yet, as a clergyman of the Church of England, I affirm that there is a prior question. It is not true that the Church of England —the National Church of this country—shuts my mouth tyrannically upon these points. I was perfectly free to enter the ministry of the Church of England, or not to enter it. I am perfectly free to-night to leave it. Originally I was called upon, in the exercise of the utmost liberty, as before God, and God alone, to entertain these questions. I was free to consider for myself—and I was bound to consider—before I declared my assent and consent to the doctrines of that Church, whether I could subscribe to these things or no. We maintain, therefore, that you are not shutting the mouths of the clergy when you come in even with the strong hand of authority and say, "Gentlemen, there is a wide latitude in the Church of England; but the latitude is not so lax as to allow you to hold, defend, and propagate principles which are diametrically opposed to her Creeds, Formularies, and Articles." These questions are no longer open questions to me, except upon one condition, that if I choose to re-open them, I leave the Church of England. Doubts may arise, difficulties present themselves, long after ordination. But, at least, while these doubts and perplexities are agitating my mind, it becomes me to study, and meditate, and pray alone, and not to scatter my half-developed doubts and difficulties broadcast through the Church to unsettle unstable minds. If I know anything of my own heart and conscience, my view of what is right and wrong, had I doubts upon the Atonement to-morrow, at whatever inconvenience or loss, I never would touch upon the subject of the Atonement in the pulpit until those

doubts were resolved. I have no right in my *status* as the Church's minister, to scatter "firebrands, arrows, and death," among thoughtful and ingenuous, but, perhaps, unenlightened and wavering, minds.

The very gravest responsibility rests upon the Essayists in this respect. And one of the greatest mischiefs that this terrible volume will leave behind is this—the shock given to the public conscience in questions of religious truth. The Bishop of Oxford, in words of truth and power, has said, that "if such matters are admitted by us to be open questions amongst men who are under such obligations, we shall leave to the next generation the fatal legacy of an universal scepticism, amidst an undistinguishable confusion of all possible landmarks between truth and falsehood."*

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* Preface to Replies, &c., p. ix.

"There is a 'previous question' to be settled before the writers of such a volume (supposing it still to mean what it is generally interpreted to mean) can challenge or deserve a confutation. Any such confutation, if matters stopped there, would not at all affect the main issues involved in the present controversy; nay, the more clear and palpable to the apprehension of people in general that confutation might be, the more flagrant would it make the evil appear, since it would but expose without correcting it. Confutation alone, supposing the errors truly imputed, would afford no remedy. Men, it seems, might still openly proclaim opinions at war with their most solemn declarations and subscriptions, and yet retain their position and emoluments, though the entire community not only saw their *inconsistencies*, but their *errors!* In the estimate of many, therefore, there is a question of quite as much importance as the truth or falsity of the opinions propounded,—namely, whether the book be rightly interpreted, and the authors mean what they seem to mean. If they do, then to argue with *them* is absurd, and out of place. We say the question is of *as much* importance; in some respects it is of more; for though it is impossible for any one who believes in the New Testament to overrate the magnitude of the question as to whether it is or is not a Divine revelation,—whether its supernatural history be fact or fable,—whether its doctrines be inspired truth or the dreams of men's

Our subject is eminently a practical one. Upon the affirmative or the negative which we give to this proposition, hang issues which continually meet us. Before me are many hundred young men and young women who, next Sunday morning, notwithstanding all their toil and drudgery during the week; notwithstanding, in many cases, all the attractions, the ease, and the comfort of their happy homes; will be wending their way, in their Master's spirit, to

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fancies,—yet it is equally true, that men cannot be Christians at all unless they be honest men; that it is a fundamental condition of all human society, that people should be truthful in their avowals and upright in their conduct; and that they should not swear one thing with their lips, and at the very same time deny it all under their own hands. The 'previous question' is therefore to us of much more weight than it seems to many,—namely, whether the authors of 'Essays and Reviews' (supposing them to mean what they are alleged to mean) deserve any other answer than that, while they continue in their present position, they cannot be heard; that though the arguments they have stolen from more consistent men have deserved, have received, and will receive answers, such answers are not vouchsafed to *them*. Men might say with justice, 'If we must enter upon the controversies raised by these writers, we shall choose to do so with those whose position admits of a fair fight, with whom one may descend to the arena without staining one's sword; with those who, like many consistent deists of our day, have done justice to their convictions, by refusing to administer a system their hearts had abjured; with men with whom the state of the question between us is clear, and leads to clear issues; who are not obliged, from the consciousness of an equivocal position, to resort to sophistical mystifications. We had rather fight the battle of infidelity with those who openly abet it than with those who attack us in Christian uniform. The 'previous question' is the only one we can condescend to argue with such men,—namely, whether this book really means what is charged upon it; whether, for example, its authors really mean to deny the truth and reality of all miracles, and among them the greatest, the Resurrection of Christ. If they do, then, by their very position, they deserve no other answer than that they answer themselves; that, whoever be in the right, they must certainly be in the wrong, because they speak with a double tongue, and solemnly swear

the Sunday school. When you take your seats as teachers upon the school-bench, and gather the lambs of Christ's flock around you—with the Gospel narratives in your hands, the question will arise—"Am I going to teach these children facts, or myths and allegories and fables? As an honest man, I am bound to teach them according to my belief. The 'verifying faculty' will hardly be sufficiently developed in a Sunday-school child of eight or ten years of

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they believe what themselves declare they believe not."—*North British Review*, August, 1861, pp. 179, 180.

Mr. Sanderson Robins has some remarks to the same effect. (*A Defence of the Faith*, chap. viii. p. 204.)

"But clergymen have assumed another obligation, separate and distinct; and they are not at liberty to deal with cases which the Church has ruled, as if they were open questions. It is a limitation of freedom to which they voluntarily submitted, and by which they must consent to be bound, unless they liberate themselves by equivocation, by playing fast and loose with words, which, if it prevailed to any considerable extent, would make the maintenance of a national religion impossible to a truth-loving people like our own. It it hard to understand why the Church, or indeed any distinct society, ecclesiastical or political, could subsist, unless it were to take security, in some form or other, that those whom it sets in charge, and accredits with its authority, should maintain the principles in the preservation of which its very existence is involved."

The closing section of Strauss's "Life of Jesus," will repay perusal —"Relation of the Critical and Speculative Theology to the Church." He discusses the (admitted) "difficulty with which the critical and speculative views are burthened, with reference to the relation of the clergyman to the Church." The alternatives are—"In this difficulty the theologian may find himself driven, either directly to state his opinions and attempt to elevate the people to his ideas; or, since this attempt must necessarily fail, *carefully to adapt himself to the conception of the community*; or, lastly, *since even on this plan he may easily betray himself*, in the end to leave the ministerial profession."

May God preserve the ministry of His truth in this land from such casuistry! It is a consolation to feel assured that such jesuitical double-dealing is repugnant to English sense and honesty.

age. I am bound, therefore, to teach them to discriminate between what is an historical fact and an idea, between the drapery and the reality."

And the question comes home also to every father and to every mother, accustomed to take their little ones upon their knees, or to gather their elder ones around them, day by day, to teach them, like Timothy of old, to know the Scriptures from their earliest years. The mother and the father, if they be Ideologists, must ask themselves—"What am I to teach my child? What is this 'sweet story of old'? Is it, after all, nothing but a string of religious Æsop's fables? or is it the history of the redemption of the world, founded upon real facts—the facts of the history and the life of the Lord Jesus Christ?"

Not only does our subject touch us at these points. It strikes at the very heart of the first and simplest of the Creeds—that Creed in reference to which there will be no difference upon this platform. There may be those in this hall who do not repeat that Creed, as we churchmen do every Sunday, in their service. But I believe there is no one in this hall who will not subscribe to the truth of the facts which that Creed embodies. In as far as the Creed has reference to the person and history of the Lord Jesus Christ, you have only those two facts left you, to which I have already adverted;—namely, that He did live upon earth as a man, and that He was put to death upon the cross.

My dear Friends, I trust that you and I are prepared, *ex animo*, with full assent and consent, heartily and honestly and cordially, to say, to-night, not only that we believe in God the Father Almighty who made us, and made the world, but also to go on and say—"And I believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, the only Son of God"—and that we can continue that Creed—every article of it, not as repeating myths, but as recounting facts.

For myself, I bless God that, with as simple a faith and as hearty an assent, and with as unfaltering an utterance, as on the day when, as a youthful deacon, I first was privileged to minister in the Church's communion, I can this night declare, with those to whom I have been speaking, "I BELIEVE," not only "IN GOD THE FATHER ALMIGHTY, MAKER OF HEAVEN AND EARTH," but also "IN JESUS CHRIST, HIS ONLY SON OUR LORD, WHO WAS,"—not in myth, but in fact,—"CONCEIVED BY THE HOLY GHOST, BORN,"—not in myth, but in fact,—"OF THE VIRGIN MARY, SUFFERED,"—as even Ideologists concede, — "UNDER PONTIUS PILATE — WAS CRUCIFIED, DEAD, AND BURIED," as they too allow. "HE DESCENDED,"—not in myth, but in fact,—"INTO HELL." "THE THIRD DAY HE ROSE AGAIN,"—not in myth, but in fact,—"FROM THE DEAD." "HE ASCENDED"—not in myth, but in fact,—"INTO HEAVEN." "AND,"—not in myth, but in fact,—"SITTETH AT THE RIGHT HAND OF GOD THE FATHER ALMIGHTY; FROM WHENCE HE SHALL COME TO JUDGE THE QUICK AND THE DEAD."

Macaulay.

A LECTURE

BY

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MACAULAY.

I AM in difficulties to-night. There are three pictures vivid to my mental eye, which will haply illustrate those difficulties better than any long array of words. The first is that of a gleaner, by the dim light of the moon, searching painfully among the unwealthy stubble, in a harvest-field from which the corn has been reaped, and from which the reapers have withdrawn. I am that gleaner. About the great man who is my subject to-night, there has been as much said as would suffice for a long course of lectures, and as much written as would almost furnish a library. Where is the tongue which has not been loosened to utter his eulogy? Where is the pen which has not been swift in his praise? I have, therefore, to deal with matters which are already treasured as national property. If I am to furnish for you any but thin and blasted ears, I must of necessity enrich myself from the full sheaves of others. The second picture is that of an unfortunate individual, who has to write an art-criticism upon a celebrated picture, but who finds himself, with a small physique and with a horror of crowds, jammed hopelessly into the front rank of the spectators at the Academy, with the sun dazzling his eyes, and so near to the picture that he sees little upon the canvass but a vague and shapeless outline of colour. I am that unhappy critic, dazzled as I look upon my subject—and both

you and I are too near for perfect vision. Macaulay, as everyone knows, was through life identified with a political party. Even his literary efforts were prompted by political impulses, and tinged necessarily with political hues. It would seem, therefore, that to be accurately judged he must be looked at through the haze of years, when the strife of passion has subsided, and prepossession and prejudice have alike faded in the lapse of time. The third picture is that of a son, keenly affectionate, but of high integrity, clinging with almost reverent fondness to the memory of a father, but who has become conscious of one detraction from that father's excellence, which he may not conscientiously conceal. I am that mourning son. There are few of you who hold that marvellous Englishman more dear, or who are more jealous for the renown which, on his human side, he merits, and which has made his name a word of pride wherever Angle-Saxons talk in their grand, free, mother-tongue. If this world were all, I could admire and worship with the best of you, and no warning accompaniment should mingle with the music of the praise; but I should be recreant to the duty which I owe to those who listen to me, and traitorous to my higher stewardship as a minister of Christ, if I forbore to warn you, that without godliness in the heart and in the life, the most brilliant career has missed of its allotted purpose, and there comes a paleness upon the lustre of the very proudest fame. It is enough. Your discernment perceives my difficulties, and your sympathy will accord me its indulgence while we speak together of the man who was the marvel of other lands, and who occupies no obscure place upon the bright bead-roll of his own—the rhetorician, the essayist, the poet, the statesman, the historian—Thomas Babington, first and last Baron Macaulay.

From a middle-class family, in a midland county in England, was born the man whom England delighteth to

honour. The place of his birth was Rothley Temple, in Leicestershire, at the house of his uncle, Mr. Thomas Babington, after whom he was named; and the time the month of October, when the century was not many moons old. His grandfather was a minister of the Kirk of Scotland, who dwelt quietly in his manse at Cardross on the Clyde. His father, after the manner of Scotchmen, travelled in early life toward the south, that he might find wider scope for his enterprise and industry than the country of Macallum More could yield. His mother was the daughter of a bookseller in Bristol, who was a member of the Society of Friends. Some of his critics, on the "*post hoc propter hoc*" principle, have discovered in these two facts the reasons of his subsequent severity against Scotchmen and Quakers. When, in these times, we ask after a man's parentage, it is not that we may know by how many removes he is allied to the Plantagenets, nor how many quarterings he is entitled to grave upon his shield. It is morally certain that most of us had ancestors who distinguished themselves in the Wars of the Roses, and that most of us will have posterity who shall be engaged in the last strife of Armageddon. But estates and names are not the only inheritances of children. They inherit the qualities by which estates are acquired or scattered, and by which men carve out names for themselves, the prouder because they are self-won. Influences which are thrown around them in the years of early life are vital, almost creative, in their power upon the future of their being. You look upon a child in the rounded dimples of its happiness, with large wonder in its eyes, and brow across which sun and shadow chase each other ceaselessly. It is all unconscious of its solemn stewardship, and of the fine or fatal destiny which it may achieve; but you take the thoughts of responsibility and of influence into account, and you feel that of all

known and terrible forces, short of Omnipotence, the mightiest may slumber in that cradle, or look wistfully from out those childish eyes. You look at it again when the possible of the child has developed into the actual of the man. The life-purpose has been chosen, and there is the steady strife for its accomplishment. The babe who once slumbered so helplessly has become the village Hampden, or the cruel Claverhouse; the dark blasphemer, or the ready helper of the friendless; the poet, in his brief felony of the music of Paradise, or the missionary in his labour to restore its lost blessings to mankind. You might almost have predicted the result, because you knew the influences, subtle but mighty, which helped to confirm him in the right, or which helped to warp him to the wrong. And who shall say in the character of each of us, how much we are indebted to hereditary endowments, to early association, to the philosophy of parental rule, and to that retinue of circumstances which guarded us as we emerged from the dream-land of childhood into the actual experiences of life? In the character and habits of Macaulay, the results of these influences may be very largely discovered. Those of you who are familiar with the wicked wit of Sydney Smith will remember his reference to "the patent Christianity of Clapham;" and in Sir James Stephen's inimitable essay, the worthies of the Clapham sect are portrayed with such fidelity and power, that we feel their presence, and they are familiar to us as the faces of to-day. Let us look in upon them on a summer's eve some fifty years ago. We are in the house of Henry Thornton, the wealthy banker, and for many years the independent representative of the faithful constituency of Southwark. The guests assemble in such numbers, that it might almost be a gathering of the clan. They have disported on the spacious lawn, beneath the shadow of venerable elms, until the evening warns them

inside, and they are in the oval saloon, projected and decorated, in his brief leisure, by William Pitt, and filled, to every available inch, with a well-selected library. Take notice of the company, for men of mark are here. There is *Henry Thornton* himself, lord of the innocent and happy revels, with open brow and searching eye; with a mind subtle to perceive and bright to harmonize the varied aspects of a question; with a tranquil soul, and a calm, judicial, persevering wisdom, which, if it never rose into heroism, was always ready to counsel and sustain the impulses of the heroism of others. That slight, agile, restless little man, with a crowd about him, whose rich voice rolls like music upon charmed listeners, as if he were a harper who played upon all hearts at his pleasure; can that be the apostle of the brotherhood? By what process of compression did the great soul of *Wilberforce* get into a frame so slender? It is the old tale of the genius and the fisherman revived. He is fairly abandoned to-night to the current of his own joyous fancies; now contributing to the stream of earnest talk which murmurs through the room, and now rippling into a merry laugh, light-hearted as a sportive child. There may be seen the burly form, and heard the sonorous voice of *William Smith*, the active member for Norwich, separated from the rest in theological beliefs, but linked with them in all human charities; who at threescore years and ten could say that he had no remembrance of an illness, and that though the head of a numerous family, not a funeral had ever started from his door. Yonder, with an absent air, as if awakened from some dear dream of prophecy, sits *Granville Sharp*, that man of chivalrous goodness; stern to indignation against every form of wrongdoing, gentle to tenderness towards the individual wrongdoer. The author of many publications, the patron of many societies, the exposer of many abuses, there was

underlying the earnest purpose of his life, a festive humour which made the world happy to him, and which gladdened the circle of his home. His leisure was divided, when he was not called to the councils of Clapham, between his barge, his pencil, and his harp, the latter of which he averred was after the precise pattern of David's; and strollers through the Temple Gardens in the early morning might often hear his voice, though broken by age, singing to it, as in a strange land, and by the river of the modern Babylon, one of the songs of Zion. In his later years the study of prophecy absorbed him, and we smile at the kindly aberrations which devised portable wool-packs to save the lives at once of exposed soldiers in the Peninsula, and of starving artisans at home; which thought that in King Alfred's law of frankpledge there was a remedy for all the sorrows of Sierra Leone, and which mourned over the degeneracy of statesmen, because Charles Fox, whom he saw at the Foreign Office, had never so much as heard of Daniel's "Little Horn." Approaching with a half-impatient look, as if he longed to be breathing the fresh air in some glen of Needwood Chase, comes *Thomas Gisborne*, the sworn friend of Nature, to whom she whispered all her secrets of bird and stream and tree, and who loved her with a pure love, less only than that which he felt for the souls in his homely parish to whom he ministered the word of life. There, in a group, eagerly conversing together, are the lamented *Bowdler*, and the elder *Stephen*,—*Charles Grant*, at that time the reputed autocrat of that Leadenhall Street, whose glory has so recently departed, and *John*, *Lord Teignmouth*, whose quiet, gentlemanly face one could better imagine in the chair of the Bible Society, than ruling in viceregal pomp over the vast empire of India. Summoned up from Cambridge to the gathering there is *Isaac Milner*, "of lofty stature, vast girth, and superincumbent wig,"

charged perhaps with some message of affection from good old John Venn, who then lay quietly waiting until his change should come; and *Charles Simeon*, redeemed from all affectations, as he is kindled by the reading of a letter which has just reached him from the far East, and which bears the signature of Henry Martyn. Are we mistaken, or did we discover in the crowd, lighted up with a fine benignity, the countenance of the accomplished *Mackintosh?* And surely there flitted by us, with characteristic haste, that active, working, marvellously expressive face which could answer to no other name than that of *Henry Brougham.* There is just one more figure in the corner upon whom we must for a moment linger, and as we pass towards him that we may get a nearer vision, look at that group of three ingenuous youths, drinking in the rich flow of soul with feelings of mingled shyness and pride. Can you tell their fortunes? The interpreting years would show them to you—the one dying beloved and honoured as the Professor of Modern History at Cambridge, the second living, as the active and eloquent Bishop of Oxford, and the third the future historian of his country, and one of her most renowned and most lamented sons.

With beetling brows, and figure robust but ungainly, slow of speech, and with a face which told no tale, described as the man "whose understanding was proof against sophistry, and his nerves against fear," and who, though his demeanour was "inanimate, if not austere, excited among his chosen circle a faith approaching to superstition, and a love rising to enthusiasm."—What was the secret of *Zachary Macaulay's* power? Just this, the consecration of every energy to the one purpose upon which his life was offered as a living sacrifice—the sweeping from the face of the earth of the wrong and shame of slavery. An eye-witness of its abominations in Jamaica, a long resident at Sierra Leone,

with the slave-trade flourishing around him, he became impressed with the conviction that God had called him to do battle with this giant sin, and from that moment he lived apart, lifted above ordinary cares and aims by the grandeur of this solemn inspiration. For this cause he laboured without weariness, and wrote with force and vigour. For this cause he suffered slander patiently, made light of fame and fortune, wasted health, and died poor. His friends marked this self-devotion, and respected it. They bowed in homage to the majesty of goodness. They regarded him almost as a being of superior order, while so deep was his humility, and so close his fellowship with God, that it became easy to imagine that he dwelt habitually in the presence of the shining ones, and that the glory of the mount upon which his footsteps often lingered, shone about him as he sojourned among men.

Such were the men who, as leaders of the "Clapham sect," as it was called, drew down the wonder of the worldly, and provoked the scoffing of the proud.

Oh rare and sacred fellowship! Where is the limner who will preserve for us these features upon canvass? Already upon our walls we can live with the renowned and the worthy. We see the great Duke in the midst of his companions in arms; we are at home with Dr. Johnson and his friends; we realise the penetralia of Abbotsford; we are present when John Wesley dies; we can nod familiarly to a group of free-traders; we can recognise noble sheep-breeders and stalwart yeomen at an agricultural show; why should our moral heroes be forgotten? Who will paint the Clapham sect for us? Their own age derided them; let us, their posterity, enthrone them with double honour. They sowed the seeds of which the harvest waveth now. It was theirs to commence, amid unfriendly watchers, those wide schemes of philanthropy which have made the name of

England blessed. Catching the mantle of those holy men who in the early part of the last century were the apostles of the second Reformation, they had perhaps a keener sense of the difficulties of evangelism, and a more practical knowledge of the manners and customs of the world. Fearlessly as their fathers had testified in attestation of some vital doctrine, they bore their heroic witness against insolent oppression and wrong; and to them we owe the creation of that enlightened public opinion which has made the nation a commonwealth, and the world a neighbourhood, which is so prolific in its merciful inventions in the times in which we live; and which, while it screens the peasant's thatch, and protects the beggar's conscience, and uplifts the poor man's home, is so world-wide in its magnificence of charity, that it has an ear for the plaint of the exile, a response to the cry of the Sudra, and a tear for the sorrows of the slave.

With such healthy and stirring influences surrounding him, Macaulay passed his childhood; and though in after years he became the contemplative student, rather than the beneficent worker, and though, retaining many of the opinions of his early friends, he seems to have remained ignorant of the grand and living principle which was the inspiration of them all—"brought over," as Mr. Maurice significantly says, "from the party of the saints to the party of the Whigs,"—the results of the association stamped themselves upon his character, and we can trace them in his sturdy independence, and consistent love of liberty, in his rare appreciation of the beauty of moral goodness, and in the quiet energy of perseverance which urged him to the mastery of every subject he handled, and which stored his mind so richly, that he grew into a living encyclopedia of knowledge. The world has recently been enriched with information upon the subject of Macaulay's childhood, from the letters addressed to his father by the venerable Hannah

More. This remarkable woman—sprightly at seventy as at twenty-five—was a living link between the celebrities of two ages, and wielded, from her retirement at Barley Wood, an influence of which it is scarcely possible for us to estimate the extent and value. Rich in recollections of Garrick, Burke, Walpole, and Johnson, she entered heartily into the schemes and interests of the world of later times, and many were the eminent names who sought her counsel, or who prized her correspondence and friendship. Her interest in the Macaulay family was increased by the fact that the Selina Mills, whom Zachary Macaulay afterwards married, had been under her charge as a pupil, when she and her sister kept a school in Bristol. From her letters we learn the impression of extraordinary endowment which the young Macaulay gave. When he had attained the mature age of eight, she rejoices "that his classicality has not extinguished his piety," and adds—"his hymns were really extraordinary for such a baby." What better illustration can there be of the old adage that poets are born, not made! "He lisped in numbers, and the numbers came." In his twelfth year, when the momentous question of a public school was debated in the parental councils, Hannah More gives her judgment in favour of his being sent to Westminster by day—thus, as she thought, securing the discipline and avoiding the danger. And in the same letter she says, "Yours, like Edwin, is no vulgar boy, and will require attention in proportion to his great superiority of intellect and quickness of passion. He ought to have competitors. He is like the prince who refused to play with anything but kings. I never saw any one bad propensity in him; nothing except natural frailty and ambition, inseparable, perhaps, from such talents and so lively an imagination. He appears sincere, veracious, tender-hearted, and affectionate." It would seem that private tuition was thought to have the

advantage over public schools, for the Rev. Matthew M. Preston, then of Shelford, Cambridgeshire, and subsequently of Aspeden House, Herts, was entrusted with the educational guardianship of young Macaulay. During his residence here, he is described as a studious, thoughtful boy, rather largely built than otherwise, with a head which seemed too big for his body, stooping shoulders, and pallid face; not renowned either at boating or cricket, nor any of the other articles in the creed of muscular Christianity, but incessantly reading or writing or repeating ballad-poetry by the yard or by the hour. Hannah More says that during a visit to Barley Wood, he recited all Bishop Heber's prize-poem of "Palestine," and that they had "poetry for breakfast, dinner, and supper." She laboured hard to impress him with Sir Henry Savile's notion that poets are the best writers of all, *next* to those who have written prose, and seems to have been terribly afraid lest he should turn out a poet after all. It was about this period that he wrote an epitaph on Henry Martyn, which has been published as his earliest effort. and which other judges than partial ones will pronounce excellent, to have been written by a boy of twelve:—

> "Here Martyn lies! in manhood's early bloom,
> The Christian hero found a Pagan tomb!
> Religion, sorrowing o'er her favourite son,
> Points to the glorious trophies which he won.
> Immortal trophies! not with slaughter red,
> Not stained with tears by helpless orphans shed;
> But trophies of the Cross! In that dear Name,
> Through every scene of danger, toil, and shame,
> Onward he journeyed to that happy shore,
> Where danger, toil, and shame are known no more."

In the fifteenth year of his age, we find the young student, with characteristic energy, coming out as a church reformer, assailing the time-honoured prerogative of parish clerks, and

making "heroic exertions" to promote, in the village where he worshipped, the responses of the congregation at large. The same period was signalised by the appearance of his first critical essay, and of his earliest published work—the criticism, however, ventured only in a letter to Barley Wood, and the work being neither an epic nor a treatise, but an index to the thirteenth volume of the *Christian Observer*. It seems that his father shared the jealousy of his poetical tendencies which Hannah More so frequently expressed; and to curb his Pegasus, imposed upon him the cultivation of prose composition, in one of its most useful, if not of its most captivating styles. The letter in which Macaulay talks the critiques, and alludes to the forthcoming publication, shall tell its own tale, and you may forget or remember, as you please, that the writer was not yet fifteen. After alluding to the illness of Mr. Henry Thornton, and to Hannah More's recovery from the effects of an accident by fire, he says:—

"Every eminent writer of poetry, good or bad, has been publishing within the last month, or is to publish shortly. Lord Byron's pen is at work over a poem, as yet nameless. Lucien Buonaparte has given the world his 'Charlemagne.' Scott has published his 'Lord of the Isles,' in six cantos—a beautiful and elegant poem; and Southey his 'Roderick, the last of the Goths.' Wordsworth has printed 'The Excursion' (a ponderous quarto of five hundred pages), being a portion of the intended poem entitled 'The Recluse.' What the length of this intended poem is to be, as the Grand Vizier said of the Turkish poet—'n'est connu qu'à Dieu et à M. Wordsworth.' This fore-runner, however, is, to say no more, almost as long as it is dull; not but that there are many striking and beautiful passages interspersed; but who would wade through a poem

"Where perhaps one beauty shines
In the dry desert of a thousand lines."

To add to the list, my dear Madam, you will soon see a work of mine in print. Do not be frightened; it is only the Index to the thirteenth volume of the *Christian Observer*, which I have had the honour of composing. Index-making, though the lowest, is not the most useless round in the ladder of literature; and I pride myself upon being able to say that there are many readers of the *Christian Observer* who could do without Walter Scott's works, but not without those of

"My dear Madam, your affectionate friend,
"THOMAS B. MACAULAY."

From Mr. Preston's roof Macaulay proceeded in due course to Trinity College, Cambridge, the alma mater of so many distinguished sons, proud in the past of the fame of those whose "*mens divinior*" first developed itself within her classic precincts—her Bacon, Newton, Milton, Barrow—as she will be proud in the future of her later child, who spake of their greatness to the world. Such is reported to have been his distaste for mathematics that he did not compete for honours, but he twice carried off the Chancellor's medal for prize-poems on the subjects respectively of "Pompeii," and "Evening;" gained the Craven scholarship; and in 1822 obtained his Bachelor's degree. It should not be forgotten, and the mention of it may hearten into hope again some timid youth who has been discouraged by partial failure, that a third poem on the inspiring subject of "Waterloo," failed to obtain the prize. In 1825 his Master's degree was taken, and in the year following he was called to the bar.

It was during his residence at the University that he started as an adventurer into that world of letters, which is

so stony-hearted to the friendless and the feeble, but which, once propitiated or mastered, speeds the vigorous or the fortunate to the temple of fame. He was happy in the enterprising individual who first enlisted his ready pen. There were times when the publisher was as a grim ogre, who held the writer in his thrall; and there would be material for many an unwritten chapter of the "Calamities of Authors," if one could but recount the affronts put upon needy genius by vulgar but wealthy pride. They are to be congratulated who find a publisher with a heart to sympathise, and a soul to kindle, as well as with brows to knit and head to reckon. It was well for Macaulay, though his genius would have burst through all trammels of poverty or sordidness, that he was a kind and genial leader under whose banner he won his spurs of literary fame. There are few names which the literature of modern times should hold in dearer remembrance than the name of Charles Knight, at once the Mecænas of youthful authorship, and a worthy fellow-labourer with the band whom he gathered around him. He yet lives in the midst of us, though in the winter of his years. Long may it be ere Jerrold's apt epitaph be needed, and the last "Good Knight" be breathed above the turf that wraps his clay!

A goodly band of choice spirits those were, who, under various names, enriched the pages of "Knight's Quarterly Magazine." It is not too much to say, however, that though John Moultrie, Nelson Coleridge, and Winthrop Praed were among the valued contributors, the great charm of the magazine, during its brief but brilliant existence, was in the articles signed "Tristram Merton," which was the literary alias of Thomas Macaulay. In these earlier productions of his pen there are the foreshadowings of his future eminence, the same flashes of genius, the same antithetical power, the same prodigious learning, the same marvellous fecundity of

illustration, which so much entrance and surprise us in his later years. His versatility is amazing. Nothing comes amiss to him: Italian poets and Athenian orators—the revels of Alcibiades, and the gallantries of Cæsar, the philosophy of history, and the abstruser questions of political science,—all are discussed with boldness and fervour by this youth of twenty-four summers; while those who read his fragments of a parish law-suit, and a projected epic, will pronounce him "of an infinite humour;" and those who read his "Songs of the Huguenots," and of the "Civil War," will recognise the first martial outbursts of the poet-soul which flung its fiery words upon the world in the "Lays of Ancient Rome." His old love of the ballad, which had been a passion in his schoolboy life, was not entirely overborne by his application to graver studies. Calliope had not yet been supplanted by Clio, and he sung the Battle of Naseby, for example, with a force of rushing words which takes our hearts by storm, in spite of olden prejudice or political creed, and which, in what some critics would call a wanton perversion of power, carries away the most peace-loving amongst us in a momentary insanity for war.

"Oh! wherefore come ye forth, in triumph from the North,
With your hands and your feet and your raiment all red?
And wherefore doth your rout send forth a joyous shout?
And whence be the grapes of the wine-press which ye tread?

"Oh! evil was the root, and bitter was the fruit,
And crimson was the juice of the vintage that we trod;
For we trampled on the throng of the haughty and the strong,
Who sate in the high places and slew the saints of God.

"It was about the noon of a glorious day of June,
That we saw their banners dance and their cuirasses shine;
And the Man of Blood was there, with his long curled hair,
And Astley, and Sir Marmaduke, and Rupert of the Rhine.

"Like a servant of the Lord, with his Bible and his sword,
The General rode along us to form us for the fight,
When a murmuring sound broke out, and swell'd into a shout,
Among the godless horsemen upon the tyrant's right.

"And hark! like the roar of the billows on the shore,
The cry of battle rises along their charging line—
For God! for the Cause! for the Church! for the Laws!
For Charles, King of England, and Rupert of the Rhine!

"The furious German comes, with his clarions and his drums,
His bravoes of Alsatia and pages of Whitehall;
They are bursting on our flanks. Grasp your pikes:—close your ranks:—
For Rupert never comes but to conquer or to fall.

"They are here:—they rush on.—We are broken—we are gone:—
Our left is borne before them like stubble on the blast.
O Lord, put forth thy might! O Lord, defend the right!
Stand back to back, in God's name, and fight it to the last.

"Stout Skippon hath a wound:—the centre hath given ground:—
Hark! hark!—What means the trampling of horsemen on our rear?
Whose banner do I see, boys? 'Tis he, thank God, 'tis he, boys.
Bear up another minute. Brave Oliver is here!

"Their heads all stooping low, their points all in a row,
Like a whirlwind on the trees, like a deluge on the dykes,
Our cuirassiers have burst on the ranks of the Accurst,
And at a shock have scattered the forest of his pikes.

"Fast, fast the gallants ride, in some safe nook to hide
Their coward heads, predestined to rot on Temple-Bar.
And he—he turns, he flies,—shame on those cruel eyes
That bore to look on torture, and dared not look on war.

* * * * * * * *

"Fools! your doublets shone with gold, and your hearts were gay and bold,
When you kissed your lily hands to your lemans to-day.
And to-morrow shall the fox, from her chambers in the rocks,
Lead forth her tawny cubs to howl above the prey.

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"And she of the seven hills shall mourn her children's ills,
And tremble when she thinks on the edge of England's sword;
And the kings of earth in fear shall shudder when they hear
What the hand of God hath wrought for the Houses and the Word."

It has been said that a speech delivered by Macaulay, on the great question which absorbed his father's life, attracted the notice of Jeffrey, then seeking for young blood wherewith to enrich the pages of the "Edinburgh Review," and that this was the cause of his introduction into the guild of literature, of which he became the *decus et tutamen*. The world is now familiar with that series of inimitable essays, which were poured out in rapid and apparently inexhaustible succession, for the space of twenty years. To criticise them, either in mass or in detail, is no part of the lecturer's province; and even to enumerate them would entail a pilgrimage to many and distant shrines. As we surrender ourselves to his masterly guidance, we are fascinated beneath a life-like biography, or are enchained by some sweet spell of travel, we pronounce upon canons of criticism, and solve problems of government with a calm dogmatism which is troubled by no misgivings; we range unquestioned through the Court at Potsdam, and mix in Italian intrigues, and settle Spanish successions; and under the robe of the sagacious Burleigh, peer out upon starched ruffs and colossal head-dresses in the presence chamber of Elizabeth herself. Now, with Clive and Hastings, we tread the sultry Ind—our path glittering with "barbaric pearl and gold"—now on bloody Chalgrove we shudder to see Hampden fall, and anon we gaze upon the glorious dreamer, as he listens musingly to the dull plash of the water from his cell on Bedford Bridge. We stand aside, and are awed while Byron raves, and charmed while Milton sings. Addison condescendingly writes for us, and Chatham declaims in our presence; Madame d'Arblay trips lightly along the corridor, and Boswell comes ushering

in his burly idol, and smirking like the showman of a giant. We watch the process curiously as an unfortunate poet is impaled amid the scattered Sibyllines of the reviews which puffed him; and we hold our breath while the Nemesis descends to crucify the miscreant Barère. In all moods of mind, in all varieties of experience, there is something for us of instruction or of warning If we pause, it is from astonishment; if we are wearied, it is from excess of splendour; we are in a gorgeous saloon, superbly draped, and from whose walls flash out upon us a long array of pictures, many of them Pre-Raphaelite in colour; and we are so dazzled by the brilliant hues, and by the effective grouping, that it is long ere we can ask ourselves whether they are true to nature, or to those deeper convictions which our spirits have struggled to attain. Criticism, for a season, becomes the vassal of delight; and we know not whether most to admire—the prodigality of knowledge, or the precision of utterance—the sagacity which foresees, or the fancy which embellishes—the tolerant temper, or the moral courage.

In these essays Macaulay has written his mental autobiography. He has done for us in reference to himself what, with all his brilliancy, he has often failed to do for us in his portraitures of others. He has shown us the man. He has anatomised his own nature. As in a glass, we may here see him as he is. He is not the thinker—reverent, hesitating, troubled, but the rare expositor of the thoughts of elder time. He is not the discerner of spirits, born to the knowledge of others in the birth-pangs of his own regeneration, but the omnivorous reader, familiar with every corner of the book-world, and divining from the entrails of a folio, as the ancient augurs from the entrails of a bird. He is not the prophet, but has a shrewdness of insight which often simulates the prophet's inspiration. He is not the

philosopher, laying broad and deep the foundations of a new system, but the illustrator, stringing upon old systems a multitude of gathered facts; not dry and tiresome, but transmuted into impetuous logic or inspiring poetry by the fire that burned within him. He is not the mere partisan, save only "in that unconscious disingenuousness from which the most upright man when strongly attached to an opinion is seldom wholly free," but the discriminating censor, who can deride the love-locks and fopperies of the Cavalier, and yet admire his chivalrous loyalty; who can rejoice in the stern virtues of the Puritan, and yet laugh at his small scruples, and at his nasal twang. He is not, alas! the Christian apostle, the witness alike amid the gloom of Gethsemane and on the mount of vision; not for him are either those agonies or that mountain-baptism; he would have "feared to enter into the cloud." He is rather the Hebrew scribe, astonished at the marvellous works, eager and fluent in recording them, and yet retaining his earthward leanings, and cherishing his country's dream of the advent of a temporal Messiah.

The first essay, that on Milton, at once established Macaulay's fame. In later years, he spoke of it as overloaded with gaudy and ungraceful ornament, and "as containing scarcely a paragraph such as his matured judgment approved." There are many yet, however, with whom its high moral tone, courage, and healthy freshness of feeling will atone for its occasional dogmatism, and for the efflorescence of its youthful style. Who has not glowed to read that description of the Puritan worthies, "whose palaces were houses not made with hands; their diadems crowns of glory which should never fade away. On the rich and the eloquent, on nobles and priests, they looked down with contempt, for they esteemed themselves rich in a more precious treasure, and eloquent in a more sublime language;

nobles by the right of an earlier creation, and priests by the imposition of a mightier hand"?

Scarcely less eloquent, though much less known, is the description of the influence of the literature of Athens, which I quote as a fair example of the essayist's early style:

"It is a subject on which I love to forget the accuracy of a judge in the veneration of a worshipper, and the gratitude of a child. If we consider merely the subtlety of disquisition, the force of imagination, the perfect energy and elegance of expression, which characterise the great works of Athenian genius, we must pronounce them intrinsically most valuable; but what shall we say when we reflect that from hence have sprung, directly or indirectly, all the noblest creations of the human intellect—that from hence were the vast accomplishments and the brilliant fancy of Cicero; the withering fire of Juvenal; the plastic imagination of Dante; the humour of Cervantes; the comprehension of Bacon; the wit of Butler; the supreme and universal excellence of Shakspeare? All the triumphs of truth and genius over prejudice and power, in every country and in every age, have been the triumphs of Athens. Wherever a few great minds have made a stand against violence and fraud, in the cause of liberty and reason, there has been her spirit in the midst of them; inspiring, encouraging, consoling: by the lonely lamp of Erasmus; by the restless bed of Pascal; in the tribune of Mirabeau; in the cell of Galileo; on the scaffold of Sidney. But who shall estimate her influence on private happiness? Who shall say how many thousands have been made wiser, happier, and better, by those pursuits in which she has taught mankind to engage?—to how many the studies which took their rise from her have been wealth in poverty, liberty in bondage, health in sickness, society in solitude? Her power is

indeed manifested at the bar, in the senate, in the field of battle, in the schools of philosophy. But these are not her glory. Wherever literature consoles sorrow, or assuages pain, wherever it brings gladness to eyes which fail with wakefulness and tears, and ache for the dark house and the long sleep, there is exhibited in its noblest form the immortal influence of Athens. The dervise, in the Arabian tale, did not hesitate to abandon to his comrade the camels with their load of jewels and gold, while he retained the casket of that mysterious juice which enabled him to behold at one glance all the hidden riches of the universe. Surely it is no exaggeration to say that no external advantage is to be compared with that purification of the intellectual eye which gives us to contemplate the infinite wealth of the mental world, all the hoarded treasures of its primeval dynasties, all the shapeless ore of its yet unexplored mines. This is the gift of Athens to man. Her freedom and her power have for more than twenty centuries been annihilated; her people have degenerated into timid slaves; her language into a barbarous jargon; her temples have been given up to the successive depredations of Romans, Turks, and Scotchmen; but her intellectual empire is imperishable. And when those who have rivalled her greatness shall have shared her fate; when civilisation and knowledge shall have fixed their abode in distant continents; when the sceptre shall have passed away from England; when, perhaps, travellers from distant regions shall in vain labour to decipher on some mouldering pedestal the name of our proudest chief—shall hear savage hymns chanted to some misshapen idol over the ruined dome of our proudest temple, and shall see a single naked fisherman wash his nets in the river of the ten thousand masts—her influence and her glory will still survive, fresh in eternal youth,

'exempt from mutability and decay, immortal as the intellectual principle from which they derived their origin, and over which they exercise their control.'"

You will not fail to perceive in the last sentence of this quotation the first sketch of the celebrated New Zealander, who has certainly earned the privilege of a free seat on London Bridge, by the frequency with which he has "pointed a moral and adorned a tale." In his finished form, and busy at his melancholy work, he appears in an article on "Ranke's History of the Popes," to illustrate Macaulay's opinion of the perpetuity of the Roman Catholic Church:—"She saw the commencement of all the governments, and of all the ecclesiastical establishments that now exist in the world; and we feel no assurance that she is not destined to see the end of them all. She was great and respected before the Saxon had set foot in Britain, before the Frank had passed the Rhine, when Grecian eloquence still flourished at Antioch, when idols were still worshipped in the temple of Mecca. And she may still exist in undiminished vigour when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's." As one reads this oracular announcement, one is ready to inquire, 'Is it really so? Is the tide to roll back so far? Are all the struggles of the ages fruitless? Has the light streamed into the darkness only that the darkness may not comprehend it? The blood of our fathers, shed in the battle for dear life, that life of the spirit which is costlier far than this poor life of the body—has it flowed in vain?' Ah! he sees but events on the level, and the mists of the past dim the eyes that would penetrate the future. Let us get up higher, higher than the plain, higher than the plateau, higher than the tableland, even on to the summit where Faith rests upon the

promises and awaits patiently their fulfilment; and in the light of that clear azure, which is unclouded by the fog or by the shadow, we shall learn other lessons than these. We shall see one purpose in the history of the nations, in the preparation of agencies, in the removal of hinderances, in the subordination, both of good and evil fortune, to the unfolding of one grand design. We shall see a profound religious movement awakened, growing, gathering strength, and preparing in secret for the ministry which its manhood is to wield. We shall see that Protestantism has hold of the world's intellectual wealth, spreads herself among new peoples as a missionary power, breathes even in Romish countries as a healing and salutary breath, and is heaving unconsciously in every trampled land which yearns and groans for freedom. We shall see science extending her discoveries, and Popery is at variance with science; Education diffusing her benefit, and Popery shrinks from knowledge; Liberty putting forth her hand that serfs may touch it, and leap at the touch into freemen, and Popery cannot harbour the free; Scripture universally circulated, and Popery loves not the Bible; and then, remembering that we have a sure word of prophecy, and gazing down upon the city of harlotry and pride, where foul corruptions nestle, and the ghosts of martyrs wander and the unburied witnesses appeal, we know that its doom is spoken, and that, in God's good time, Popery shall perish, —thrown from the tired world which has writhed beneath its yoke so long,—perish, from its seven hills, and from its spiritual wickedness, utterly and for ever, before the Lord, 'slain by the breath of His mouth, and consumed by the brightness of His coming.'

To the wealth of Macaulay in illustration we have already made reference, and also to the fact that his images are drawn but rarely from external nature. In books he found

the enchanted cave which required but his "open sesame" to disclose to him the needed treasure; and in his discursive reading the highest book was not forgotten. The reader of his various works will not fail to be struck with his frequent scriptural allusions; and if he is in search of a peroration, and hits upon an image which rings more musically on the ear, or which lingers longer in the memory than another, it will be strange if he has not drawn it from that wonderful Bible which dispenses to all men, and grudges not, and is none the poorer for all the bounties of its magnificent giving. I select but two brief passages; the one from the essay on Lord Bacon, and the other from that on Southey's Colloquies of Society: "Cowley, who was among the most ardent, and not among the least discerning followers of the new philosophy, has, in one of his finest poems, compared Bacon to Moses standing on Mount Pisgah. It is to Bacon, we think, as he appears in the first book of the Novum Organum, that the comparison applies with peculiar felicity. There we see the great lawgiver looking round from his lonely elevation on an infinite expanse; behind him a wilderness of dreary sands and bitter waters, in which successive generations have sojourned, always moving, yet never advancing, reaping no harvest, and building no abiding city; before him a goodly land, a land of promise, a land flowing with milk and honey; while the multitude below saw only the flat sterile desert in which they had so long wandered, bounded on every side by a near horizon, or diversified only by some deceitful mirage, he was gazing from a far higher stand on a far lovelier country, following with his eye the long course of fertilising rivers, through ample pastures, and under the bridges of great capitals, measuring the distances of marts and havens, and portioning out all those wealthy regions from Dan to

Beersheba." The other extract represents the evils of the alliance between Christianity and Power, and commends itself to our literary taste, even if we suppose that there are two sides to the shield: "The ark of God was never taken till it was surrounded by the arms of earthly defenders. In captivity its sanctity was sufficient to vindicate it from insult, and to lay the hostile fiend prostrate on the threshold of his own temple. The real security of Christianity is to be found in its benevolent morality, in its exquisite adaptation to the human heart, in the facility with which its scheme accommodates itself to the capacity of every human intellect, in the consolation which it bears to every house of mourning, in the light with which it brightens the great mystery of the grave. To such a system it can bring no addition of dignity or strength, that it is part and parcel of the common law. It is not now for the first time left to rely on the force of its own evidences, and the attractions of its own beauty. Its sublime theology confounded the Grecian schools in the fair conflict of reason with reason. The bravest and wisest of the Cæsars found their arms and their policy unavailing, when opposed to the weapons that were not carnal, and the Kingdom that was not of this world. The victory which Porphyry and Diocletian failed to gain is not, to all appearance, reserved for any of those who have, in this age, directed their attacks against the last restraint of the powerful, and the last hope of the wretched. The whole history of Christianity shows that she is in far greater danger of being corrupted by the alliance of power, than of being crushed by its opposition. Those who thrust temporal sovereignty upon her, treat her as their prototypes treated her Author. They bow the knee, and spit upon her; they cry, 'Hail!' and smite her on the cheek; they put a sceptre in her hand, but it is a fragile reed; they crown her, but it is with thorns; they cover with purple the

wounds which their own hands have inflicted on her; and inscribe magnificent titles over the cross on which they have fixed her to perish in ignominy and pain."

Every reader of the essays must be impressed with the marvellous versatility of knowledge which they disclose. What has he not read? is the question which we feel disposed to ask. Quotations from obscure writers, or from obscure works of great writers; multitudinous allusions to ancient classics, or to modern authors whom his mention has gone far to make classic—recondite references to some less studied book of Scripture—names which have driven us to the atlas to make sure of our geography—or to the Biographical Gallery to remind us that they lived;—they crowd upon us so thickly that we are wildered in the profusion, and there is danger to our cerebral symmetry from the enlargement of our bump of wonder. It is said that, in allusion to this accumulation of knowledge, his associates rather profanely nicknamed him "Macaulay the Omniscient;" and, indeed, the fact of his amazing knowledge is beyond dispute. Then, how did he get it? Did it come to him by the direct fiat of heaven, as Adam's, in Paradise? Did he open his eyes and find himself the heir of the ages, as those who are born to fair acres and broad lands? Did he spring at once, like Minerva from the brain of Jupiter, full-armed, a ripe and furnished scholar? Or was he just favoured as others, with a clear mind and a resolute will—with a high appreciation of knowledge, and a keen covetousness to make it his own? He had a wonderful memory, that is true; so that each fragment of his amassed lore seemed to be producible at will. He had a regal faculty, that also is true; by whose high alchemy all that he had gathered goldened into a beauty of its own; but it was the persevering industry of labour which brought stores to the retentive memory, and material to the creative

mind. Work, hard work, the sweat of the brain through many an exhausting hour, and through many a weary vigil, was the secret, after all, of his success. Many who slumber in nameless graves, or wander through the tortures of a wasted life, have had memories as capacious, and faculties as fine as he, but they lacked the steadiness of purpose, and patient thoughtful labour, which multiplied the "ten talents" into "ten other talents beside them." It is the old lesson, voiceful from every life that has a moral in it—from Bernard Palissy, selling his clothes, and tearing up his floor to add fuel to the furnace, and wearying his wife and amusing his neighbours with dreams of his white enamel, through the unremunerative years; from Warren Hastings, lying at seven years old upon the rivulet's bank, and vowing inwardly that he would regain his patrimonial property, and dwell in his ancestral halls, and that there should be again a Hastings of Daylesford; from William Carey, panting after the moral conquest of India, whether he sat at the lap-stone of his early craft, or wielded the ferule in the village school, or lectured the village elders when the Sabbath dawned. It is the old lesson,—a worthy purpose, patient energy for its accomplishment, a resoluteness that is undaunted by difficulties, and, in ordinary circumstances, success. Do you say that you are not gifted, and that therefore Macaulay is no model to you?—that yours is a lowly sphere or a prosaic occupation, and that even if you were ambitious to rise, or determined to become heroic, your unfortunate surroundings would refuse to give you the occasion? It is quite possible that you may not have the affluent fancy, nor the lordly and formative brain. All men are not thus endowed, and the world will never be reduced to a level uniformity of mind. The powers and deeds of some men will be always miracles to other men, even to the end of time. It is quite possible, too, that the conditions of your life may

be unfavourable, that your daily course may not glow with poetical incident, nor ripple into opportunities of ostentatious greatness. But, granted all these disadvantages, it is the part of true manhood to surmount natural hinderances, and to make its own occasions. The highest greatness is not that which waits for favourable circumstances, but which compels hard fortune to do it service, which slays the Nemæan lion, and goes on to further conquests, robed in its tawny hide. The real heroes are the men who constrain the tribute which men would fain deny them,—

> "Men who walk up to Fame as to a friend,
> Or their own house, which from the wrongful heir
> They have wrested; from the world's hard hand and gripe,
> Men who—like Death, all bone, but all unarmed—
> Have ta'en the giant world by the throat, and thrown him,
> And made him swear to maintain their name and fame
> At peril of his life."

There are few of you, perhaps, who could achieve distinction; there are none of you who need be satisfied without an achievement that is infinitely higher. You may make your lives beautiful and blessed. The poorest of you can afford to be kind; the least gifted amongst you can practise that loving wisdom which knows the straightest road to human hearts. You may not be able to thrill senates with your eloquence, but you may see eyes sparkle and faces grow gladder when you appear; you may not astonish the listeners by your acquirements of varied scholarship, but you may dwell in some spirits, as a presence associated with all that is beautiful and holy; you may neither be a magnate nor a millionnaire, but you may have truer honours than of earth, and riches which wax not old. You may not rise to patrician estate, and come under that mysterious process by which the churl's blood is transformed into the nobleman's, but you may ennoble yourselves, in a higher aristocracy than

that of belted earl. Use the opportunities you have; make the best of your circumstances, however unpromising. Give your hearts to God, and your lives to earnest work and loving purpose, and you can never live in vain. Men will feel your influence like the scent of a bank of violets, fragrant with the hidden sweetness of the spring, and men will miss you when you cease from their communions, as if a calm, familiar star shot suddenly and brightly from their vision; and if there wave not at your funeral the trappings of the world's gaudy woe, and the pageantry of the world's surface-honour, "eyes full of heartbreak" will gaze wistfully adown the path where you have vanished, and in the long after-time, hearts which you have helped to make happy will recal your memory with gratitude and tears.

The union of great acquirements and great rhetorical power, so manifest in Macaulay's mind, could not fail to render him a desirable acquisition to any political party; and as he had imbibed, and in some sort inherited, Whig principles, an opportunity was soon found for his admission into Parliament, where he appeared in time to join in the discussions on the Reform Bill. He was first returned, in February, 1830, by the influence of the Marquis of Lansdowne, for the nomination borough of Calne. He sat for Calne until the passing of the Reform Bill, when he was elected one of their first representatives by the newly-created constituency of Leeds. In 1834 he was appointed a Member of Council in India, and devoted himself to the construction of a new penal code for that part of her Majesty's dominions. This was his sole legislative offspring, and, from the best estimate which we can form from imperfect knowledge, it would seem to have been exquisite on paper, but useless in working—a brilliant, but impracticable thing. During his residence in India he continued on the staff of the "Edinburgh," and contributed some of his

superb criticisms from beneath an Eastern sky. Here, also, it is probable that he gathered the material and sketched the plan of those masterly articles which, perhaps, more than most others, aroused English sympathies for India—the articles on Warren Hastings and Lord Clive. In May, 1839, he reappeared in Parliament, on the elevation to the peerage of Mr. Speaker Abercromby, as the representative of Edinburgh. He was re-elected at the general election of 1841, and twice on occasion of his accession to office. In 1847, at the general election, he failed to obtain his seat, partly, as it is said, from the brusque manner in which he treated his constituents, and partly from his consistent support of the enlarged Maynooth grant, to which many of those who had previously supported him were conscientiously opposed. The papers were loud in condemnation of the Edinburgh electors, who were represented as having disgraced themselves for ever by their rejection of a man of so much excellent renown. Well, if a representative is to be chosen for his brilliant parts, or for his fluent speech, perhaps they did; but if men vote for conscience' sake, and they feel strongly on what they consider a vital question, and if a representative is to be what his name imports—the faithful reflex of the sentiments of the majority who send him—one can see nothing in the outcry but unreasoning clamour. I cannot see dishonour either in his sturdy maintenance of unpopular opinions, or in his constituents' rejection of him because his sentiments were opposed to their own; but I can see much that is honourable to both parties in their reconciliation after temporary estrangement,—on their part, that they should honour him by returning him in 1852, unsolicited, at the head of the poll,—on his part, that he should, with a manly generosity, bury all causes of dissension, and consent to return to public life, as the representative of a constituency which

had bidden him for a season to retire. There is, indeed, no part of Macaulay's character in which he shows to more advantage than in his position as a member of parliament. We may not always be able to agree with him in sentiment, we may fancy that we discover the fallacies which lurk beneath the shrewdness of his logic, we may suffer now and then from the apt sarcasm which he was not slow to wield; but we must accord to him the tribute, that his political life was a life of unswerving consistency and of stainless honour. In his lofty scorn of duplicity he became, perhaps, sometimes contemptuous, just as in his calm dogmatism he never seemed to imagine that there were plausible arguments which might be adduced on both sides of a question; but in his freedom from disguise, and abhorrence of corruption, in his refusal to parley when compromise would have been easy, and in his refusal to be silent when silence would have wounded his conscience but saved his seat, in the noble indignation with which he denounced oppression, and in his fearless independence of all influences which were crafty and contemptible, he may fairly be held up as a model English statesman. Before the Reform Bill, the member for the city usually subscribed fifty guineas to the Edinburgh races, and shortly after the election of 1841, Mr. Macaulay was applied to on this behalf. His reply is a fine specimen of manly decision. "In the first place," he says, "I am not clear that the object is a good one. In the next place, I am clear that by giving money for such an object in obedience to such a summons, I should completely change the whole character of my connection with Edinburgh. It has been usual enough for rich families to keep a hold on corrupt boroughs by defraying the expense of public amusements. Sometimes it is a ball, sometimes a regatta. The Derby family used to support the Preston races. The members for Beverley, I believe, find a bull for their con-

stituents to bait. But these were not the conditions on which I undertook to represent Edinburgh. In return for your generous confidence I offer faithful parliamentary service, and nothing else. The call that is now made is one so objectionable, that I must plainly say I would rather take the Chiltern Hundreds than comply with it." All honour to the moral courage which indited that reply. Brothers, let the manly example fire you. Carry such heroism into your realms of morals and of commerce, and into all the social interlacings of your life; let no possible loss of influence or patronage or gold tempt you to the doing of that which your judgment and conscience disapprove. Better a thousand times to be slandered than to sin; nobler to spend your days in all the bitterness of unheeded struggle, than become a hollow parasite to gain a hollow friend. Worthier far to remain poor for ever, the brave and self-respecting heir of the crust and of the spring, than, in another sense than Shakspeare's, to "coin your heart," and for the "vile drachmas," which are the hire of wrong, to drop your "generous" blood.

Macaulay's speeches, published by himself in self-defence against the dishonest publication of them by other people, bear the stamp and character of the essay rather than of the oration, and reveal all the mental qualities of the man—his strong sense and vast learning, his shrewdness in the selection of his materials, and his mastery over that sort of reasoning which silences if it does not convince. They betray, also, very largely, the idiosyncrasy which is, perhaps, his most observable faculty, the disposition to regard all subjects in the light of the past, and to treat them historically, rather than from the experience of actual life. Thus in his speeches on the East India Company's charter, on the motion of want of confidence in the Melbourne ministry, on the state of Ireland, on the Factories Bill,

on the question of the exclusion of the Master of the Rolls from parliament, he ransacks for precedents and illustrations in the histories of almost every age and clime, while he gives but vague and hesitating solutions on the agitating problems of the day. Hence, though his last recorded speech is said to have been unrivalled in the annals of parliamentary oratory for the number of votes which it won, the impression of his speeches in the general was not so immediate as it will, perhaps, be lasting. Men were conscious of a despotism while he spoke, and none wished to be delivered from the sorcery; but when he ceased the spell was broken, and they woke as from a pleasant dream. They were exciting discussions in which he had to engage, and he did not wholly escape from the acrimony of party strife. There are passages in his speeches of that exacerbated bitterness which has too often made it seem as if our politicians acted upon the instructions which are said to have been once endorsed upon the brief of an advocate—"No case, but abuse the plaintiff's attorney." It was in one of these irritating debates, that on the enlarged grant to Maynooth, that he made use of what his friend, Mr. Adam Black, calls "his unguarded expression" about the "bray of Exeter Hall." There were many who thought, remembering the antecedents of the orator, that it was an expression which might well have been spared. I am not going, however, to be the *advocatus diaboli*, recalling reasons for the condemnation of an offender. I had far rather be retained for the defence; and, considering that the expression was used in the heat of party strife, and in honest indignation against a government which had adopted the very policy because of which they had hounded their predecessors from power—considering that fifteen years have elapsed since its utterance—considering that none of us has been so prudent that we can afford to be judged by the Draconian

law, which would make a man an offender for a word—considering that it was one of the most effective war-cries which routed him from the field in Edinburgh, and that by English fair play no one should be tried and punished twice for the same offence—considering that the word expresses the call of a trumpet as well as the music of a not very complimentary quadruped, and that we need not, unless we like, prefer the lower analogy when a higher one is ready to our hand—considering, though one must very delicately whisper it, that amid the motley groups who have held their councils in Exeter Hall, it is not impossible that less noble sounds have now and then mingled with the leonine roar—considering that no one takes the trouble to impale a worm, and that therefore the very mention of the name of an adversary is in some sort a confession of his power—considering that Macaulay's writings have done so much to foster those eternal principles of truth and love, to whose advocacy Exeter Hall is consecrated—and considering, especially, that Exeter Hall survived the assault, and seems in pretty good condition still, that it has never ceased its witness-bearing against idolatry and perfidy and wrong, and that its testimony is a word of power to-day,—I should like to pronounce that Exeter Hall is generous to forgive him, and that this, its very latest "bray," is a trumpet-blast which swells his fame.

There is one extract from the speeches which I quote with singular pleasure. It will answer the double purpose of affording a fair specimen of his clear and earnest style, and of revealing what, to a resident in India, and one of the most shrewd and sagacious observers, appeared sound policy in reference to the method in which that country should be governed. It is from his speech on Mr. Vernon Smith's motion of censure on Lord Ellenborough anent the celebrated gates of Somnauth. "Our duty, as rulers, was

to preserve strict neutrality on all questions merely religious; and I am not aware that we have ever swerved from strict neutrality for the purpose of making proselytes to our own faith. But we have, I am sorry to say, sometimes deviated from the right path in an opposite direction. Some Englishmen, who have held high office in India, seem to have thought that the only religion which was not entitled to toleration and respect was Christianity. They regarded every Christian missionary with extreme jealousy and disdain; and they suffered the most atrocious crimes, if enjoined by the Hindoo superstition, to be perpetrated in open day. It is lamentable to think how long after our power was firmly established in Bengal, we, grossly neglecting the first and plainest duty of the civil magistrate, suffered the practices of infanticide and suttee to continue unchecked. We decorated the temples of the false gods. We provided the dancing girls. We gilded and painted the images to which our ignorant subjects bowed down. We repaired and embellished the car under the wheels of which crazy devotees flung themselves at every festival to be crushed to death. We sent guards of honour to escort pilgrims to the places of worship. We actually made oblations at the shrines of idols. All this was considered, and is still considered, by some prejudiced Anglo-Indians of the old school, as profound policy. I believe that there never was so shallow, so senseless a policy. We gained nothing by it. We lowered ourselves in the eyes of those whom we meant to flatter. We led them to believe that we attached no importance to the difference between Christianity and heathenism. Yet how vast that difference is! I altogether abstain from alluding to topics which belong to divines; I speak merely as a politician, anxious for the morality and the temporal well-being of society; and so speaking, I say that to countenance the Brahminical idol-

atry, and to discountenance that religion which has done so much to promote justice, and mercy, and freedom, and arts, and sciences, and good government, and domestic happiness, which has struck off the chains of the slave, which has mitigated the horrors of war, which has raised women from servants and playthings into companions and friends, is to commit high treason against humanity and civilisation." I should like to commend this manly and Christian utterance to our rulers now. The old traditional policy is yet a favourite sentiment with many, though it has borne its bitter fruits of bloodshed. While we thankfully acknowledge an improved state of feeling, and the removal of many restrictions which in former times hindered the evangelisation of India, we must never forget that at this day, not by a company of traders, but the government of our beloved Queen, there is in all government schools on that vast continent, a brand upon the Holy Bible. It may lie upon the shelf of the library, but for all purposes of instruction it is a sealed book. The Koran of the Mussulman is there, the Shastras of the pagan are there, the Zend Avesta of the Parsee is there; and their lessons, sanguinary or sensual or silly, are taught by royal authority, and the teachers endowed by grants from the royal treasury; but the Book which this nation acknowleges as the fountain of highest inspiration, and the source of loftiest morals; from whose pure precepts all sublime ethics are derived; which gives sanction to government, and majesty to law; on which senators swear their allegiance, and royalty takes its coronation oath,—that Book is not only ignored but proscribed, subjected to an Index Expurgatorius as rigid as ever issued from Rome; branded with this foul dishonour before scoffing Mussulmen and wondering pagans at the bidding of time-serving state-craft, or spurious charity, or craven fear. It is time that this should end. Our holy religion ought

not to be thus wounded in the house of her enemies, by the hands of her professed friends. An empire which extends "from cape Comorin to the eternal snow of the Himalayas," "far to the east of the Burrampooter and far to the west of the Hydaspes," should not demean itself before those whom it has conquered by a proclamation of national irreligion. We ask for Christianity in India neither coercive measures nor the boastful activity of government proselytism. Those who impute this to the Christians of this land are either ignorant of our motives, or they slander us for their own ends. The rags of a political piety but disfigure the Cross around which they are ostentatiously displayed, and to bribe a heathen into conformity were as bad as to persecute him for his adhesion to the faith of his fathers. All we ask of the government is a fair field; if Alexander would but stand out of the way, the fair sunshine would stream at once into the darkness of the Cynic's dwelling; if they will give freedom to the Bible, it will assert its own supremacy by its own power, and Britain will escape from the curse which now cleaves to her like a Nessus' robe—that in a land committed to her trust, and looking up to her for redress and blessing, she has allowed the Word upon which rest the dearest hopes of her sons for eternity, to be forbidden from the Brahman's solicitude, and trampled beneath the Mollah's scorn.

In the year 1842 Mr. Macaulay appeared in a new character, by the publication of the "Lays of Ancient Rome." This was his first venture in acknowledged authorship. It is not safe often to descend from the bench to the bar. The man who has long sat in the critic's chair must have condemned so many criminals that he will find little mercy when he is put upon his own trial, and has become a suppliant for the favour which he has been accustomed to grant or to refuse. The public were taken by surprise, but sur-

prise quickly yielded to delight. Minos and Rhadamanthus abdicated their thrones to listen; every pen flowed in praise of that wonderful book, which united rare critical sagacity with the poetic faculty and insight; and now, after the lapse of years, the world retains its enthusiasm, and refuses to reverse the verdict of its first approval. By one critic, indeed, whose opinions are entitled to all respect, the ballads are said to be as much below the level of Macaulay, as the "Cato" of Addison was below all else which proceeded from his pen. But there is surely more in them than "rattling and spirited songs." These are expressions which hardly describe those minutely accurate details; that gorgeousness of classic colouring, those exquisite felicities of word; and, above all, that grand roll of martial inspiration which abounds throughout their stirring lines. Another critic strangely says that "none of the characters have the flesh and blood, the action and passion of human nature." The test of this, I suppose, should be the effect which they produce upon those who hear or read them. It has not been an unfrequent charge against Macaulay that he had no heart, and that he was wanting in that human sympathy which is so large an element of strength. He who has no heart of his own cannot reach mine and make it feel. There are instincts in the soul of a man which tell him unerringly when a brother-soul is speaking. Let me see a man in earnest, and his earnestness will kindle mine. I apply this test in the case of Macaulay. I am told of the greatest anatomist of the age suspending all speculations about the mastodon, and all analyses of the lesser mammalia, beneath the spell of the sorcerer who drew the rout at Sedgemoor and the siege of Derry. I see Robert Hall lying on his back at sixty years of age, to learn the Italian language, that he might verify Macaulay's description of Dante, and enjoy the "Inferno"

and the "Paradiso" in the original. I remember my own emotions when first introduced to the Essays; the strange, wild heart-throbs with which I revelled in the description of the Puritans; and the first article on Bunyan. There is something in all this more than can be explained by artistic grouping or by the charms of style. The man has convictions and sympathies of his own, and the very strength of those convictions and sympathies forces an answer from the "like passions" to which he appeals. It is just so with the poetry. It were easy to criticise it, and perhaps to find in it some shortcomings from the rules of refined melody, and a ruggedness which the linked sweetness of the Lakers might not tolerate; but try it in actual experiment, sound it in the ears of a Crimean regiment, and see how it will inspirit them to the field; rehearse it with earnestness and passion to a company of ardent schoolboys, at the age when the young imagination has just been thrilled with its first conscious sense of beauty and of power; and you shall have the Bard's best guerdon in their kindling cheeks and gleaming eyes. "The Prophecy of Capys" is perhaps the most sustained, "Virginia" the most eloquent, and "The Battle of the Lake Regillus" the one which contains the finest passages; but I confess to a fondness for "Horatius," my first and early love, which all the wisdom which ought to have come with maturity has not been able to change. Perhaps you will bear with a few stanzas of it, just to try the effect upon yourselves:

"But the Consul's brow was sad,
And the Consul's speech was low,
And darkly looked he at the wall,
And darkly at the foe.
'Their van will be upon us
Before the bridge goes down;
And if they once but win the bridge,
What hope to save the town?'

"Then out spake brave Horatius,
The Captain of the Gate:
'To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late.
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers,
And the temples of his gods?'

* * * * * *

"'Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
With all the speed ye may;
I, with two more to help me,
Will hold the foe in play.
In yon strait path a thousand
May well be stopped by three.
Now who will stand on either hand,
And keep the bridge with me?'

"Then out spake Spurius Lartius;
A Ramnian proud was he:
'Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
And keep the bridge with thee.'
And out spake strong Herminius;
Of Titian blood was he:
'I will abide on thy left side,
And keep the bridge with thee.'

"'Horatius,' quoth the Consul,
'As thou sayest, so let it be.'
And straight against that great array
Forth went the dauntless Three.
For Romans in Rome's quarrel
Spared neither land nor gold,
Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,
In the brave days of old.

'Then none was for a party;
Then all were for the state;
Then the great man helped the poor,
And the poor man loved the great:

Then lands were fairly portioned ;
  Then spoils were fairly sold :
The Romans were like brothers
  In the brave days of old.

* * * * * *

"But all Etruria's noblest
  Felt their hearts sink to see
On the earth the bloody corpses,
  In the path the dauntless Three
And, from the ghastly entrance
  Where those bold Romans stood,
All shrank, like boys who unaware,
Ranging the woods to start a hare,
Come to the mouth of the dark lair
Where, growling low, a fierce old bear
  Lies amidst bones and blood.

"Was none who would be foremost
  To lead such dire attack :
But those behind cried 'Forward!'
  And those before cried 'Back!'
And backward now and forward
  Wavers the deep array ;
And on the tossing sea of steel,
To and fro the standards reel ;
And the victorious trumpet peal
  Dies fitfully away.

"But meanwhile axe and lever
  Have manfully been plied ;
And now the bridge hangs tottering
  Above the boiling tide.
'Come back, come back, Horatius!'
  Loud cried the Fathers all.
'Back, Lartius! back, Herminius!
  Back, ere the ruin fall!'

"Back darted Spurius Lartius ;
  Herminius darted back :
And, as they passed, beneath their feet
  They felt the timbers crack.

But when they turned their faces,
  And on the farther shore
Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
  They would have crossed once more.

"But with a crash like thunder
  Fell every loosened beam,
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
  Lay right athwart the stream:
And a long shout of triumph
  Rose from the walls of Rome,
As to the highest turret-tops
  Was splashed the yellow foam.

* * * * * *

"Alone stood brave Horatius,
  But constant still in mind;
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
  And the broad flood behind.
'Down with him!' cried false Sextus,
  With a smile on his pale face.
'Now yield thee,' cried Lars Porsena,
  'Now yield thee to our grace.'

"Round turned he, as not deigning
  Those craven ranks to see;
Nought spake he to Lars Porsena,
  To Sextus nought spake he;
But he saw on Palatinus
  The white porch of his home;
And he spake to the noble river
  That rolls by the towers of Rome.

"'Oh, Tiber! father Tiber!
  To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
  Take thou in charge this day!'
So he spake, and speaking sheathed
  The good sword by his side,
And with his harness on his back,
  Plunged headlong in the tide.

"No sound of joy or sorrow
Was heard from either bank;
But friends and foes in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,
Stood gazing where he sank;
And when above the surges
They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

* * * * * *

"Never, I ween, did swimmer,
In such an evil case,
Struggle through such a raging flood
Safe to the landing place:
But his limbs were borne up bravely
By the brave heart within,
And our good father Tiber
Bare bravely up his chin.

"'Curse on him!' quoth false Sextus;
'Will not the villain drown?
But for this stay, ere close of day
We should have sacked the town.'
'Heaven help him!' quoth Lars Porsena,
'And bring him safe to shore;
For such a gallant feat of arms
Was never seen before.'

"And now he feels the bottom;
Now on dry earth he stands;
Now round him throng the Fathers
To press his gory hands;
And now, with shouts and clapping,
And noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the River-gate,
Borne by the joyous crowd.

"They gave him of the corn land,
That was of public right,
As much as two strong oxen
Could plough from morn till night;

And they made a molten image,
  And set it up on high,
And there it stands unto this day
  To witness if I lie.

* * * * * *

"And in the nights of winter,
  When the cold north winds blow,
And the long howling of the wolves
  Is heard amidst the snow;
When round the lonely cottage
  Roars loud the the tempest's din,
And the good logs of Algidus
  Roar louder yet within—

"When the oldest cask is opened,
  And the largest lamp is lit;
When the chestnuts glow in the embers,
  And the kid turns on the spit;
When young and old in circle
  Around the firebrands close;
When the girls are weaving baskets,
  And the lads are shaping bows—

"When the goodman mends his armour,
  And trims his helmet's plume;
When the goodwife's shuttle merrily
  Goes flashing through the loom;
With weeping and with laughter
  Still is the story told,
How well Horatius kept the bridge
  In the brave days of old."

It is undoubtedly as the historian that Macaulay will be longest remembered. His work, which, fragment though it is, yet possesses a sort of dramatic unity, will survive at once the adulation of servile flattery and the snarl of cynical criticism, and will be shrined among the classics of our literature in calmer times than ours. It is amusing to read the various opinions of reviewers, each convinced after the manner of such literary craftsmen that he is nothing if

not critical, and gloating over some atom of inaccuracy or some discovery of Oriental colouring, as if he had found hidden treasure. I deemed it my duty in the preparation for this lecture to go through a course of review reading, if haply I might find confirmation of the sentiments I had entertained, or some reason to change them; and while I have been delighted with and proud of the vast and varied talent of the articles, the result as to opinion has been only to unsettle my own, and to induce a mental dyspepsia from which I have hardly yet recovered. I have been told that it is *the* History of England—*a* history of England—an attempt at history—a mistaken notion of history—an historiette — an historical picture-gallery — an historical novel. I have been informed that it is thoroughly impartial, and I have been informed that it is thoroughly factious: one critic tells me that his first object is to tell the story truly; another, that his first object is picturesque effect. Some christen him Thucydides, and others Walter Scott. One eulogist exalts my confidence by assuring me that "he does not lie, even for the Whigs;" and just as I have made up my mind to trust him thoroughly, I am thrown into terrible bewilderment by the averment of another learned Theban, that "his work is as full of political prejudice as any of his partisan speeches, and is written with bad taste, bad feeling, and bad faith." The impression left upon my mind by all this conflict of testimony is a profound conviction of Macaulay's power. All the faults which his censors charge upon him, reappear in their own writings, as among the supple courtiers of Macedon was reproduced the wry neck of Alexander. They charge him with carelessness, but it is in flippant words. If they call him vituperative, they become atrabilious. If he is said to exaggerate, not a few of them out-Herod him; and his general impartiality may be inferred from the fact, that while his critics are

indignant at the caricatures which they allege that he has drawn of their own particular idols, they acknowledge the marvellous fidelity of his likenesses of all the world beside. Moreover, for the very modes of their censorship, they are indebted to him. They bend Ulysses' bow. They wield the Douglas brand. His style is antithetical, and therefore they condemn him in antitheses. His sentences are peculiar, and they denounce him in his own tricks of phrase. There can be no greater compliment to any man. The critics catch the contagion of the malady which provokes their surgery. The eagle is aimed at by the archers, but "he nursed the pinion which impelled the steel." To say that there are faults in the history is but to say that it is a human production, and they lie on the surface and are patent to the most ordinary observer. That he was a "good hater" there can be no question; and Dr. Johnson, the while he called him a vile Whig, and a sacrilegious heretic, would have hugged him for the heartiness with which he lays on his dark shades of colour. That he exaggerated rather for effect than for partisanship, may be alleged with great show of reason, and they have ground to stand upon who say that it was his greatest literary sin. There are some movements which he knew not how to estimate, and many complexities of character which he was never born to understand. Still, if his be not history, there is no history in the world. Before his entrance, history was as the marble statue; he came, and by his genius struck the statue into life.

We thank him that he has made history readable; that it is not in his page the bare recital of facts, names, and deeds inventoried as in an auctioneer's catalogue, but a glowing portraiture of the growth of a great nation, and of the men who helped or hindered it. We thank him that he has disposed for ever of that shallow criticism, that the

brilliant is always the superficial and unworthy, and that in the inestimable value of his work he has confirmed what the sonorous periods of John Milton, and the long-resounding eloquence of Jeremy Taylor, and the fiery passion-tones of Edmund Burke had abundantly declared before him, that the diamond flashes with a rarer lustre than the spangle. We thank him for the happy combination which he has given us of valuable instruction and of literary enjoyment, of massive and substantial truth decorated with all the graces of style. We thank him for the vividness of delineation, by which we can see statesmen like Somers and Nottingham in their cabinets, marshals like Sarsfield and Luxembourg in the field, and galliard-intriguers like Buckingham and Marlborough, who dallied in the council-room and plotted at the revel.

We thank him for the one epical character which he has left us—William, the hero of his story, whom he has taxed himself to the utmost to portray—the stadtholder adored in Holland—the impassive, sagacious monarch who lived apart in the kingdom which he freed and ruled—the audacious spirit of whom no one could discover the thing that could teach him to fear—the brave soldier who dashed about among musketry and sword-blades, as if he bore a charmed life—the reserved man upon whom "danger acted like wine, to open his heart, and loosen his tongue"—the veteran who swam through the mud at the Boyne, and retrieved the fortunes which the death of Schomberg had caused to waver—"the asthmatic skeleton who covered the slow retreat of England" at Landen—the acute diplomatist who held his trust with even-handed wisdom—the faithful friend, who when he loved once, loved for a lifetime—who kept his heart barred against the multitude, but gave pass-keys to the chosen ones so that they might go in and out at pleasure—the stern and stoical sufferer, who

wrote, and hunted, and legislated, and devised, while ague shook the hand which held the pen or the bridle, and fever was burning away the life which animated the restless brain—the rigid predestinarian, who though he grieved over noble works unfinished, and plans which could never become deeds, submitted himself calmly as a child when the inevitable hour drew nigh. We feel that, if there had been nothing else, the working out of that one character, its investiture with "newer proportions and with richer colouring," the grand exhibition which it gives us of the superiority of mind over matter and circumstance, and native repulsiveness and alien habits, is in itself a boon for which the world should speak him well.

Above all, we thank Macaulay for the English-heartedness which throbs transparently through his writings, and which was so marked a characteristic of his life.—It has been well said, "he loved his country as a Roman the city of the Seven Hills, as an Athenian the city of the Violet Crown." Herein is his essential difference from the hero whom he celebrated, and whom in so many things he so closely resembles. William never loved England. She was but an appanage of Holland to him. One bluff Dutch burgomaster would outweigh with him a hundred English squires, and he was never so happy as when he could escape from the foggy Thames to the foggier Meuse, or be greeted with a Rhenish welcome by a people to whom an enthusiasm was as an illness which came once in a lifetime, and was over. But with Macaulay the love of country was a passion. How he kindles at each stirring or plaintive memory in the annals he was so glad to record! Elizabeth at Tilbury; the scattering of the fierce and proud Armada; the deliverance of the Seven Bishops; the thrilling agony and bursting gladness which succeeded each other so rapidly at the siege of Derry; the last sleep of Argyle;

Lord Russell's parting from his heroic wife; the wrongs of Alice Lisle; the prayer upon whose breath fled the spirit of Algernon Sydney: they touch his very soul, and he recounts them with a fervour which becomes contagious until his readers are thrilled with the same joy or pain.

It is not unfashionable among our popular writers to denounce the England of to-day, and to predict for us in the future, auguries of only sinister omen. The mediæval admirers sigh in the midst of us for the past, and are never weary of recalling the days when feudalism displayed its brilliant but barbaric chivalry, when the baldrick of the noble was answered by the horn of the freebooter in the glens of merry Sherwood; when the thane upon his dais held wassail in the Saxon homestead, and the baron feasted his retainers, or caroused with jolly monk and swarth Crusader as his boon companions, in his oaken and bannered hall; and there is a school of prophets to whom everything in the present is out of joint; who can see nothing around them but selfishness, and nothing beyond them but the undiscoverable bourn, to whom there is "cold shade" in an aristocracy, and in the middle classes but a miserable mammon-worship; and beneath a trampled people, in whom the sordid and the brutal instincts strive from day to day. Of these extremes of sentiment, meeting on the common ground of gloomy prophesyings about England, her history, as Macaulay has told it, is the best possible rebuke. He has shown us the steps by which, in his own eloquent words, "the England of the Curfew and the Forest laws, the England of Crusaders, monks, schoolmen, astrologers, serfs, outlaws, became the England which we know and love, the classic ground of liberty and philosophy, the school of all knowledge, the mart of all trade." He has shown us how, through the slow struggles of years, the component forces of society become equalised in their present rare and

happy adjustment; how each age has added to the conquests of its predecessors, by the truer solution of political problems; by the readier recognition of human rights; by the discovery of richer resources in nature, and of more magnificent capabilities in man. He has shown us how in health, in intelligence, in physical comfort, in industrial appliances, in social and moral culture, the tide of progress has rolled on without a refluent wave. He has shown us now the despairs and hopes, the passions and lassitudes of the former generations, have helped our national growth; how our country has been rallied by her very defeats, and enriched by her very wastefulness, and elevated by her disasters to ascendency; how the storms which have howled along her coast have only ribbed her rocks the more firmly; and the red rain of her slaughtered sires has but watered the earth for the harvest of their gallant sons. Oh, if the young men of our time would glow with a healthy pride of race; if they would kindle with the inspirations of patriotism; if they would find annals wealthier in enduring lesson, and bright with the radiance of a holier virtue, than ever Rome embraced or Sparta knew, let them read their own land's history, as traced by the pen of its most fervent recorder; and while grateful for the instruction of the past, let its unwavering progress teach them to be hopeful for the future. What hinders that the growth of England's past should be but the type of the yet rarer splendours of its coming time? There are many who wait for her halting, "wizards that peep and that mutter" in bootless necromancy for her ruin; but let her be true to herself and to her stewardship, and her position may be assured from peril. On the "coign of vantage" to which she has been lifted, let her take her stand; let her exhibit to the wondering nations the glad nuptials between liberty and order; let her sons, at once profound in their loyalty and manly in

their independence, be fired with ambition greater than of glory, and with covetousness nobler than of gain; let her exult that her standard, however remote and rocky the islet over which it waves, is ever the flag of the freeman; let her widen with the ages into still increasing reverence for truth and peace and God, and "she may stand in her lot until the end of the days," and in the long after-time, when the now young world shall have grown old, and shall be preparing, by reason of its age, for the action of the last fires, she may still live and flourish, chartered among the nations as the home of those principles of right and freedom which shall herald and welcome the coming of the Son of man.

The one great defect in Macaulay's life and writings, viewed from a Christian standpoint, is his negativism, to use no stronger word, on the subject of evangelical religion. Not that he ever impeaches its sacredness; no enemy of religion can claim his championship: he was at once too refined and too reverent for infidelity, but he nowhere upholds Divine presence or presidency; nowhere traces the unity of a purpose higher than the schemes of men; nowhere speaks of the precepts of Christianity as if they were Divinely-sanctioned; nowhere gives to its cloud of witnesses the adhesion of his honoured name. As we read his essays or his history, when he lands the philosophy of Bacon, or tells of the deliverances of William, we are tempted to wonder at his serene indifference to those great questions which sooner or later must present themselves to the mind of every man. Did it never occur to him that men were deeper than they seemed, and restless about that future into which he is so strangely averse to pry? Did the solemn problems of the soul, the whence of its origin, the what of its purpose, the whither of its destiny, never perplex and trouble him? Had he no fixed opinion about

religion as a reality, that inner and vital essence which should be "the core of all the creeds"? or did he content himself with "the artistic balance of conflicting forces," and regard Protestantism and Popery alike as mere schemings of the hour, influences equally valuable in their day and equally mortal when their work was done? Did it never strike him that there was a Providence at work when his nero was saved from assassination, when the fierce winds scattered the Armada, when the fetters were broken which Rome had forged and fastened, when from the struggles of years rose up the slow and stately growth of English freedom? Did he never breathe a wish for a God to speak the chaos of events into order, or was he content to leave the mystery as he found it, deeming "such knowledge too wonderful for man"? Why did he always brand vice as an injury or an error? Did he never feel it to be a sin? Looking at the present, why always through the glass of the past, and never by the light of the future? Did he never pant after a spiritual insight, nor throb with a religious faith? Alas, that on the matters on which these questions touch, his writings make no sign! Of course, no one expected the historian to become a preacher, nor the essayist a theologian; but that there should be so studious an avoidance of those great, deep, awful matters which have to do with the eternal, and that in a history in which religion, in some phase or other, was the inspiration of the events which he records, is a fact which no Christian heart can think of without surprise and sorrow.

It has become fashionable to praise a neutral literature which prides itself upon its freedom from bias, and upon the broad line of separation which it draws carefully between things secular and things sacred; and there are many who call this liberality, but there is an old Book whose authority, thank God, is not yet deposed from the

heart of Christian England, which would brand it with a very different name. That Book tells us that the fig-tree was blasted, not because it was baneful, but because it was barren; and that the bitter curse was denounced against Meroz, not because she rallied with the forces of the foe, but because in her criminal indifference she came not up to the help of the Lord. Amid the stirring and manifold activities of the age in which we live, to be neutral in the strife is to rank with the enemies of the Saviour. There is no greater foe to the spread of His cause in the world than the placid indifferentism which is too honourable to betray, while it is too careless or too cowardly to join Him. The rarer the endowments, the deeper the obligation to consecrate them to the glory of their Giver. That brilliant genius, that indefatigable industry, that influencing might of speech, that wondrous and searching faculty of analysis, what might they not have accomplished if they had been pledged to the recognition of a higher purpose than literature, and fearless in their advocacy of the faith of Christ! Into the secret history of the inner man, of course we may not enter; and we gladly hope, from small but significant indications which a searcher may discover in his writings, as well as from intimations, apparently authentic, which were published shortly after his death, that if there had rested any cloud on his experience, the Sun of righteousness dispersed it, and that he anchored his personal hope on that "dear Name" which his earliest rhymes had sung; but the regret may not be suppressed that his transcendent powers were given to any object lower than the highest. And when I see two life courses before me, both ending in Westminster Abbey, for the tardy gratitude of the nation adjudged to Zachary Macaulay's remains, the honour which it denied to his living reputation; when I see the father, poor, slandered, living a life of struggle, yet

secretly but mightily working for the oppressed and the friendless, and giving all his energies in a bright summer of consecration unto God; and when I see the son, rich, gifted, living a life of success, excellent and envied in everything he undertook, breathing the odours of a perpetual incense-cloud, and passing from the memory of an applauding country to the tomb, but aiming through his public lifetime only at objects which were "of the earth, earthy," I feel that if there be truth in the Bible, and sanction in the obligations of religion, and immortality in the destinies of man, "he aimed too low who aimed beneath the skies;" that the truer fame is with the painstaking and humble Christian worker, and that the amaranth which encircles the father is a greener and more fragrant wreath than the laurel which crowns the forehead of the more gifted and brilliant son.

In 1856 he resigned his seat for Edinburgh, in consequence of failing health; and in 1857 literature was honoured with a peerage in the person of one of the noblest of her sons, and the peerage was honoured by the accession of Lord Macaulay's illustrious name. Thenceforward in his retirement at Kensington he devoted himself to his History, "the business and the pleasure of his life." The world rejoiced to hope that successive volumes might yet stimulate its delight and wonder, and wished for the great writer a long and mellow eventide, which the night should linger to disturb. But suddenly, with the parting year, a mightier summons came, and the majestic brain was tired, and the fluttering heart grew still. Already, as the months of that fatal year waned on, had the last harvestman multiplied his sheaves from the ranks of genius and of skill. There had been mourning in Prussia for Humboldt, and across the wide Atlantic there had wailed a dirge for Prescott and Washing-

ton Irving; Brunel and Stephenson had gone down in quick succession to the grave; men had missed the strange confessions of De Quincey, and the graceful fancies with which Leigh Hunt had long delighted them; Hallam and Stephen had passed the ivory gates; but, as in the sad year which has just closed upon our national sorrow, it seemed as if the spoiler had reserved the greatest victim to the last, that he might give to the vassal world the very proudest token of his power.

If Macaulay had an ambition dearer than the rest, it was that he might lie "in that temple of silence and reconciliation where the enmities of twenty generations lie buried;" and the walls of the great Abbey do enclose him "in their tender and solemn gloom." Not in ostentatious state, nor with the pomp of sorrow, but with hearty and mourning affection, did rank and talent, and office and authority, assemble to lay him in the grave. The pall was over the city on that drear January morning, and the cold, raw wind wailed mournfully, as if sighing forth the requiem of the great spirit that was gone; and amid saddened friends—some who had shared the sports of his childhood, some who had fought with him the battles of political life—amid warm admirers and generous foes, while the aisles rang with the cadences of solemn music, and here and there were sobs and pants of sorrow, they bore him to that quiet resting-place, where he "waits the adoption, to wit, the redemption of the body." Not far from the place of his sepulture are the tablets of Gay, and Rowe, and Thomson, and Garrick, and Goldsmith; on his right sleeps Isaac Barrow, the ornament of his own Trinity College; on his left, no clamour breaks the slumber of Samuel Johnson; from a pedestal at the head of the grave, serene and thoughtful, Addison looks down; the coffin, which was said to have been exposed at the time of the funeral, probably held all

that was mortal of Richard Brinsley Sheridan; Campbell gazes pensively across the transept, as if he felt that the pleasures of hope were gone; while from opposite sides, Shakspeare, the remembrancer of mortality, reminds us from his open scroll that the "great globe itself, and all that it inhabit, shall dissolve, and, like the baseless fabric of a vision, leave not a wreck behind;" and Handel, comforting us in our night of weeping by the glad hope of immortality, seems to listen while they chant forth his own magnificent hymn, "His body is buried in peace, but his name liveth for evermore." There are strange thoughts and lasting lessons to be gathered in this old Abbey, and by the side of this latest grave. From royal sarcophagus, and carven shrine; from the rustling of those fading banners, which tell of the knights of the former time; yonder where the Chathams and Mansfields repose; here where the orators and poets lie, comes there not a voice to us of our frailty, borne into our hearts by the brotherhood of dust upon which our footsteps tread? How solemn the warning! Oh for grace to learn it!

> "Earth's highest glory ends in—'Here he lies!'
> And 'dust to dust' concludes her noblest song."

And shall they rise, all these? Will there be a trumpet blast so shrill that none of them may refuse to hear it, and the soul, re-entering its shrine of eminent or common clay, pass upward to the judgment? "Many and mighty, but all hushed," shall they submit with us to the arbitrations of the last assize? And in that world, is it true that gold is not the currency, and that rank is not hereditary, and that there is only one name that is honoured? Then, if this is the end of all men, let the living lay it to his heart. Solemn and thoughtful, let us search for an assured refuge; child-like and earnest, let us confide in the one accepted Name; let

us realise the tender and infinite nearness of God our Father, through Jesus our Surety and our Friend; and in hope of a joyful resurrection for ourselves, and for the marvellous Englishman we mourn, let us sing his dirge in the words of the truest poet of our time:—

"All is over and done:
Render thanks to the Giver!
England, for thy son.
Let the bell be tolled.
Render thanks to the Giver,
And render him to the mould.
Let the bell be tolled
And the sound of the sorrowing anthem rolled,
And a deeper knell in the heart be knolled.
To such a name for ages long
To such a name
Preserve a broad approach of fame,
And ever-ringing avenues of song.

* * * * * *

Hush! the dead march wails in the people's ears,
The dark crowd moves, and there are sobs and tears;
The black earth yawns—the mortal disappears;
Ashes to ashes—dust to dust;
He is gone who seemed so great.
Gone, but nothing can bereave him
Of the force he made his own
Being here, and we believe him
Something far advanced in state,
And that he wears a truer crown
Than any wreath that man can weave him.
But speak no more of his renown,
Lay your earthly fancies down,
And in the solemn temple leave him:
God accept him, Christ receive him."

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1861/62

Young Men's Christian Associations. London
Lectures delivered before the Young Men's Christian Association in Exeter Hall

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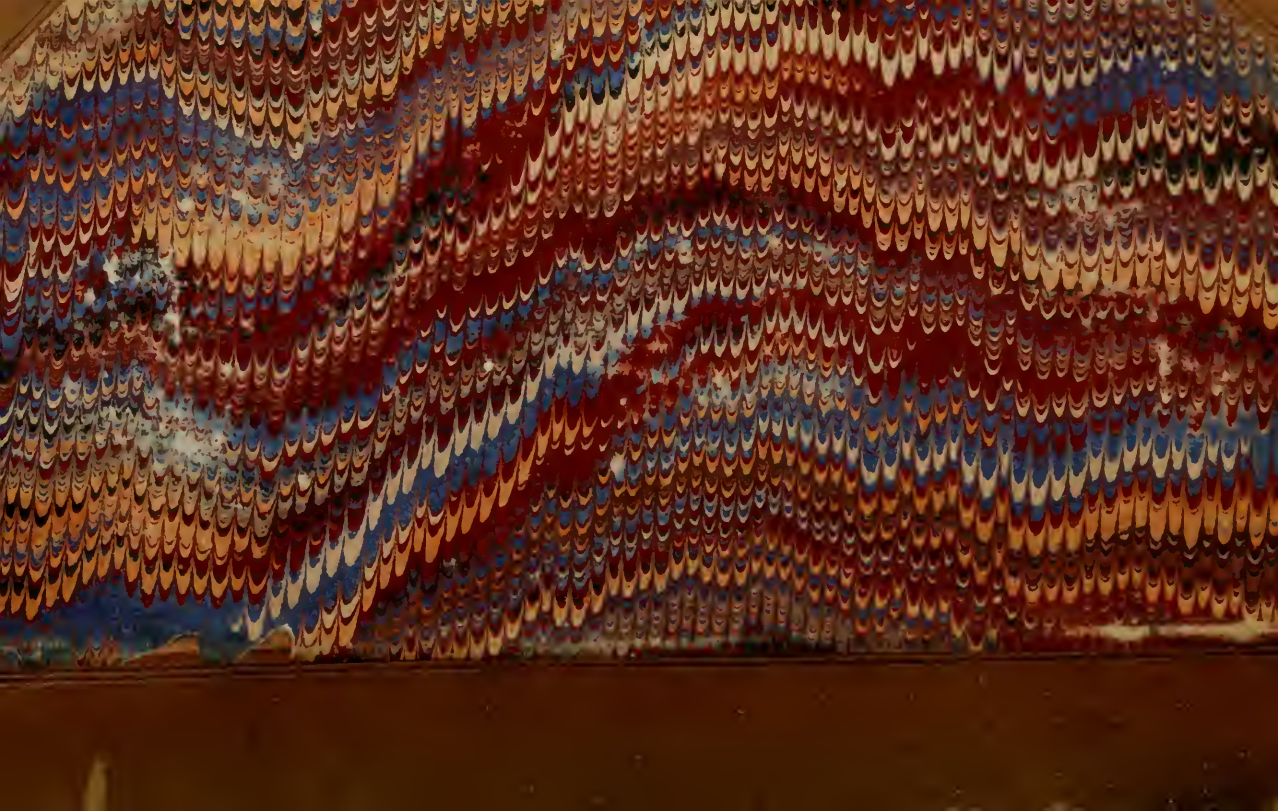
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